QUAM · SIGNIS · PRÆLORE · MERENTI
LAUREA · APOLLINARI · DONAT · POETRIA · CANTUM

DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

VERSE and PROSE,

Of the Late RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

With some Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR,

By Mr. TICKELL.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

DUBLIN:

Printed by R. REILLY, on *Cork-Hill*,

For GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH, Booksellers in *Dame-Street*, MDCCXXXV.

THE

DRUMMER:

OR, THE

HAUNTED HOUSE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

———*Falsis terroribus implet*
Ut magus———— HOR.

Printed in the YEAR M,DCC,XXXV.

A225M

THE

PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this Play to the Town, and delivered the Copy of it to the Bookſeller, I think myſelf obliged to give ſome Account of it.

It had been ſome Years in the Hands of the Author, and falling under my Peruſal, I thought ſo well of it, that I perſuaded him to make ſome Additions and Alterations to it, and let it appear upon the Stage. I own I was very highly pleaſed with it, and lik'd it the better, for the want of thoſe ſtudied Similes and Repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a falſe Taſte

613370

that has prevailed for many Years in the *Britiſh* Theatre. I believe the Author would have condeſcended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often preſent at Theatrical Repreſentations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the Play, by the Opinion of better Judges to whom it was communicated, who obſerved that the Scenes were drawn after *Moliere*'s Manner, and that an eaſy and natural Vein of Humour ran through the whole.

I do not queſtion but the Reader will diſcover this, and ſee many Beauties that eſcaped the Audience; the Touches being too delicate for every Taſte in a Popular Aſſembly. My Brother-ſharers were of opinion, at the firſt reading of it, that it was like a Picture in which the Strokes were not ſtrong enough to appear at a diſtance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the Approbation was at firſt doubtful, but has riſen every time it has been Acted, and has given an Opportunity in ſeveral of its Parts for as juſt and good Action as ever I ſaw on the Stage.

The

The Reader will consider that I speak here, not as the Author, but as the Patentee. Which is, perhaps, the Reason why I am not diffuse in the Praises of the Play, lest I should seem like a Man who cries up his own Wares only to draw in Customers

Richard Steele.

PROLOGUE.

IN this grave Age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your Patronage for one that's New;
Tho' 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceneſs recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with tragick Parts,
Blood and Blank-verſe have harden'd all your Hearts;
If e'er you ſmile, 'tis at ſome Party Stroaks,
Round-heads *and* Wooden-ſhoes *are ſtanding Jokes;*
The ſame Conceit gives Claps and Hiſſes Birth,
You're grown ſuch Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (tho' tis, I own, unſafe,)
To pleaſe you All, and make both Parties laugh.

Our Author, anxious for his Fame to-night,
And baſhful in his firſt Attempt to write,
Lies cautiouſly obſcure and unreveal'd,
Like antient Actors in a Maſque conceal'd.
Cenſure, when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice meerly thrown away.
The mighty Criticks will not blaſt, for ſhame,
A raw young Thing, who dares not tell his Name:
Good natur'd Judges will th' Unknown defend,
And fear to blame, leſt they ſhou'd hurt a Friend:

Each

PROLOGUE.

Each Wit may praiſe it, for his own dear Sake,
And hint he writ it, if the Thing ſhou'd take.
But if you're rough, and uſe him like a Dog,
Depend upon it———He'll remain Incog.
If you ſhou'd hiſs, he ſwears he'll hiſs as high,
And like a Culprit, *join the Hue-and-Cry.*

If cruel Men are ſtill averſe to ſpare
Theſe Scenes, they fly for refuge to the Fair.
Tho' with a Ghoſt our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you ſhan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a Ghoſt that ſcorns to be uncivil,
A well-ſpread, luſty, Jointure-hunting Devil:
An am'rous Ghoſt, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of Fleſh and Blood———as much as you.
Then every Evening come in Flocks, undaunted,
We never think this Houſe is too much Haunted.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir George Truman,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Tinſel,	Mr. *Ciber.*
Fantome *the Drummer*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Vellum, *Sir* George Truman's *Steward*,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Butler,	Mr. *Penketham.*
Coachman,	Mr. *Miller.*
Gardiner,	Mr. *Morris.*
Lady Truman,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Abigal,	Mrs. *Saunders.*

THE

THE DRUMMER:

OR, THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardiner.

BUTLER.

THERE came another Coach to Town laſt Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about the ſtrange Noiſe, we hear in the Houſe. This Spirit will bring a Power of Cuſtom to the *George*——If ſo he continues his Pranks, I deſign to ſell a Pot of Ale, and ſet up the Sign of the Drum.

Coach.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat——I've always liv'd in ſober Families. I'll not diſparage my ſelf to be a Servant in a Houſe that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman ——if Mrs. *Abigal* did not ſpoil her——come, here's her Health.

Butl. It's a very hard thing to be a Butler in a Houſe, that is diſturb'd. He made ſuch a Racket in the Cellar laſt Night, that I'm afraid he'll ſour all the Beer in my Barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as faſt as we can. Here's to you——He rattled ſo loud under the Tiles laſt Night, that I verily thought the Houſe wou'd have fallen over our Heads. I durſt not go up into the Cock-loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-poſts —I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the Houſe when all the Gates are ſhut.

Butl. Why look ye, *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-hole:——he'll whiſk ye through a Key-hole, without ſo much as juſtling againſt one of the Wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my Maſter that was kill'd in the laſt Campaign.

Butl. Out of all manner of queſtion, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*. Mrs. *Abigal* is of Opinion it can be none but his Honour; he always lov'd the Wars, and you know was mightily pleas'd from a Child with the Muſick of a Drum.

Gard. I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

Butl. Found! Why, you fool, is not his Body here about the Houſe? Doſt thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms?

Coach. 'Tis Maſter as ſure as I ſtand here alive, and I verily believe I ſaw him laſt Night in the Town-cloſe.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

Coach.

Coach. Like a white Horſe.

Butl. Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum.

Coach. This makes one almoſt afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night without my Lanthorn, I fell acroſs a Beam that lay in my way, and faith my Heart was in my Mouth ——I thought I had ſtumbled over a Spirit.

Butl. Thou might'ſt as well have ſtumbled over a Straw, why, a Spirit is ſuch a little little Thing, that I have heard a Man, who was a great Scholar, ſay, that he'll dance ye a *Lancaſhire* Horn pipe upon the point of a Needle——As I ſat in the Pantry laſt Night, counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the ſpay'd Bitch look'd as if ſhe ſaw ſomething.

Coach. Ay poor Cur, ſhe's almoſt frighten'd out of her Wits.

Gard. Ay I warrant ye, ſhe hears him many a time and often when we don't.

Butl. My Lady muſt have him laid, that's certain, whatever it coſt her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of ſomebody that can make a ſpell.

Coach. Why may not the Parſon of our Pariſh lay him?

Butl. No, no, no, our Parſon cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another man?

Butl. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified——He has not taken the oaths.

Gard. Why, d'ye think *John*, that the Spirit wou'd take the law of him?——faith, I cou'd tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks.*]——I fancy Mrs. *Abigal* might ſcold him out of the houſe.

Coach. Ay, ſhe has a tongue that would drown his Drum, if any thing cou'd.

Butl. Pugh, this is all froth! you underſtand nothing of the matter——the next time it makes a noiſe, I tell you what ought to be done,——I would have the ſteward ſpeak *Latin* to it.

Coach.

Coach. Ay, that wou'd do, if the ſteward had but courage.

Gard There you have it———He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghoſt, I'd, tell him his own! but alack what can one of us poor men do with a Spirit, that can neither write nor read?

Butl. Thou art always cracking and boaſting, *Peter*; thou doſt not know what miſchief it might do thee, if ſuch a ſilly dog as thee ſhould offer to ſpeak to it. For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy ſkin to cover his Drum with.

Gard. A fiddleſtick! tell not me———I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder.

Butl. I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, *Peter*; after ſupper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well ſaid *John*, an honeſt man that is not quite ſober, has nothing to fear——Here's to ye—why how if he ſhou'd come this minute, here wou'd I ſtand. Ha! what noiſe is that?

Butl. and *Coach.* Ha! where?

Gard. The devil! the devil! Oh no, 'tis Mrs *Abigal.*

Butl. Ay faith! 'tis ſhe; 'tis Mrs. *Abigal!* a good miſtake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

Enter ABIGAL.

Ab. Here are your drunken ſots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when gentry are come to the houſe! why don't you lay your cloth? How came you out of the ſtables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together, and methought they look'd as if they ſhould ſay they had rather have my room than my company.

Butl. And ſo forſooth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this ſame Drummer out of our heads.

Gard. For you muſt know, Mrs. *Abigal*, we are all of opinion, that one can't be a match for him, unleſs one be as drunk as a Drum.

Coach.

Coach. I am reſolved to give Madam warning to hire herſelf another coachman; for I came to ſerve my Maſter, d'ye ſee, while he was alive, but do ſuppoſe that he has no further occaſion for a coach, now he walks.

Butl. Truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt needs ſay, that this ſame Spirit is a very odd ſort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old ſervants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt needs ſay, I ſerv'd my Maſter contentedly, while he was living; but I will ſerve no Man living (that is, no Man that is not living) without double wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis ſuch cowards as you that go about with idle ſtories, to diſgrace the houſe, and bring ſo many Strangers about it; you firſt frighten your ſelves, and then your neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I ſcorn your words. Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What you ſot! are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll anſwer for it. It will bring no bloodſhed along with it, take my word. It ſounds as like a train-band Drum as ever I heard in my life.

Butl. Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be ſo preſumptuous.

Ab. Well, theſe drunken rogues take it as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Gard. I ſcorn to be frightned, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* ſhou'd come into the room, I wou'd take him———

Butl. Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

Gard. I would take him—[*The Drum beats, the* Gard. *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

Butl. and *Coach.* Speak to it Mrs. *Abigal.*

Gard. Spare my life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide ourſelves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

Abigal *ſola.*

Ab. So, now the coaſt is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer.———But firſt let me ſhut the door, leſt

leſt we be ſurpriz'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled—— I muſt ſpeak with you immediately——don't ſtay to beat a parley. [*The back Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome *with a Drum.*

Fant. Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been ſaid, and find thou haſt manag'd the thing ſo well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiſs thee—if my Drum did not ſtand in my way.

Ab. Well, O'my conſcience, you are the merrieſt ghoſt! and the very picture of Sir *George Trueman.*

Fant. There you flatter me, Mrs *Abigal*; Sir *George* had that freſhneſs in his looks, that we Men of the town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know—— beſides, you muſt conſider, you loſt a great deal of blood in the battle.

Fant. Ay, that's right; let me look never ſo pale, this cut croſs my forehead will keep me in countenance.

Ab. 'Tis juſt ſuch a one as my maſter receiv'd from a curſed *French* trooper, as my Lady's letter inform'd her.

Fant. It happens luckily that this ſuit of cloaths of Sir *George*'s fits me ſo well———I think I can't fail hitting the air of a Man with whom I was ſo long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very Man———I vow I almoſt ſtart when I look upon you.

Faut. But what good will this do me, if I muſt remain inviſible?

Ab. Pray what good did your being viſible do you? The fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no woman cou'd withſtand him ———But when you were ſeen by my Lady in your proper perſon, after ſhe had taken a full ſurvey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could ſay, ſhe very civilly diſmiſs'd you for the ſake of this empty, noiſy creature *Tinſel.* She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

Fant. Why really I love thy Lady ſo well, that tho' I had no hopes of gaining her for my ſelf, I cou'd not bear to ſee her given to another, eſpecially ſuch a wretch as *Tinſel.*

Ab.

Ab. Well, tell me truly Mr. *Fantome*, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not ſuffer her to be deluded in this manner, for leſs than a thouſand pound?

Fant. Thou art always reminding me of my promiſe—thou ſhalt have it, if thou canſt bring our project to bear; do'ſt not know that ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

Ab. Why, truly now Mr. *Fantome*, I ſhou'd think my ſelf a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing leſs.

Fant. Dear *Abigal*, how I admire thy virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worſt of my enemies to ſay I love miſchief for miſchief ſake.

Fant. But is thy Lady perſuaded that I am the ghoſt of her deceaſed huſband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe ſo, and tell her every time your Drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

Fant. Pr'ythee make uſe of all thy art, for I am tir'd to death with ſtrowling round this wide old houſe like a rat behind a wainſcot.

Ab. Did not I tell you, 'twas the pureſt place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, beſides my ſelf.

Fant. Ah Mrs. *Abigal!* you have had your intrigues—

Ab. For you muſt know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and ſeek.*

Fant. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the houſe as yourſelf.

Ab. You are very much miſtaken, Mr. *Fantome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your ſtation to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living beſides my ſelf, ſince the death of the joyner; who, you muſt underſtand, being a lover of mine, contriv'd the wainſcot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I deſign'd it for a wardrobe for my lady's caſt cloaths. Oh! the ſtomachers, ſtays, petticoats, commodes, lac'd ſhoes, and good things that I have had in it!——pray take care you don't

don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that ſtands up in the corner.

Fant. Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I hire your cloſet of you but for this one night—a thouſand pound you know is a very good rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone; you have ſuch a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

Fant. I'm a thinking how *Tinſel* will ſtare when he ſees me come out of the wall: for I am reſolved to make my appearance to-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the door.

Fan. Pray take care ſhe does not keep me up ſo late as ſhe did laſt night, or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone—— [*As he is going in*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, you have put the thouſand pound bond into my brother's hands.

Fant. Thou ſhalt have it, I tell thee, thou ſhalt have it.

[Fantome *goes in.*

Ab. No more words———vaniſh, vaniſh.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [*opening the door.*] Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made ſuch a knocking? my heart does ſo beat—— I vow you have frighted me to death——I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been ſhowing the garden to Mr. *Tinſel*; he's moſt inſufferably witty upon us about this ſtory of the Drum.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very looſe man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor maſter from reſting in his grave,

Lady. Well! an *Infidel* is ſuch a novelty in the country, that I am reſolv'd to divert my ſelf a day or two at leaſt with the oddneſs of his converſation.

Ab. Ah! Madam! the Drum began to beat in the houſe as ſoon as ever this creature was admitted to viſit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his addreſſes to you, there was not a mouſe ſtirring in the family more than us'd to be———

Lady. This baggage has ſome deſign upon me, more than

than I can yet diſcover. [*Aſide.*]——Mr. *Fantome* was always thy favourite.

Ab. Ay, and ſhou'd have been yours too, by my conſent! Mr. *Fantome* was not ſuch a ſlight fantaſtick thing as this is.———Mr. *Fantome* was the beſt-built man one ſhou'd ſee in a ſummer's day! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you! Poor ſoul! how has he ſigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady.——Well! I had as lief as a thouſand pounds you would marry Mr. *Fantome!*

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me ſo much. But Mr. *Tinſel* makes his court to me with ſo much neglect and indifference, and with ſuch an agreeable ſaucineſs.———Not that I ſay I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you ſhould, you'll be awaken'd ſooner than marry'd couples generally are—You'll quickly have a Drum at your window.

Lady. I'll hide my contempt of *Tinſel* for once, if it be but to ſee what this wench drives at. [*Aſide.*

Ab. Why, ſuppoſe your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, ſhou'd found you an alarm at Midnight; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, What doſt thou do in Bed with this ſpindle-ſhank'd Fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? he never had any reaſon to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and ſhould prefer him to any Man, were he ſo ſtill. Mr. *Tinſel* is indeed very idle in his Talk, but I fancy, *Abigal*, a diſcreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely matter indeed! did you ever hear of a Woman who had power over a Man, when ſhe was his Wife, that had none while ſhe was his Miſtreſs! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a Man in his Complaiſance like Marriage!

Lady. He is indeed, at preſent, too familiar in his Converſation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigal*, ſhows he has no

Diſſi-

Diſſimulation in him——Then he is apt to jeſt a little too much upon grave Subjects.

Ab. Grave Subjects! he jeſts upon the Church.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigal*, may be only to ſhew his Wit———Then it muſt be own'd, he is extreamly talkative.

Ab. Talkative d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigal*, is a ſign he has been us'd to good Company———Then indeed he is very poſitive

Ab. Poſitive! Why he contradicts you in every thing you ſay.

Lady. But then you know, *Abigal*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

Ab. A bleſſed Education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechiſm!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter Tinſel.

Tinſ. My dear Widow!

Ab. My dear Widdow! marry come up! *Aſide.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigal*, ſo long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no harm done.

Tinſ. I have been moſt ridiculouſly diverted ſince I left you———your ſervants have made a convert of my booby. His head is ſo filled with this fooliſh ſtory of a Drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a meſſage by moon-light.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, what a loſs of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

Ab. Then you ſtill believe this to be a fooliſh ſtory? I thought my Lady had told you, that ſhe had heard it herſelf.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you would not perſuade us out of our ſenſes?

Tinſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's manners for you, Madam. *Aſide.*

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanſwerable! now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me,

me, if I ſhould tell you I heard it no longer ago than laſt night.

Tinſ. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I ſhould tell you my maid was with me!

Tinſ. Vapours! vapours! pray my dear Widow, will you anſwer me one queſtion?——had you ever this noiſe of a Drum in your head, all the while your huſband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* will you let me ask you another queſtion; do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

Tinſ. Believe me, Madam, I could preſcribe you a cure for theſe imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it my ſelf.

Tinſ. Hark thee, child——art thou not an old maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

Tinſ. Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigal.*

Ab. Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well underſtand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden juſt now, that every thing we ſaw was made by chance.

Ab. A very pretty ſubject indeed for a lover to divert his miſtreſs with.

Lady. But I ſuppoſe that was only a taſte of the converſation you would entertain me with after marriage.

Tinſ. Oh, I ſhall then have time to read you ſuch lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you ſhall learn to think as freely as the beſt of us, and be convinced in leſs than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaiſant perſon indeed, and ſo you would make your court to me, by perſuading me that I was made by chance!

Tinſ. Ha, ha, ha! well ſaid, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* where did you learn this odd way of talking?

Tinſ.

Tinf. Ah, Widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no credit to ſtories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are ſuch things as ſpirits!

Tinf. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe women have Souls, d'ye Sir?

Tinf. Fooliſh enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinſel,* I'm afraid malicious people will ſay I'm in love with an Atheiſt.

Tinf. Oh, my dear, that's an old-faſhion'd word—— I'm a Free-thinker, child.

Ab. I am ſure you are a free-ſpeaker.

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinſel,* conſidering that you are ſo fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not ſpoil'd your breeding.

Tinf. To tell you the truth, I have not time look into theſe dry matters myſelf, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned men, whom I ſometimes over-hear at a Coffee-houſe I frequent, that our fore-fathers were a pack of aſſes, that the world has been in an error for ſome thouſands of years, and that all the People upon earth, excepting thoſe two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd—

Ab. Madam, how can you hear ſuch a profligate? he talks like the *London* prodigal.

Lady, Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no ſuch things as ſpirits, a woman has no occaſion for marrying———ſhe need not be afraid to lie by herſelf.

Tinf. Ah! my dear! are huſbands good for nothing but to frighten away ſpirits? doſt thou think I could not inſtruct thee in ſeveral other comforts of matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a man of ſo much knowledge that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—— you learned men are ſo apt to deſpiſe one!

Tinf. No, Child, I'd teach thee my principles, thou ſhould'ſt be as wiſe as I am———in a week's time.

Lady. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

Tinf. Pr'ythee, Widow don't be queer.

Lady.

Lady.. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are ſerious.

Tinſ. Well enough faith! where's the jeſt of rallying any thing elſe!

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this rate? [*Aſide.*

Tinſ. But where's this ghoſt! the ſon of a whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't ſuffer him to give the Ghoſt ſuch ill language, eſpecially when you have reaſon to believe it is my maſter.

Tinſ. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; doſt thou think thy maſter is ſo unreaſonable, as to continue his claim to his Relict after his bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a tittle———did not you marry Sir *George* to the tune of, '*till death us do part?*

Lady. I muſt not hear Sir *George*'s memory treated in ſo ſlight a manner———this fellow muſt have been a ſome pains to make himſelf ſuch a finiſh'd coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Tinſ. Give me but poſſeſſion of your perſon, and I'l whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country Lady come to *London* with frightful ſtories of the hall houſe being haunted, of fairies, ſpirits, and witches; that by the time ſhe had ſeen a Comedy, play'd at an Aſſembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been ſo little afraid of bugbears, that ſhe has ventur'd home in a chair at all hours of the night.

Ab. Hum——ſauce-box. *Aſide.*

Tinſ. 'Tis the ſolitude of the country that creates theſe whimſies; there was never ſuch a thing as a Ghoſt heard of at *London*, except in the play houſe—Oh we'd paſs all our time in *London*. 'Tis the ſcene of pleaſure and diverſions, where there's ſomething to amuſe you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

Lady. Well then, you have an opportunity of ſhowing the ſincerity of that love to me which you profeſs. You may

may give a proof that you have an affection to my perſon, not my jointure.

Tinſ. Your jointure! how can you think me ſuch a dog! but child, wont your jointure be the ſame thing in *London* as in the country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! you muſt know it is ſettled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old manſion-houſe, and keep it up in repair.

Tinſ. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tinſ. Why faith I have been looking upon this houſe, and think it is the prettieſt habitation I ever ſaw in my life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tinſ. Something ſo venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tinſ. For my part, I like this *Gothick* way of building better than any of your new orders———it would be a thouſand pities it ſhould fall to ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tinſ. How pleaſantly we two could paſs our time in this delicious ſituation. Our lives wou'd be a continu'd dream of happineſs. Come, faith, Widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tinſ. My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: beſides, ſhou'd he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I ſhould only hug thee the cloſer.

Claſp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder ſhook the room.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers* Vellum *in his Office, and a Letter in his hand.*

VELLUM.

THIS Letter aſtoniſheth; may I believe my own eyes——or rather my ſpectacles——*To* Humphrey Vellum, *Eſq; Steward to the Lady* Truman.

Vellum,

I *Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your maſter is alive, and deſigns to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being ſlain in the* Netherlands, *has, I find, produced ſome diſorders in my family. I am now at the* George-Inn: *If an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, enquires after you, give him admittance. He paſſes for a Conjurer, but is really*

Your faithful Friend,

G. Trueman.

P. S. *Let this be a ſecret, and you ſhall find your account in it.*

This amazeth me! and yet the reaſons why I ſhould believe he is ſtill living are manifold——Firſt, becauſe this has often been the caſe of other military adventures.

Secondly, becauſe the news of his death was firſt publiſh'd in *Dier's Letter.*

Thirdly, becauſe this letter can be written by none but himſelf——I know his hand, and manner of ſpelling.

Fourthly,——

Enter BUTLER.

Butl. Sir, here's a ſtrange old Gentleman that asks for you; he ſays he's a Conjurer, but he looks very ſuſpicious; I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

Butl. I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit; but he ſays he's nothing but a Conjurer.

Vel. He ſays right——he is no more than a Conjurer, bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit* Butler.

And Fourthly, as I was ſaying, becauſe——

Enter BUTLER *with Sir* GEORGE.

Butl. Sir, here is the Conjurer——what a deviliſh long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing theſe hundred years. [*Aſide. Exit.*

Sir Geo. Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter: but before we proceed lock the door.

Vel. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

Sir Geo. In the next place help me off with this cumberſome Cloak.

Vel. It is his ſhape.

Sir Geo. So now lay my beard upon the table.

Vel. [*After having look'd on Sir* George *thro' his ſpectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

Sir Geo. Well, now I have put off the Conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my eaſe.

Vel. Believe me, my good maſter, I am as much rejoiced to ſee you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was, in all the news papers, in the liſt of thoſe that were ſlain.

Sir Geo. We have not time to be particular. I ſhall only tell thee in general, that I was taken priſoner in the battle, and was under cloſe confinement for ſeveral months. Upon my releaſe, I was reſolv'd to ſurprize my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a perſon of ſo much penetration, that I need not uſe any further arguments to convince you that I am ſo.

Vel. I am——and moreover, I queſtion not but your good Lady will likewiſe be convinced of it. Her honour is a diſcerning Lady.

Sir Geo. I'm only afraid ſhe ſhou'd be convinc'd of it to her ſorrow. Is not ſhe pleas'd with her imaginary Widow-hood? Tell me truly, was ſhe afflicted at the report of my death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir Geo.

Sir Geo. How long did her grief laſt?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's——at leaſt three days.

Sir Geo. Three days, ſay'ſt thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flattereſt me!——O woman! woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir Geo. This blockhead is as methodical as ever—— but I know he's honeſt. [*Aſide.*

Vel. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; ſhe was drown'd in tears till ſuch time as the Taylor had made her Widow's weeds——indeed they became her.

Sir Geo. Became her! and was that her comfort? truly a moſt ſeaſonable conſolation!

Vel. But I muſt needs ſay ſhe paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when ſhe ſaw company.

Sir Geo. That was kind indeed! I find ſhe griev'd with a great deal of good-breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

Vel. Her jointure is conſiderable.

Sir Geo. How this fool torments me! [*Aſide.*

Vel. Her perſon is amiable———

Sir Geo. Death! [*Aſide.*

Vel. But her character is unblemiſh'd. She has been as virtuous in your abſence as a *Penelope*———

Sir Geo. And has had as many ſuitors.

Vel. Several have made their overtures.

Sir Geo. Several!

Vel. But ſhe has rejected all.

Sir Geo. There thou reviv'ſt me——but what means this *Tinſel?* Are his viſits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir Geo. Does ſhe liſten to him?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir Geo. Sure ſhe could never entertain a thought of marrying ſuch a coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir Geo. Are the vows and proteſtations that paſt be-

tween us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! is *Tinsel* the man design'd for my worthy successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months——

Sir Geo. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir *George Truman*——meaning your ho-nour.

Sir Geo. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the *Drummer* before I discover my self to her. I have put on this habit of a Conjurer, in order to introduce my self. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the house.

Vel. I am going to lay my accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho-nour to admit the tryal of your art.

Sir Geo. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love-intrigue——Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho-nour who troubles the house.

Sir Geo. That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha!

Sir Geo. *Abigal* had always an ascendant over her Lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of *Abigal*'s familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir Geo. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your Ho-nour's service.

Sir Geo. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is

so

ſo very a Woman, that ſhe'll like thee the better for giving her the pleaſure of telling a ſecret. In ſhort, wheedle her out of it, and I ſhall act by the Advice which thou giveſt me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that ſubject. I will take an opportunity of addreſſing my ſelf to her in the moſt pathetick manner.

Sir Geo. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what ſucceſs you have——Well, ſure I am the firſt that ever was employ'd to lay himſelf.

Vel. You act indeed a threefold part in this houſe, you are a Ghoſt, a Conjurer, and my ho-noured Maſter Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir Geo. O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my heart. You know I love you Men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleaſeſt, ſo thou do'ſt thy buſineſs. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember *Vellum*, your commiſſion is two fold, firſt to gain admiſſion for me to your Lady, and ſecondly to get the Secret out of *Abigal*.

Vel. It ſufficeth. [*The Scene ſhuts.*

Enter LADY, *ſola.*

Lady. Women who have been happy in a firſt marriage, are the moſt apt to venture upon a ſecond. But for my part; I had a husband ſo every way ſuited to my Inclinations, that I muſt entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a widow but fourteen Months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profeſt admirers of my perſon, but paſſionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my ſex to make an example of this worthleſs tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dreſs themſelves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. *Tinſel* is the moſt extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diverſion I give my ſelf with him is unblameable. I'm ſure 'tis neceſſary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear Man, who has been the greateſt happineſs and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find theſe innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigal*. I muſt teaze the

baggage, for I find ſhe has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her diſpoſal.

Enter ABIGAL.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinſel* has as good as taken poſſeſſion of your houſe. Marry, he ſays, he muſt have Sir *George*'s apartment enlarg'd; for truly, ſays he, I hate to be ſtraiten'd. Nay, he was ſo impudent as to ſhew me the chamber where he intends to conſummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very ſad man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, *Abigal*; 'tis a thouſand pities he ſhould be loſt; I ſhould be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your heart ake.

Lady. I dare ſay thou think'ſt him a very agreeable Fellow.

Ab. He thinks himſelf ſo, I'll anſwer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be ſo, for he's very ſilly.

Lady. Doſt thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome*, did I am ſure.

Lady. With what raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in praiſe of your jointure-houſe.

Lady. He has kept bad Company.

Ab. They muſt be very bad indeed, if they were worſe than himſelf.

Lady. I have a ſtrong fancy a good woman might reform him.

Ab. It would be a fine experiment, if it ſhou'd not ſucceed.

Lady. Well, *Abigal*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occaſion for you at preſent. [*Exit* Abigal,

Enter VELLUM.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho-nour at leiſure to look into the accounts of the laſt week? They riſe very high—— houſe-keeping is chargeable in a houſe that is haunted.

Lady.

Lady. How comes that to paſs? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, *Vellum.*

Vel. [*putting on and off his ſpectacles in this Scene*] A hogſhead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghoſt's drinking—But your Ho-nour's ſervants ſay they muſt have ſomething to keep up their courage againſt this ſtrange noiſe. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their ſmall-beer, ſo long as the houſe continues in this condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll anſwer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. Item, Two ſheep, and a—Where is the ox?—Oh, I have him—and an ox—your Ho-nour muſt always have a piece of cold beef in the houſe for the entertainment of ſo many ſtrangers, who come from all parts to hear this Drum. *Item,* Bread, ten peck-loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread—*Item,* three barrels of table beer—They muſt have drink with their meat.

Lady. Sure no Woman in *England* has a Steward that makes ſuch ingenious comments on his works. [*Aſide.*

Vel, Item, To Mr. *Tinſel*'s ſervants five bottles of port wine—it was by your Ho-nour's order—*Item,* three bottles of ſack for the uſe of Mrs. *Abigal.*

Lady. I ſuppoſe that was by your own order.

Vel. We have been long friends, we are your Ho-nour's ancient ſervants; ſack is an innocent cordial, and gives her ſpirit to chide the ſervants, when they are tardy in their bus'neſs; he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

Lady. Well, I ſee you'll come together at laſt.

Vel. Item, A dozen pound of watch-lights for the uſe of the ſervants.

Lady. For the uſe of the ſervants! What, are the rogues afraid of ſleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is ſuch a particular diſtreſs, it puts me to my wits end. *Vellum,* what wou'd you adviſe me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho-nour has two points to conſider. *Imprimis,* To retrench theſe extravagant expences, which ſo many ſtrangers bring upon you—*Secondly,* To clear the houſe of this inviſible Drummer.

Lady. This learned diviſion leaves me juſt as wiſe as I was. But how muſt we bring theſe two points to bear?

Vel. I beſeech your Ho-nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be conciſe. There is a certain perſon arrived this morning, an aged man of a venerable aſpect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjurer, a cunning-man, a necromancer, a——

Lady. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult ſciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the ſecret of laying ghoſts, or of quieting houſes that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, theſe are idle ſtories to amuſe the country people, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare ſay thou doſt not believe there is any thing in it thy ſelf.

Vel. I cannot ſay, I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it ſhou'd ſucceed, we are rid of the Drum; if it ſhou'd not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at leaſt get out of this expenſive way of living; ſo that it muſt turn to your advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man? I would fain ſee him. He muſt be a curioſity.

Vel. I have already diſcours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work,—no cure, no money.

Lady. That circumſtance, I muſt confeſs, would make one believe there is more in his art than one wou'd imagine. Pray *Vellum* go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He ſhall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDINER.

Butl. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

Gard. What's the matter? haſt thou got any more vales for us?

Butl. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another ſtranger come to the houſe?

Butl. Ay, ſuch a ſtranger as will make all our lives eaſy.

Gard. What! is he a Lord?

Butl. A Lord! no, nothing like it,——He's a Conjurer.

Coach. A Conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady.

Butl. No, no, you fool, he's come a purpoſe to lay the Spirit.

Coach. Ay marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

Butl. He's lock'd up with the Steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very cloſe. I fancy they are caſting a figure.

Gard. Pr'ythee *John* what ſort of a creature is a Conjurer.

Butl. Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

Coach. Look ye *Peter*, it ſtands with reaſon, that a Conjurer ſhou'd have a long grey beard——for did ye ever know a Witch that was not an old Woman?

Gard. Why! I remember a Conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very ſmock-fac'd man, and yet he ſpew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dſt get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd ſhew us a few tricks. Do'ſt think we cou'd not perſuade him to ſwallow one of thy caſe-knives for his diverſion? he'll certainly bring it up again.

Butl. Peter, thou art ſuch a wiſe-acre! thou do'ſt not know the difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This man muſt be a very great maſter of his trade. His beard is at leaſt half a yard long, he's dreſs'd in a ſtrange

dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your Conjurer always goes in mourning.

Gard. Is he a gentleman? had he a ſword by his ſide?

Butl. No, no, he's too grave a Man for that, a Conjurer is as grave as a Judge——but he had a long white wand in his hand.

Coach. You may be ſure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand——I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghoſt appears, he'll whiſk ye that wand before his eyes, and ſtrike you the drum-ſtick out of his hand.

Butl. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the Ghoſt in a circle, then he has him ——let him get out again if he can. A circle, you muſt know, is a Conjurer's trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

Butl. Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

Gard. If he can once compaſs him, and get him in lobs-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but ſpeak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thouſand years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll ſend him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

Butl. No, no, I would adviſe Madam to ſpare no coſt. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the Ghoſt, and lay him, look ye, in the red ſea——and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that wou'd ſpoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why *John*, there muſt be a power of ſpirits in that ſame red-ſea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fiſh.

Coach. Well, I wiſh after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I wiſh the Spirit may not carry a corner of the houſe off with him.

Butl. As for that, *Peter*, you may be ſure that the Steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he ſhall ſtand to all coſts and damages——

but

but hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigal*, we ſhall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigal* well laid too—we ſhould lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's ſtout and bold,
A Ghoſt is not ſo dreadful as a Scold.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Sir* George *in* Vellum's *Office.*

Sir GEORGE.

I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his Wiſdom will do nothing raſhly. The fellow has been ſo us'd to form in buſineſs, that it has infected his whole converſation. But I muſt not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of ſo much uſe to me; my eſtate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your ſucceſs.

Vel. Firſt, let me lock the door.

Sir Geo. Will your Lady admit me?

Vel. If this lock is not mended ſoon, it will be quite ſpoiled.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee let the lock alone at preſent, and anſwer me.

Vel. Delays in buſineſs are dangerous—I muſt ſend for the ſmith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir Geo. What ſays your Lady?

Vel.

Vel. This Pen is naught, and wants mending——— My Lady did you ſay ?

Sir Geo. Does ſhe admit me ?

Vel. I have gain'd admiſſion for you as a Conjurer.

Sir Geo. That's enough! I'll gain admiſſion for myſelf as a Huſband. Does ſhe believe there is any thing in my art ?

Vel. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

Sir Geo. Did ſhe aſk no queſtions about me ?

Vel. Sundry——ſhe deſires to talk with you herſelf, before you enter upon your buſineſs.

Sir Geo. But when ?

Vel. Immediately. This inſtant.

Sir Geo. Pugh. What haſt thou been doing all this while ! Why didſt not tell me ſo ? Give me my cloak—have you yet met with *Abigal ?*

Vel, I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged ſome languiſhing glances.

Sir Geo. Let thee alone for that, *Vellum,* I have formerly ſeen thee ogle her through thy ſpectacles. Well ! this is a moſt venerable cloak. After the buſineſs of this day is over, I'll make thee a preſent of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he ! wou'd you make a Conjurer of your Steward ?

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee don't be jocular, I'm in haſte. Help me on with my beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho--nour do with your caſt beard ?

Sir Geo. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only ſuch a beard to it; if thou would'ſt wear it with the cloak, thou would'ſt make a moſt compleat heathen philoſopher. But where's my wand ?

Vel. A fine taper ſtick ! it is well choſen. I will keep this till you are ſheriff of the county. It is not my cuſtom to let any thing be loſt.

Sir Geo. Come *Vellum,* lead the way. You muſt introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fitteſt Fellow in the world to be Maſter of the ceremonies to a Conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Abigal *croſſing the ſtage*, Tinſel *following*.

Tin. Naby, Naby, whither ſo faſt child ?

Ab. Keep your hands to yourſelf. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tinſ. What ? Goodman *two-fold ?* I met him walking with a ſtrange old fellow yonder. I ſuppoſe he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He muſt be ſome of the furniture of this old manſion-houſe.

Ab. What does the man mean ? Don't think to palm me, as you do my lady.

Tinſ. Pr'ythee, *Nabby*, tell me one thing ; what's the reaſon thou art my Enemy ?

Ab. Marry, becauſe I'm a friend to my Lady.

Tinſ. Doſt thou ſee any thing about me thou doſt not like ? Come hither, huſſy, give me a kiſs ; don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kiſſes her*]——— this rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care.

[*Aſide.*

Tinſ. Thy lips are as ſoft as velvet, *Abigal*, I muſt get thee a huſband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't ſpeak idly, I can talk to you.

Tinſ. I have one in my eye for thee. Doſt thou love a young luſty ſon of a whore ?

Ab. Laud, how you talk !

Tinſ. This is a thundering dog.

Ab. What is he ?

Tinſ. A private gentleman.

Ab. Ay ! where does he live ?

Tinſ. In the horſe-guards——But he has one fault I muſt tell thee of. If thou canſt bear with that, he's a man for thy purpoſe.

Ab. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what may that be ?

Tinſ. He's but five and twenty years old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

Tinſ. No man better, child ; he'll tye a wig, toſs a dye, make a paſs, and ſwear with ſuch a grace, as wou'd make thy heart leap to hear him.

Ab.

Ab. Half theſe accompliſhments will do, provided he has an Eſtate———Pray what has he?

Tinſ. Not a farthing.

Ab. Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for. [*Aſide.*

Tinſ. But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

Ab. How?

Tinſ. Why look ye, child, as ſoon as I have married thy lady, I deſign to diſcard this old prig of a ſteward, and to put this honeſt gentleman, I am ſpeaking of, into his place.

Ab. This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to ſay to him. [*Aſide.*]—Hark! my Lady's a coming!

Tinſ. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my promiſe.

Ab. Ay, and ſo will I too—to your coſt. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Abigal.

Tinſ. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid——but I ſhall rid the houſe of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, I am glad to meet you here, I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be diſagreeable to a man of wit and pleaſure of the town—— There may be ſomething diverting in a converſation between a Conjurer, and this conceited aſs. [*Aſide.*

Tinſ. She loves me to diſtraction, I ſee that. [*Aſide.*—Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyſelf.

Lady. You muſt know here is a ſtrange ſort of man come to town, who undertakes to free the houſe from this diſturbance. The ſteward believes him a Conjurer.

Tinſ. Ay; thy ſteward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

Tinſ. Oh! I warrant you he has ſtudy'd the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an *Oxford* Scholar?—— Widow, thy houſe is the moſt extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in chriſtendom—I think thy four chief domeſticks are—— a wither'd *Abigal*—— a ſuperannuated Steward—— a Ghoſt—— and a Conjurer.

Lady. [*mimicking* Tinſel.] And you wou'd have it inhabited

habited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary Perſon than any of all theſe four.

Tinſ. It's a ſure ſign a woman loves you, when ſhe imitates your manner. [*aſide.*]—Thou'rt very ſmart, my dear. But ſee! ſmoak the doctor.

Enter Vellum, *and Sir* George *in his Conjurer's habit.*

Vel. I will introduce this profound perſon to your Ladyſhip, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her Honour,

Sir Geo. I know it well. [*Exit* Vellum.

[*Aſide, walking in a muſing Poſture.*] That dear Woman! the ſight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for tenderneſs, did not I, at the ſame time, feel an indignation riſe in me, to ſee that wretch with her: And yet I cannot but ſmile to ſee her in the company of her firſt and ſecond husband at the ſame time.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel,* do you ſpeak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

Tinſ. Old Gentleman thou doſt not look like an inhabitant of this world; I ſuppoſe thou art lately come down from the ſtars. Pray what news is ſtirring in the *Zodiack?*

Sir Geo. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. *Mars* is now entring into the firſt houſe, and will ſhortly appear in all his domal dignities————

Tinſ. Mars? Pr'ythee, father grey-beard, explain thy ſelf.

Sir Geo. The entrance of *Mars* into his houſe, portends the entrance of a maſter into this family—and that ſoon.

Tinſ. D'ye hear that, Widow? The ſtars have cut me out for thy husband. This houſe is to have a maſter, and that ſoon—Hark thee, old *Gadbury,* is not *Mars* very like a young fellow call'd *Tom Tinſel?*

Sir Geo. Not ſo much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tinſ. A word in your ear, Doctor; theſe two Planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir Geo. [*aſide, walking diſturb'd*] Curſe on this impertinent fop! I ſhall ſcarce forbear diſcovering myſelf—Madam, I am told that your houſe is viſited with ſtrange noiſes.

Lady.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them I muſt confeſs I had a curioſity to ſee the perſon I had heard ſo much of; and, indeed, your aſpect ſhows that you have had much experience in the world. You muſt be a very aged Man.

Sir Geo. My aſpect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

Tinſ. I ſhou'd gueſs thee within three years of *Methuſelah*. Pr'ythee tell me, waſt not thou born before the flood?

Lady. Truly I ſhou'd gueſs you to be in your ſecond or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in Man, I was but five and thirty laſt *Auguſt*. O! the ſtudy of the occult Sciences makes a Man's beard grow faſter than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an eſcape you have had, Mr *Tinſel*, that you were not bred a Scholar!

Tinſ. And ſo I fancy, Doctor, thou think'ſt me an illiterate fellow, becauſe I have a ſmooth chin?

Sir Geo. Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a Coxcomb by all the rules of Phyſiognomy: but let that be a ſecret between you and me. [*Aſide to* Tinſel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what is it the Doctor whiſpers.

Tinſ. Only a compliment child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray Doctor, examine this Gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir Geo. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do fair Lady.

Tinſ. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a witch---go on Doctor.

Sir Geo. He will be croſs'd in love; and that ſoon.

Tinſ. Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Doſt not thou live in *Moor-Fields*?

Sir Geo. Take my word for it, thou ſhalt never live in my Lady *Trueman*'s manſion-houſe.

Tinſ. Pray, old Gentleman, haſt thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert ſaucy?

Lady. Nay, Mr. *Tinſel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir Geo. Let him be angry——I matter not——he is but ſhort-liv'd. He will ſoon die of——

Tinſ. Come, come, ſpeak out old *Hocus*, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burſt with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*

Sir Geo. He will ſoon die of a fright——or of the——let me ſee your noſe——ay——'tis ſo!

Tinſ. You ſon of a whore! I'll run ye through the body, I never yet made the ſunſhine through a Conjurer——

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinſel!* you will not kill an old man?

Tinſ. An old man! the dog ſays he's but five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr, *Tinſel*, I did not think you could have been ſo paſſionate; I hate a paſſionate man. Put up your ſword, or I muſt never ſee you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jeſt my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I wou'd but have drill'd a little eyelet-hole in it, and have ſeen whether he had art enough to cloſe it up again.

Sir Geo. Courage is but ill ſhown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou ſhalt find this arm can wield other weapons beſides this wand.

Tinſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will ſhow your courage, let it be at nine a-clock—for that is the time the noiſe is generally heard.

Tinſ. And look you old gentleman, if thou doſt not do thy buſineſs well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be toſs'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to ſend thee back to the ſtars again.

Sir Geo. I'll go and prepare my ſelf for the ceremonies ——and Lady, as you expect they ſhou'd ſucceed to your wiſhes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deſerves. [*Exit* Sir G.

Tinſ. The ſaucieſt dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may ſee he's no fool

Tinſ. No fool! ay, but thou doſt not take him for a Conjurer.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am reſolv'd to employ him however. When a ſickneſs is deſperate

deſperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter Abigal.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the parlour as you order'd.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinſel*, we may there talk of this ſubject more at leiſure. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinſel.

Ab. (ſola) Sure never any Lady had ſuch Servants as mine has! well, if I get this thouſand pound, I hope to have ſome of my own. Let me ſee, I'll have a pretty tight Girl——juſt ſuch as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may ſay twenty) ſhe ſhall dreſs me and flatter me——for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! my Lady's caſt ſuits will ſerve her, after I have given them the wearing. Beſides, when I am worth a thouſand pound, I ſhall certainly carry off the Steward——Madam *Vellum!*—— how prettily that will ſound! Here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s Chaiſe ———nay, I do not know but it may be a Chariot——It will break the attorney's Wife's heart———for I ſhall take place of every body in the Pariſh but my Lady. If I have a Son, he ſhall be call'd *Fantome*. But ſee Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wiſh. I know his humour, and will do my utmoſt to gain his heart.

Enter Vellum *with a Pint of Sack.*

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, don't I break in upon you unſeaſonably?

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your viſits are always ſeaſonable.

Vel. I have brought with me a taſte of freſh canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray ſet it down——I have a dram-glaſs juſt by—— [*Brings in a Rummer.*

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good health.

Vel. And your own with it——ſweet Mrs. *Abigal*.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little parcel of this Sack, and put it under the article of Tea——I would not have my name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, your name ſeldom appears in my Bills ——and yet——if you will allow me a merry expreſſion ——you have been always in my books, Mrs. *Abigal*. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab.

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are ſuch a dry jeſting Man!

Vel. Why truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my papers——and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

Ab. Your Debtor! for what, Mr. *Vellum?*

Vel. For my heart, Mrs. *Abigal*——and our accounts will not be balanc'd between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! you are the moſt gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one bluſh———my humble ſervice to you.

Vel. I muſt anſwer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the country Phraſe———*Your Love is ſufficient.* Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I muſt own I love a merry Man!

Vel. Let me ſee, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, ſince I firſt broke my mind to you———It was, I think *Undecimo Gulielmi*—— we have convers'd together theſe fifteen Years——and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he———Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocoſe.

Ab. Ah, you Men love to make ſport with us ſilly creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, I have a trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a preſent of. It is indeed but a little toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little toy———ſcarce worth your acceptance.

Ab. Pray do not keep me in ſuſpence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum?*

Vel. A ſilver thimble.

Ab. I always ſaid Mr *Vellum* was a generous lover.

Vel. But I muſt put it on myſelf, Mrs. *Abigal*——you have the prettieſt tip of a finger———I muſt take the freedom to ſalute it.

Ab.

Ab. Oh fye! you make me aſham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do ſo? I proteſt I am in ſuch a confuſion—— [*A feign'd ſtruggle.*

Vel. This finger is not the finger of idleneſs; it bears the honourable ſcars of the needle——but why are you ſo cruel as not to pare your nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you preſs it ſo hard! pray give me my finger again.

Vel. This middle finger, Mrs. *Abigal*, has a pretty neighbour——a wedding ring would become it mightily ——He, he, he!

Ab. You're ſo full of your Jokes. Ay, but where muſt I find one for it?

Vel. I deſign this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will ſet off each other, and are——indeed a two-fold emblem. The firſt will put you in mind of being a good huſwife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Yes, yes, I ſee you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am ſerious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forſaken me——I am ſure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promiſes you formerly made me.

Vel. I ſhou'd as ſoon forget the multiplication table.

Ab. I have always taken your part before my Lady.

Vel. You have ſo, and I have *Item'd* it in my memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your intereſt as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being ſo.

Ab. I muſt ſtrike while the Iron's hot. [*aſide.*] —— Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refuſing you, you have ſuch a bewitching tongue!

Vel. How? ſpeak that again!

Ab. Why then in plain *Engliſh* I love you.

Vel. I'm overjoy'd!

Ab. I muſt own my paſſion for you.

Vel I'm tranſported! [*Catches her in his arms.*

Ab. Dear charming man!

Vel.

Vel. Thou ſum total of all my happineſs! I ſhall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—— to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of Sack. Your Lady muſt make haſte, my Duck, or we ſhall provide a young ſteward to the Eſtate, before ſhe has an air to it—Pr'ythee my dear, does ſhe intend to marry Mr. *Tinſel?*

Ab. Marry him! my Love, no, no! we muſt take care of that! there wou'd be no ſtaying in the houſe for us if ſhe did. That young Rake-hell wou'd ſend all the old ſervants a grazing. You and I ſhou'd be diſcarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

Vel. Pr'ythee, ſweet one, does not this Drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

Ab. This Drum, my Dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no leſs than a thouſand pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, ſay'ſt thou ſo, my Turtle?

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and Wife—— I mean, almoſt as good as Man and Wiife——I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly my Dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help mate, thy own fleſh and blood!

Ab. Huſh! I hear Mr. *Tinſel*'s laugh, my Lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

Vel. Give me your hand, Chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my heart already.

Vel. We ſhall have much iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vellum *and* Butler.

VELLUM.

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you———and therefore be attentive.

Butl.

Butl. Attentive! ay, let me alone for that.—I ſuppoſe he means being ſober. [*aſide.*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your buſineſs; I wou'd have your knives and forks, your ſpoons and napkins, your plate and glaſſes, laid in a method.

Butl. Ah, Maſter *Vellum*, you are ſuch a ſweet-ſpoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

Vel. Method, *John*, makes buſineſs eaſy, it baniſhes all perplexity and confuſion out of families.

Butl. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all day.

Vel. And now *John*, let me know whether your table-linen, your ſide-board, your cellar, and every thing elſe within your province, are properly and methodically diſpos'd for an entertainment this evening.

Butl. Maſter *Vellum*, they ſhall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the Conjurer?

Vel. It is, *John*, for the Conjurer, and yet it is not for the Conjurer.

Butl. Why, look you Maſter *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjurer, the cook-maid ſhou'd have orders to get him ſome diſhes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimſtone in his ſauce.

Vel. This Conjurer, *John*, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a perſon of a two-fold nature—— but he eats and drinks like other men.

Butl. Marry, Maſter *Vellum*, he ſhou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

Vel. Thy conceit is not amiſs, he is indeed a double man, ha, ha, ha!

Butl. Ha! I underſtand you, he's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married——he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

Butl. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Maſter *Vellum*, you cou'd make a Riddle. The ſame man old and young! how do you make that out, Maſter *Vellum?*

Vel.

Vel. Thou haſt heard of a ſnake caſting his ſkin, and recovering his youth. Such is this ſage perſon.

Butl. Nay, 'tis no wonder a Conjurer ſhou'd be like a Serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aſide the old Conjurer's ſlough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was ſeen in this houſe.

Butl. Does he intend to ſup in his ſlough?

Vel. That time will ſhow.

Butl. Well I have not a head for theſe things. Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not underſtood one word you have ſaid this half hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou ſhou'dſt—but to our buſineſs—let there be a table ſpread in the great hall. Let your pots and glaſſes be waſh'd, and in a readineſs. Bid the Cook provide a plentiful ſupper, and ſee that all the ſervants be in their beſt Liveries.

Butl. Ay! now I underſtand every word you ſay. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

Vel. I ſhall explain to thee what I have ſaid by and by ——bid *Suſan* lay two pillows upon your Lady's bed.

Butl. Two pillows! Madam won't ſleep upon 'em both! ſhe is not a double woman too?

Vel. She will ſleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigal*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-maid.

Butl. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; ſhe, I am ſure, ſpeaks plain *Engliſh*, one may eaſily underſtand every word ſhe ſays. [*Exit* Butler.

Vellum *ſolus.*

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unleſs they have an Opinion of the Perſon's underſtanding who has the direction of them——But ſee Mrs. *Abigal!* ſhe has a bewitching countenance, I wiſh I may not be tempted to marry her in good earneſt.

Enter Abigal.

Ab. Ha! Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. What brings my ſweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to ſpeak to my friend behind the wainſcot. It is fit, child, he ſhould have an account of this Conjurer, that he may not be ſurpriz'd.

Vel.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy thouſand pound is worth.

Ab. I'll ſpeak low———walls have ears.

[*Pointing to the Wainſcot.*

Vel. But heark you Ducklin! be ſure you do not tell him that I am let into the ſecret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I ſhou'd ever tell what paſſes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my child, that muſt not be; he, he, he! that muſt not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggiſh.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the reſult of your conference.

Ab. How can you leave one ſo ſoon? I ſhall think it an age till I ſee you again.

Vel. Adieu my pretty one.

Ab. Adieu ſweet Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. My pretty one——— [*As he is going off.*

Ab. Dear Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. My pretty one! [*Exit* Vellum.

Abigal *ſola.*

Ab. I have him———if I can but get this thouſand pound. [Fantome *gives three raps upon his Drum behind the wainſcot.*

Ab. Ha! three raps upon the Drum! the ſignal Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to ſpeak with me. [Fantome *raps again.*

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene *opens and* Fantome *comes out.*

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the ward-robe, till you have occaſion for it.

Fant. Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I want to hear what is a doing in the World.

Ab. You are a very inquiſitive Spirit. But I muſt tell you, if you do not take care of your ſelf, you will be laid this evening.

Fant. I have overheard ſomething of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor———I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about *Tinſel.*

When

When a Lady's in the caſe, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

Ab. To tell you truly, he preſſes his attacks with ſo much impudence, that he has made more progreſs with my Lady in two days, than you did in two months.

Fant. I ſhall attack her in another manner, if thou canſt but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover ſo keen, as being kept up in the dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your diſtant bows, your reſpectful compliments———Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make love a-croſs a tea-table.

Fant. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have ſome hopes of you; but why don't you do ſo to my Lady?

Fant. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with reſpect.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not ſo great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You ſee *Tinſel* has nothing but his ſaucineſs to recommend him.

Fant. Tinſel is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of love——And let me tell thee, *Abigal*, a man, who is ſincere in his paſſion, makes but a very awkward profeſſion of it——but I'll mend my manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow———come, I muſt tutor you a little; ſuppoſe me to be my Lady, and let me ſee how you'll behave your ſelf.

Fant. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for ſuch a piece of mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

Fant. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*——— I mean my Lady *Truman*.

Ab. Ay! but you han't ſaluted me.

Fant. That's right; Faith! I forgot that circumſtance. [*Kiſſes her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambroſia!*

Ab. That's very well———

Fant. How long muſt I be condemn'd to languiſh! when ſhall my ſufferings have an end! my life! my happineſs, my all is wound up in you.——

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

Fant What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay—now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer—You are not afraid of hurting me! now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsence, till you are out of breath.

Fant. Transport and ecstacy! where am I—my life, my bliss! I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fant. Flames and darts—bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottos—flowers, *Zephyrs*, and purling streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a tongue wou'd undo a vestal! you were born for the ruin of our sex.

Fant. This will do then, *Abigal?*

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Tho' I only represent my Lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

Fant. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at eight, and at nine the Conjurer is to take you in hand.

Fant. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! forewarn'd, fore-arm'd Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour.

[Fantome *goes in*. *Exit* Abigal.

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* is withdrawn.———I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter Tinsel.

Tinf. Vellum! Vellum!

Vel. Vellum! We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their Ho-nours [*aside*] ———What wou'd you, Mr. *Tinsel?*

Tinf. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tinf.

Tinſ. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy Lady's eſtate.

Vel. The rent-roll?

Tinſ. The rent-roll? ay, the rent-roll! doſt not underſtand what that means?

Vel. Why? have you thoughts of purchaſing of it?

Tinſ. Thou haſt hit it, old boy, that is my very intention.

Vel. The purchaſe will be conſiderable.

Tinſ. And for that reaſon I have bid thy Lady very high --ſhe is to have no leſs for it than this entire Perſon of mine.

Vel. Is your whole eſtate perſonal, Mr. *Tinſel?*—he, he, he!

Tinſ. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jeſt, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my ſteward, you muſt learn to walk with your toes out.

Vel. An inſolent companion! [*aſide.*

Tinſ. Thou'rt confounded rich I ſee, by that dangling of thy arms.

Vel. An ungracious bird! [*aſide.*

Tinſ. Thou ſhalt lend me a couple of thouſand pounds.

Vel. A very profligate! [*aſide.*

Tinſ. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow ſome money of you.

Vel. I cannot but ſmile to conſider the diſappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make my ſelf merry with him [*aſide.*]—And ſo, Mr. *Tinſel*, you promiſe you will be a very kind maſter to me? [*ſtifling a laugh.*

Tinſ. What will you give for a Life in the houſe you live in;

Vel. What do you think of five hundred pounds?——ha, ha, ha!

Tinſ. That's too little.

Vel. And yet it is more than I ſhall give you——and I will offer you two reaſons for it.

Tinſ. Pr'ythee what are they?

Vel. Firſt, becauſe the tenement is not in your diſpoſal; and ſecondly, becauſe it never will be in your diſpoſal: and ſo fare you well, good Mr. *Tinſel.* Ha, ha, ha! you will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit* Vellum.

Tinf. This rogue is as ſaucy as the Conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel!* what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great admirers of ſolitude.

Tinf. No faith, I have been talking with thy ſteward; a very groteſque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his converſation?

Lady. I keep him for my ſteward, and not my companion. He's a ſober man.

Tinf. Yes, yes, he looks like a put———a queer old dog, as ever I ſaw in my life: We muſt turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I ſee that.

Lady. Indeed you're miſtaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honeſt man.

Tinf. What I ſuppoſe he goes to church.

Lady. Goes to church! ſo do you too, I hope.

Tinf. I wou'd for once, Widow, to make ſure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinſel,* a huſband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promiſes he made there.

Tinf. Faith very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee widow, thou wou'dſt not for the world marry a ſabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the Conjurer told you, you were ſhort-liv'd.

Tinf. The Conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tinf. Indeed you're very handſome. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Lady. I wiſh the Fool does not love me! [*Aſide.*

Tinf. Thou art the idol I adore. Here muſt I pay my devotion———Pr'ythee, Widow, haſt thou any timber upon thy eſtate?

Lady. The moſt impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aſide.*

Tinf. I take notice thou haſt a great deal of old plate here in the houſe, Widow.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel,* you are a very obſerving man.

Tinf. Thy large ſilver ciſtern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen ſalvers that I ſaw on the ſideboard might be turn'd into ſix as pretty horſes as any that appear in the ring.

Lady.

Lady. You have a very good fancy, Mr. *Tinſel*—— what pretty transformations you could make in my houſe ——But I'll ſee where 'twill end. [*Aſide.*

Tinſ. Then I obſerve, child, you have two or three ſervices of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent manager— how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

Tinſ. Now hark ye, Widow, to ſhow you the love that I have for you————

Lady. Very well, let me hear.

Tinſ. You have an old-faſhion'd gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a Saint upon the lid on't.

Lady. I have: what then?

Tinſ. Why look ye, I'd ſell the caudle-cup with the old Saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I wou'd convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a preſent of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, don't diſpoſe of my goods before you are ſure of my perſon. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

Tinſ. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I ſee you do, Sir, you need not make any proteſtations upon that ſubject.

Tinſ. Pho, pho, my dear we are growing ſerious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next ſtep to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a ſerious ſubject.

Tinſ. For that very reaſon my dear, let us get over it as faſt as we can.

Lady. I ſhou'd be very much in haſte for a huſband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir *George*'s deceaſe.

Tinſ. Pray, my dear, let me aſk you a queſtion; Do'ſt not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at preſent, to all intents and purpoſes, as he will be a twelve-month hence?

Lady. Yes: but decency, Mr. *Tinſel*————

Tinſ. Or do'ſt thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

Tinf. Ah, my dear, they would say you lov'd your second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what wou'd people think?

Tinf. Think! why they wou'd think thee the mirrour of widowhood——That a woman shou'd live fourteen whole months after the decease of her Spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second Husband several years before the death of the first.

Lady. Ay, I know you Wits have your common place jests upon us poor widows.

Tinf. I'll tell you a story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged her self to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a duel. But the good Lady was no sooner a Widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems she had given her first promise.

Lady. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

Tinf. Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe *Tom Tinsel.*

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel,* do you call this talking like a Wit, or like a Rake?

Tinf. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinsel,* the only man I ever lov'd in my life, had a great deal of the one and nothing of the other in him.

Tinf. Nay now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tinf. About this time, say'st thou? Come faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady.

Lady. I will, if you'll promiſe to be ſerious.

Tinſ. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! do'ſt not hear him?

Lady. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* do you laugh to ſhow your wit or your teeth?

Tinſ. Why, both! my dear———I'm glad however, that ſhe has taken notice of my teeth [*Aſide.*] But you look ſerious, Child; I fancy thou hear'ſt the Drum, do'ſt not?

Lady. Don't talk ſo raſhly.

Tinſ. Why, my dear, you cou'd not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer*'s Drum-major in your houſe.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel,* I muſt deſire to ſee you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

Tinſ. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a diſh of tea but juſt now.———There is no ſuch thing, I give thee my word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinſel,* your authority muſt be of great weight to thoſe that know you.

Tinſ. For my part, Child, I have made myſelf eaſy in thoſe points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aſide.*

Tinſ. I'll tell thee what now, Widow———I wou'd engage by the help of a white ſheet and a penny-worth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their ſenſes, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noiſe is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tinſ. 'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to ſpeak againſt my conſcience, only to ſhow my parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wiſh you have not anger'd it by your fooliſh diſcourſe.

Tinſ. Indeed, Madam, I did not ſpeak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmleſs raillery.

Lady. Harmleſs, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the Wall.

Tinf. What a devil had I to do with a white ſheet?

[*Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome.

Tinf. Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himſelf, 'tis Sir *George!* 'tis my huſband! [*She faints.*

Tinf. Now wou'd I give ten thouſand pound that I were in town. [Fantome *advances to him drumming.*

I beg ten thouſand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome *ſtill advances drumming.*

By my ſoul, Sir *George*, I was not in earneſt [*falls on his knees*] have compaſſion on my youth, and conſider I am but a Coxcomb——[Fantome *points to the door.*] But ſee he waves me off——ay with all my heart——What a devil had I to do with a white ſheet?

[*He ſteals off the ſtage, mending his pace as the Drum beats.*

Fant. The ſcoundrel is gone, and has left his miſtreſs behind him. I'm miſtaken if he makes love in this houſe any more. I have now only the Conjurer to deal with. I don't queſtion but I ſhall make his reverence ſcamper as faſt as the lover. And then the day's my own. But the ſervants are coming, I muſt get into my cup-board.

[*He goes in.*

Enter Abigal *and Servants.*

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! this wicked Drum has frighted Mr. *Tinſel* out of his wits, and my Lady into a ſwoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the freſh air, and ſhe'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my Lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her ſo well, that ſhe wou'd not be angry with me, if ſhe knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends ſhou'd blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my Hand upon my Purſe, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thouſand Pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George, *in his Conjurer's Habit, the* Butler *marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

BUTLER.

AN'T pleaſe your worſhip, Mr. Conjurer, the Steward has given all of us orders to do whatſoever you ſhall bid us, and to pay you the ſame reſpect, as if you were our Maſter.

Sir Geo. Thou ſay'ſt well.

Gard. An't pleaſe your Conjurſhip's Worſhip, ſhall I ſet the table down here?

Sir Geo. Here, *Peter.*

Gard. Peter!——he knows my name by his learning. [*Aſide*

Coach. I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largeſt elbow chair in the houſe; 'tis that the Steward ſits in when he holds a Court.

Sir Geo. Place it there.

Butl. Sir, will you pleaſe to want any thing elſe?

Sir Geo. Paper, and a pen and ink.

Butl. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpoſe! my Lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges——wou'd you chuſe to write with a crow quill?

Sir Geo. There is none better.

Butl. Coachman, go fetch the paper and ſtandiſh out of the little Parlour.

Coach. [*to the Gard*] *Peter*, pr'ythee do thou go along with me——I'm afraid——you know I went with you laſt night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parſley.

Butl. Why, you don't think I'll ſtay with the Conjurer by my ſelf!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir Geo. (ſolus) There's nothing, I ſee, makes ſuch ſtrong alliances as fear. Theſe fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy againſt the Ghoſt. There muſt be abundance of buſineſs done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who cou'd have thought theſe three rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter Gardiner *with a Sheet of Paper*, Coachman *with a Standiſh, and* Butler *with a Pen.*

Gard. Sir, there is your paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your Standiſh.

Butl. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen——I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aſide.*

Gard. He forgets that he's to make a circle [*Aſide.*]—Doctor, ſhall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir Geo. It is no matter.

Butl. Look ye, Sir, I ſhow'd you the ſpot where he's heard oftenеſt, if your worſhip can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room——

Sir Geo. We ſhall try.

Gard. That's right, *John*. His worſhip muſt let fly all his learning at that old wall.

Butl. Sir, if I was worthy to adviſe you, I wou'd have a bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I ſet a cup of old ſtingo at your elbow?

Sir Geo. I thank thee——we ſhall do without it.

Gard. John, he ſeems a very good-natur'd man for a Conjurer.

Butl. I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have loſt. I fancy, whilſt he is in my Lady's pay,

pay, one may hedge in a queſtion or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

Sir Geo. What wouldſt thou?

Butl. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I loſt one of my ſilver ſpoons laſt week.

Sir Geo. Mark'd with a Swan's neck———

Butl. My Lady's Creſt! He knows every thing. [*Aſide.* How wou'd your Worſhip adviſe me to recover it again?

Sir Geo. Hum!

Butl. What muſt I do to come at it?

Sir Geo. Drink nothing but ſmall-beer for a fortnight———

Butl. Small beer! Rot-gut!

Sir Geo. If thou drink'ſt a ſingle drop of Ale before fifteen days are expir'd—it is as much—as thy ſpoon—is worth.

Butl. I ſhall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aſide.*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whiſper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not aſking him ſomething about *Nell*———

Coach. I'll take this opportunity of putting a queſtion to him about poor *Dobbing*, I fancy he could give me better counſel than the farrier.

Butl. [*to the Gard.*] A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy pick-axe.

Gard. I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his hand croſs'd with ſilver?

Coach. [*to Sir George.*] Sir, may a man venture to aſk you a queſtion?

Sir Geo. Aſk it.

Coach. I have a poor horſe in the Stable that's bewitch'd———

Sir Geo. A bay gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that——— [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Bought at *Banbury*.

Coach. Whew——— ſo it was o' my conſcience. [*Whiſtles.*

Sir

Sir Geo. Six years old laſt *Lammas*.

Coach. To a day. [*aſide.*] Now, Sir, I wou'd know whether the poor beaſt is bewitch'd by Goody *Crouch* or Goody *Flye?*

Sir Geo. Neither.

Coach. Then it muſt be Goody *Gurten!* for ſhe is the next oldeſt woman in the pariſh.

Gard. Haſt thou done, *Robin?*

Coach. [*to Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*to Sir George.*] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing———

Sir Geo. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the ſame time with a certain perſon.

Sir Geo. A woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that? [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Go on.

Gard. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir Geo. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Proceed.

Gard. Now, becauſe I us'd to meet her ſometimes in the garden, ſhe had laid them both———

Sir Geo. To thee.

Gard. What a power of learning he muſt have! he knows every thing. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Haſt thou done?

Gard. I wou'd deſire to know whether I am really father to them both?

Sir Geo. Stand before me, let me ſurvey thee round.

[*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

Coach. Look yonder, *John*, the ſilly dog is turning about under the Conjurer's wand. If he has been ſaucy to him, we ſhall ſee him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir Geo. Twins, do'ſt thou ſay? [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay; are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir

Sir Geo. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. *Abigal* will have me take care of them both——ſhe's always for the Butler——if my poor Maſter Sir *George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

Sir Geo. What, was Sir *George* a kind maſter?

Gard. Was he! ay, my fellow-ſervants will bear me witneſs.

Sir Geo. Did ye love Sir *George?*

Butl. Every body lov'd him————

Coach. There was not a dry eye in the Pariſh at the news of his death————

Gard. He was the beſt neighbour————

Butl. The kindeſt huſband——

Coach. The trueſt friend to the poor————

Butl. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it wou'd have been the death of her————

Sir Geo. I proteſt theſe fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their maſter again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aſide.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has occaſion for? if ſo--you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir Geo. I can as yet ſee no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but ſtill have ſome certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond Man. I muſt take the advantage of my diſguiſe to be thoroughly ſatisfied. It wou'd neither be for her happineſs, nor mine, to make my ſelf known to her till I am ſo [*Aſide.*]—Dear *Vellum!* I am impatient to hear ſome news of my wife, how does ſhe after her fright?

Vel. It is a ſaying ſomewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow————

Sir Geo. I ask of my Wife, and thou talk'ſt to me of my Lord *Coke*——pr'ythee tell me how ſhe does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd, Mrs. *Abigal* has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your ſkill.

Sir Geo.

Sir Geo. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of *Abigal.* But I could not have thought my friend *Fantome* would have served me thus——

Vel. You will still fancy you are a living Man——

Sir Geo. That he shou'd endeavour to ensnare my Wife—

Vel. You have no right in her after your demise: Death extinguishes all property,—*Quoad hanc*—it is a maxim in the law.

Sir Geo. A pox on your learning! well, but what is become of *Tinsel?*

Vel. He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his horse, clap'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

Sir Geo. This is whimsical enough! my Wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day——*Fantome* has driven out *Tinsel,* and shall I drive out *Fantome.*

Vel. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

Sir Geo. Was there ever such a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. [*Aside.*] Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor *Fantome* : and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives——You must remember *Vellum,* you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over ; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch——

Sir Geo. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the life of business——

Sir Geo. Hear me then, I say.

Vel. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First——

Sir Geo. There is no bearing this! thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou should'st be practising it.

Vel But your ho-nour will not give me the hearing—

Sir Geo. Thou wilt not give me the hearing—[*Angrily.*

Vel. I am still.

Sir

Sir Geo. In the firſt place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and ſword ready for me in the cloſet, and one of my ſcarlet coats. You know how *Abigal* has deſcribed the Ghoſt to you.

Vel. It ſhall be done.

Sir Geo. Then you muſt remember, whilſt I am laying this Ghoſt, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real huſband; tell her the whole ſtory, and do it with all the art you are maſter of, that the ſurprize may not be too great for her.

Vel. It ſhall be done——but ſince her ho-nour has ſeen this apparition, ſhe deſires to ſee you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir Geo. I ſhall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinſel*. I hope thou haſt not told *Abigal* any thing of the ſecret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* is a woman; there are many reaſons why ſhe ſhou'd not be acquainted with it: I ſhall only mention ſix——

Sir Geo. Huſh, here ſhe comes! oh my heart!

Enter Lady *and* Abigal.

Sir Geo. [*Aſide, while* Vellum *talks in dumb ſhow to Lady.* O that lov'd woman! how I long to take her in my arms! if I find I am ſtill dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I muſt take care of indulging this tenderneſs, and put on a behaviour more ſuitable to my preſent character.

[*Walks at a diſtance in a penſive poſture, waving his wand.*

Lady [*to* Vellum] This is ſurprizing indeed! ſo all the ſervants tell me: they ſay he knows every thing that has happen'd in the family.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] A parcel of credulous fools! they firſt tell him their ſecrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond looks with* Abigal.

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have ſome converſation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir

Sir Geo. Speak! but hold——firſt let me feel your pulſe.

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir Geo. I have already learn'd a ſecret from it, that will aſtoniſh you.

Lady. Pray what is it?

Sir Geo. You will have a huſband within this half hour.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] I'm glad to hear that——he muſt mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I ſhall ſee Sir *George*'s apparition a ſecond time.

Sir Geo. Have courage, you ſhall ſee the aparition no more. The huſband I mention ſhall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr *Fantome* to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Impoſſible! I lov'd my firſt too well.

Sir Geo. You cou'd not love the firſt better than you will love the ſecond.

Ab.. [*aſide.*] I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not inſtructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure; the thouſand pound is our own!

Lady. Alas! you did not know Sir *George*.

Sir Geo. As well as I do my ſelf——I ſaw him with you in the red damask room, when he firſt made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a viſit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her return from *London*.

Lady. This is aſtoniſhing!

Sir Geo. You were a great admirer of a ſingle life for the firſt half hour; your refuſals then grew ſtill fainter and fainter. With what eccſtaſy did Sir *George* kiſs your hand, when you told him you ſhou'd always follow the advice of your *Mamma!*

Lady. Every circumſtance to a title!

Sir Geo. Then Lady! the wedding night! I ſaw you in your white ſattin night gown? you wou'd not come out of your dreſſing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand——you ſtrug-

gled

gled——but he was too ſtrong for you——you bluſh'd, he——

Lady. Oh! ſtop there! go no farther!——He knows every thing. [*aſide.*

Ab. Truly Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir Geo. Mrs. *Abigal*, you know what your good word coſt Sir *George*, a purſe of broad pieces, Mrs. *Abigal*—

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*aſide.*] Pray, Sir, ſince you have told ſo far, you ſhould tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir Geo. 'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thruſt them into your boſom.

Ab. This rogue will mention the thouſand pound, if I don't take care.[*aſide*]Pray, Sir, though you are a Conjurer, methinks you need not be a Blab———

Lady. Sir, ſince I have now no reaſon to doubt of your art, I muſt beſeech you to treat this Aparition gently—— it has the reſemblance of my deceas'd huſband; if there be any undiſcover'd ſecret, any thing that troubles his reſt learn it of him.

Sir Geo. I muſt to that end be ſincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you receiv'd the Addreſſes of many lovers ſince his death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more viſits, than have been agreeable.

Sir Geo. Was not *Tinſel* welcome?—I'm afraid to hear an anſwer to my own queſtion. [*Aſide.*

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir Geo. Racks! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Of a good family.

Sir Geo. Tortures! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Heir to a conſiderable Eſtate!

Sir Geo. Death [*aſide.*] And you ſtill love him?—I'm diſtracted! [*Aſide.*

Lady. No, I deſpiſe him. I found he had a deſign upon my fortune, was baſe, profligate, cowardly, and ev'ry thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vileſt principles—

Sir

Sir Geo. I'm recover'd. [*aside.*

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you ſeen how like a ſcoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyſhip in a ſwoon. Where have you left my Lady? ſays I. In an Elbow-chair, Child, ſays he: And where are you going? ſays I. To town, Child, ſays he, For to tell thee truly, Child, ſays he, I don't care for living under the ſame roof with the Devil, ſays he.

Sir Geo. Well, Lady, I ſee nothing in all this that may hinder Sir *George*'s Spirit from being at reſt.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what paſſes in my heart, he cannot but be ſatisfy'd of that fondneſs which I bear to his memory. My ſorrow for him is always freſh when I think of him. He was the kindeſt, trueſt, tendereſt—Tears will not let me go on—

Sir Geo. This quite o'erpowers me—I ſhall diſcover my ſelf before my time. [*aside.*] —Madam, you may now retire and leave me to my ſelf.

Lady. Succeſs attend you!

Ab. I wiſh Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigal.

Sir George *ſolus.*

Sir Geo. My heart is now at eaſe, ſhe is the ſame dear Woman I left her——now for my revenge upon *Fantome*———I ſhall cut the ceremonies ſhort——a few words will do his buſineſs——now let me ſeat my ſelf in form———a good eaſy chair for a Conjurer this!——now for a few mathematical ſcratches——a good lucky ſcrawl, that——faith I think it looks very Aſtrological ———theſe two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjurer's ſcheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now muſt I pore upon my Paper.

Enter Fantome, *beating his Drum.*

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee don't make a noiſe, I'm buſy.

[Fantome *beats.*

A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir

Sir Geo. [*Riſing.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the ſtep of a Ghoſt. You ſtalk it majeſtically.

[Fantome *advances.*

How the Rogue ſtares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hang'd if he has not been practiſing this half hour in Mrs. *Abigal*'s Wardrobe.

[Fantome *ſtarts, and gives a rap upon his Drum.*

Pry'thee don't play the fool! [Fantome *beats.*

Nay, nay, enough of this good Mr. *Fantome.*

Fant. [*Aſide.*] Death! I'm diſcover'd. This Jade *Abigal* has betray'd me.

Sir Geo. Mr. *Fantome*, upon the word of an Aſtrologer, your thouſand pound bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman.*

Fant. 'Tis plain, ſhe has told him all. [*aſide.*

Sir Geo. Let me adviſe you to make off as faſt as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. *Ghoſt* will have his bones broke.

Fant. [*to Sir George.*] Lookye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this ſecret from Mrs. *Abigal.*

Sir Geo. I have learn'd it from my art.

Fant. Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counſel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces.——

Sir Geo. I am not mercenary! young Man, I ſcorn thy Gold.

Fant. I'll make them up twenty—

Sir Geo. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raiſe ſuch an Apparition, as ſhall—

Fant. An Apparition, old Gentleman! you miſtake your Man, I am not to be frighten'd with bugbears—

Sir Geo. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee ſuch a proof of my art———

Fant. Why, if thou haſt any *Hocus pocus* Tricks to play, why canſt not do them here?

Sir Geo. The raiſing of a Spirit, requires certain ſecret myſteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private—

Fant. Well, if I ſee through your trick, will you promiſe to be my friend?

Sir

Sir Geo. I will—attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

Fantome *ſolus.*

Fant. A very ſolemn old Aſs! but I ſmoak him,—he has a mind to raiſe his price upon me. I cou'd not think this ſlut wou'd have us'd me thus—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my Drum, I wiſh I was well rid of it However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinſel* for good and all; I ſhan't have the mortification to ſee my miſtreſs carry'd off by ſuch a Rival. Well, whatever happens, I muſt ſtop this old fellow's mouth, I muſt not be ſparing in huſh-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George *in his own habit.*

Fant. Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman!* This can be no counterfeit. His dreſs! his ſhape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! nay then 'tis time to decamp!

(*Runs off.*

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir *George*—the Enemy has left me maſter of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter Abigal.

[*Sir* George *ſtands with his hand before his face in a muſing poſture.*

Ab. Yonder he is. O'my conſcience he has driven off the Conjurer. Mr. *Fantome,* Mr. *Fantome*! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thouſand pounds now? Why does not the Man ſpeak?

[*Pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Sir Geo. Ha! (*Taking his hand from his face.*

Ab. O! 'tis my Maſter! (*Shrieks.*

(*Running away*) *he catches her.*

Sir Geo. Good Mrs. *Abigal* not ſo faſt.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir?—He has given my ſhoulder ſuch a curſed tweak! they muſt be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm ſure.

Sir Geo. What do'ſt think?

Ab. Think, Sir? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how.————

Sir Geo. No queſtions, good *Abigal.* Thy curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab.

Ab. Oh, I'm ſo frighted———and ſo glad———

Sir Geo. Where's your Lady, I ask you———

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am my ſelf———I can't forbear weeping for joy———

Sir Geo. Your Lady! I ſay your Lady! I muſt bring you to your ſelf with one pinch more———

Ab. Oh! ſhe has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir Geo. Then he has open'd the whole ſtory to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Lady *follow'd by* Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! My life! my ſoul! my huſband!

Sir Geo. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, deareſt of women!

Lady. Are you then ſtill alive, and are you here! I can ſcarce believe my ſenſes! now am I happy indeed!

Sir Geo. My heart is too full to anſwer thee.

Lady. How could you be ſo cruel to deſer giving me that joy which you knew I muſt receive from your preſence? You have robb'd my life of ſome hours of happineſs that ought to have been in it.

Sir Geo.—It was to make our happineſs the more ſincere and unmixt. There will be now no doubts to daſh it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter ſupply us with a thouſand materials to talk of.

Lady. I'm now ſatisfy'd that it is not in the power of abſence to leſſen your love towards me.

Sir Geo. And I am ſatisfy'd that it is not in the power of death to deſtroy that love which makes me the happieſt of Men.

Lady. Was ever woman ſo bleſt! to find again the darling of her Soul, when ſhe thought him loſt for ever! to enter into a kind of ſecond marriage with the only Man whom ſhe was ever capable of loving.

Sir Geo. May it be as happy as our firſt, I deſire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want words to expreſs thoſe tranſports of joy and tenderneſs which are every moment riſing in my heart whilſt I ſpeak to thee.

Enter

Enter Servants.

Butl. Juſt as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already.

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam!

Coach. As I was coming in at the gate, a ſtrange gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not ſee maſter before me, I ſhou'd have ſworn it had been his Honour.

Gard. Ha'ſt given orders for the bells to be ſet a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir Geo. [*to* Lady.] My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole ſtory, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feaſting in my houſe. My poor neighbours and my ſervants ſhall rejoice with me. My hall ſhall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

Butl. Ah! bleſs your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The ſame good man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir Geo. Vellum, thou haſt done me much ſervice to-day. I know thou lov'ſt *Abigal*, but ſhe's diſappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thouſand pound with her. It is not fit there ſhould be one ſad heart in my houſe to-night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigal*, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new inſtance of your love.

Ab. Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well-ſpoken man: Pray do you thank my Maſter and my Lady.

Sir Geo. Vellum, I hope you are not diſpleas'd with the Gift I make you.

Vel. *The gift is twofold. I receive from you*
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wiſe, I thank the Donors:
And ſo we bid good night to both your Ho-nours.

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

TO-night the Poet's advocate I ſtand,
And he deſerves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage their cauſe debating
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the firſt ſhould from their duty ſwerve,
There's one behind the wainſcote in reſerve.
In his next Play, If I wou'd take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas ſpoke like an obliging creature,
For tho' 'tis ſimple, yet it ſhews good nature.

My help thus ask'd, I cou'd not chuſe but grant it,
And really I thought the Play wou'd want it,
Void as it is of all the uſual arts
To warm your fancies, and to ſteal your hearts:
No Court-Intrigue, nor City-Cuckoldom,
No ſong, no dance, no muſick ---- but a Drum ----
No ſmutty thought in doubtful phraſe expreſt;
And, Gentlemen, if ſo, pray where's the jeſt?
When we wou'd raiſe your mirth, you hardly know
Whether in ſtrictneſs you ſhould laugh or no,
But turn upon the Ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are ſure 'tis wit.

Protect

EPILOGUE.

Protect him then, ye Fair-ones; for the Fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a Widow, who, of blameleſs carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a ſecond marriage;
And to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights;
Nay, to oblige the ſex in every ſtate,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.

Too long has Marriage, in this taſteleſs age,
With ill-bred raillery ſupply'd the ſtage;
No little Scribbler is of wit ſo bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our Author deals not in conceits ſo ſtale:
For ſhou'd th' examples of his Play prevail,
No man need bluſh, tho' true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jeſt tho' he ſhou'd love his ſpouſe.
Thus has he done you Britiſh *conſorts right,*
Whoſe husbands, ſhou'd they pry like mine to night,
Wou'd never find you in your conduct ſlipping,
Tho' they turn'd Conjurers to take you tripping.

THE

THE LATE

TRYAL

AND

CONVICTION

OF

Count *TARIFF.*

THE LATE
TRYAL *and* CONVICTION
OF
Count TARIFF.

THE whole Nation is at preſent very inquiſitive after the proceedings in the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, Plaintiff, and Count *Tariff*, Defendant; as it was tried on the 18th of *June*, in the thirteenth year of her Majeſty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I ſhall therefore give my countrymen a ſhort and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, muſt in the firſt place premiſe ſome particulars relating to the perſon and character of the ſaid Plaintiff Goodman *Fact*.

Goodman *Fact* is allowed by every body to be a plain ſpoken perſon, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his averſion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetorick, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaiſance. He flatters no body. Yet ſo great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the fineſt orator, and deſtroys the beſt contrived argument, as ſoon as ever he gets himſelf to be heard. He never applies to the paſſions or prejudices of his audience: when they liſten with attention and honeſt minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a ſuit of *Engliſh* broadcloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was ſubſtantial, honeſt, home-ſpun ware. His cane indeed came from the *Eaſt-Indies*, and two or three little ſuperfluities from *Turkey*, and other parts. It is ſaid that he encouraged himſelf with a bottle of neat *Port*, before he appeared at the tryal. He was huzzaed into the Court by ſeveral thouſands of *Weavers*, *Clothiers*, *Fullers*, *Dyers*, *Packers*, *Calenders*, *Setters*, *Silk-men*, *Spinners*, *Dreſſers*, *Whitſters*, *Winders*, *Mercers*, *Throwſters*, *Sugar-bakers*,

Distillers, *Drapers*, *Hosiers*, *Planters*, *Merchant's* and *Fishermen*; who all unanimously declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend *Fact* did not gain his cause.

Every body was over-joyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in Court, but several of his friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: for indeed he had not been seen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited against Count *Tariff*, was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the Plaintiff.

II. That the said Count had tampered with the said Plaintiff, and made use of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the said Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said Plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly-devised speeches, as a person in the *French* interest.

IV. That the said Count had averred in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the Plaintiff speak in derogation of the *Portuguese*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Hollanders*, and others; who were the persons whom the said Plaintiff had always favoured in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favour.

V. That the said Count had given a very disadvantageous relation of three great farms, which had long flourished under the care and superintendency of the Plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own land. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers, That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these and many other wicked devices he would have starved many honest day-labourers; have impoverished the owner, and have filled his farms with beggars, *&c.*

VII.

VII. That the said Count had either sunk or mislaid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the Plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars Goodman *Fact* was very short but pithy: for, as I said before, he was a plain home-spun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had further so much of the Quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed, that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the Plaintiff all the while he was speaking: but though he was not so impudent as the Count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to speak, old *Fact* so stared him in the face, after his plain, down-right way, that the Count was very often struck dumb, and forc'd to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion to attest Goodman *Fact*'s veracity than ever were seen in a court of justice. His cause was pleaded by the ablest men in the kingdom; among whom was a Gentleman of *Suffolk* who did him signal service.

Count *Tariff* appeared just the reverse of Goodman *Fact*. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistcoat, curiously embroidered with Flower-de-luces. He wore also a broad-brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, and a pair of silver-clock'd stockins. His speeches were accompanied with much gesture and grimace. He abounded in empty phrases, superficial flourishes, violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* assurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would most certainly have carried his cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in the world besides Goodman *Fact*.

The Count being called upon to answer to the charge which had been made against him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, viz. by railing and calling names.

He in the first place accused his adversary of *Scandalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his superiors with saucineſs and contempt. As the plain good man was not

of a make to have any friends at Court, he was a little ſtartled at this accuſation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impoſſible for any of his family to be either ſaucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the Court, that is, TO SPEAK THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The Count in the next place aſſured the Court, that his antagoniſt has taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not FACT but FACTION. The Count was ſo pleaſed with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every ſentence; calling his antagoniſt's aſſertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the ſons of faction: the teſtimonies of his witneſſes, the dictates of faction: nay, with ſuch a degree of impudence did he puſh this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of ſuch a ſtarving multitude, the CLAMOURS OF FACTION.

As ſoon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the Court that FACT was not an *Engliſhman* by birth, but that he was of *Dutch* extraction and born in *Holland*. In conſequence of this aſſertion, he began to rally the poor Plaintiff under the title of MYNHEER VAN FACT; which took pretty well with the ſimpletons of his party, but the men of ſenſe did not think the jeſt worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finiſhed his ſpeech, he deſired leave to call in his witneſſes, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible to ſee his face. He ſpoke in the ſpirit, nay in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his aſſertions. Being aſked his name; he ſaid the world called him, MERCATOR: but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reaſons he was obliged to conceal. The Court found him ſuch a falſe ſhuffling, prevaricating raſcal, that they ſet him aſide as a perſon unqualified to give his teſtimony in a Court of Juſtice; adviſing

viſing him at the ſame time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering ſuch notorious falſhoods as he had then publiſhed. The witneſs however perſiſted in his contumacy, telling them he was very ſorry to find, that notwithſtanding what he had ſaid they were reſolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witneſs, who ſpoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff*. This was a tall, black, bluſtering perſon, dreſſed in a *Spaniſh* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Golillio* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* ſticking out by his ſide; his garments were ſo covered with tinſel and ſpangles, that at a diſtance he ſeemed to be made up of ſilver and gold. He called himſelf DON ASSIENTO, and mentioned ſeveral nations that had ſought his friendſhip; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into theſe parts to enrich every one that heard him. The Court was at firſt very well pleaſed with his figure, and the promiſes he made them; but upon examination found him a true *Spaniard:* nothing but ſhow and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithſtanding the boaſts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon caſting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his eſtate, he was worſe than nothing.

There appeared another witneſs in favour of the Count, who ſpoke with ſo much violence and warmth, that the Court began to liſten to him very attentively; 'till upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the poſt, being kept in pay, to give his teſtimony on all occaſions where it was wanted. This was the EXAMINER; a perſon who had abuſed almoſt every man in *England*, that deſerved well of his country. He called Goodman *Fact* a lyar, a ſeditious perſon, a traytor, and a rebel; and ſo much incenſed the honeſt man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that ſo foul-mouthed a witneſs never appeared in any cauſe. Seeing ſeveral perſons of great eminence, who had maintained

the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, he called them ideots, block-heads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheiſts, apoſtates, fiends, and devils: never did man ſhow ſo much eloquence in ribaldry. The Court was at length ſo juſtly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who ſpared no age, nor ſex, nor profeſſion, which had ſhown any friendſhip or inclination for the Plaintiff, that ſeveral began to whiſper to one another, it was high time to bring him to puniſhment. But the witneſs over-hearing the word *Pillory* repeated twice or thrice, ſlunk away privately, and hid himſelf among the people.

After a full hearing on both ſides, Count *Tariff* was caſt, and Goodman *Fact* got his cauſe; but the Court ſitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him coſts, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honeſt man immediately retired, after having aſſured his friends, that at any time when the Count ſhould appear on the like occaſion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their aſſiſtance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible how general a joy Goodman *Fact*'s ſucceſs created in the city of *London*; there was nothing to be ſeen or heard the next day, but ſhaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had eſcaped; and gratitude to thoſe who had delivered them from it

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like publick demonſtrations of joy.

THE

THE WHIG-EXAMINER; AND LOVER.

THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

No. 1. *Thurſday, September* 14, 1710.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; & cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit———— VIRG.

THE deſign of this work is to cenſure the writings of others, and to give all perſons a rehearing, who have ſuffered under any unjuſt ſentence of the *Examiner*. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner*: at leaſt his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critic that has diſcovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his buſineſs to laſh the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himſelf; as the hangman is generally a worſe malefactor, than the Criminal that ſuffers by his hand. To prove what I ſay, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. *Garth*'s Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the firſt: Did ever an advocate for a party open with ſuch an unfortunate aſſertion? *The collective body of the Whigs have already engroſſed our riches:*

riches: That is, in plain Engliſh, the Whigs are poſſeſſed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for theſe ſix Weeks? Is there any thing more reaſonable, than that thoſe who have all the riches of the nation in their poſſeſſion, or if he likes his own phraſe better, as indeed I think it is ſtronger, that thoſe who have already *engroſſed* our riches, ſhould have the management of our publick Treaſure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: *Their repreſentative the Kit Cat have pretended to make a Monopoly of our ſenſe.* Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing, it is this, That to prevent ſuch a Monopoly of ſenſe, he is reſolved to deal in it himſelf by retail, and ſell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is ſuch a ſhocking familiarity both in his railleries, and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has ſo much of the pedant, and ſo little of the converſation of men in it, that I ſhall paſs it over, and haſten to the riddles, which are as follows.

The RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monſter, that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready Wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle riddle ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus *was reſolv'd to go,*
And try what ſtrength of parts could do:
Says Sphinx, *On this depends your fate;*
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, ſaid he, who weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: As years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts the ſtick.

Now

Now in your turn, 'tis juſt, met hinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

The firſt part of this little myſtical Poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himſelf the trouble of explaining it; but as for the expoſition of the ſecond, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he ſolves, as our forefathers have done for theſe two thouſand years; and not according to *Rabelais*, who gives another reaſon why a man is ſaid to be a creature, with three legs at night. Then follows the ſecond riddle: What creature, ſays he, is it that firſt uſes four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loſes one leg, then gets two legs, and at laſt runs away upon four legs? Were I diſpoſed to be ſplenetick, I ſhould ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles *ſo wild, ſo childiſh, or ſo flat:* But though I dare not go ſo far as that, I ſhall take upon me to ſay, that the Author has ſtollen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs ſate upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and ſnatched away one leg; up ſtarted two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This Enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuouſly with my Reader than the above-mentioned Enigmatiſt has done, I ſhall preſent him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a ſervant maid, three legs is a joint ſtool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripode; as

four

four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the expoſition of our firſt and third riddles upon legs; let us here if you pleaſe, endeavour to find out the meaning of our ſecond, which is thus in the Author's words:

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was propoſed by *Oedipus* to the Sphinx, after he had given his ſolution to that which the Sphinx had propoſed to him. This *Oedipus*, you muſt underſtand, though the people did not believe it, was ſon to a King of *Thebes*, and bore a particular grudge to the Tre————r of that Kingdom; which made him ſo bitter upon *H. L.* in this Enigma.

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being *weak by nature*, as he admirably expreſſes it, could not walk as ſoon as he was born, but like other children fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white ſtaff in Queen *Jocaſta*'s court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now it ſo happened that the Treaſurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next word, *Then loſes one*—Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good ſucceſs.

What ſtranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three?
Then loſes one,————

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I muſt confeſs has kept me awake for theſe three nights; —*Then*

———*Then gets two more,*
And runs away at last on four.

I at last thought the treasurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, *viz.* two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature consideration do find that these words *(Then gets two more)* are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall therefore restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain it self.

Oedipus speaks:
Now in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gains two more,
And rides away at last on four?

I must now inform the Reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a *British* Statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it *in an open boat*; for to say of an *English*man in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd as to say, he clapped Spurs to his Horse at St. *James*'s gate, and galloped away to the *Hague*.

Before I take my farewel of this subject, I shall advise the Author for the future to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known subject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syrisca*'s ladle was lost in one hole, and *Hans Carvel*'s finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret.

cret. This is making darker ſatyrs than ever *Perſius* did. After this curſory view of the *Examiner*'s performance, let us conſider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he paſſes upon the Doctor's conſidering the Treaſurer in ſeveral different views, is that which might fall upon any Poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diverſity of thoughts and alluſions: and tho' it may appear a pleaſant ridicule to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundleſs and unjuſt. I do likewiſe diſſent with the *Examiner*, upon the phraſes of *paſſions being poiſed*, and of the *retrieving merit from dependance*, which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the ſame cavilling ſpirit that finds fault with that expreſſion of the *pomp of peace among the woes of war*, as well as of *offering unaſked*. As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I muſt confeſs they have been formerly uſed to repreſent the fate of raſh ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author ſhould deprive us of thoſe particular Similes for the future. The next Criticiſm upon the ſtars, ſeems introduced for no other reaſon but to mention Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuſe. But I ſhall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing it ſelf up to the ſize of an Ox:

——Non ſi te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris——

The alluſion to the victim may be a Gallimatia in *French* politicks, but is an apt and noble alluſion to a true *Engliſh* ſpirit. And as for the *Examiner*'s remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to ſee impotent malice ſo little able to contain it ſelf) one cannot but obſerve in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the ſame paper, who always murder where they rob. The laſt obſervation is upon the line, *Ingratitude's a weed of every clime*. Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which *Dryden* only terms the *growth*

growth of every Clime. But, for God-ſake, why ſo much tenderneſs for ingratitude?

But I ſhall ſay no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent aſſertions muſt paſs for arguments: and I do not queſtion but the ſame, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Diſpenſary* was no Poet, will very ſuddenly undertake to ſhew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

No. 2. *Thurſday, September* 21.

——— Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares——— VIRG.

I Never knew any Author who had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarels* have paſſed through ſeveral editions, and pleaſe as many Readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotſon*: The *Examiner* had not written two half ſheets of paper, before he met with one that was aſtoniſhed at *the force he was maſter of*, and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State-Subjects, as *encroaching on the province that belong'd to him*, and treating of things *that deſerved to paſs under his Pen*. The ſame humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furniſh mankind with an *Antidote to the Poiſon that is ſcattered through the nation*. This crying up of the *Examiner*'s Antidote, puts me in mind of the firſt appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the ſtreets of *Paris*. A little boy walked before him, publiſhing with a ſhrill voice, *Mon pere guerit touies ſortes de maladies, My father cures all ſorts of diſtempers:* To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and compoſed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai, The child ſays true.*

That the Reader may ſee what party the Author of this Letter is of, I ſhall ſhew how he ſpeaks of the *French* King

King and the Duke of *Anjou*, and how of our greateſt Allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. *In the mean while the* French *King has withdrawn his troops from* Spain, *and has put it out of his power to reſtore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to deſire to do it. The Duke of* Anjou *has had leiſure to take off thoſe whom he ſuſpected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increaſe and form his troops, and above all, to rouze that ſpirit in the* Spaniſh *nation, which a ſucceſſion of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled aſleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the preſent foot, inſtead of regaining* Spain, *we ſhall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and ſupport the grandfather in his declining years; by whoſe arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld.* What expreſſions of tenderneſs, duty, and ſubmiſſion! The Panegyrick on the Duke of *Anjou*, is by much the beſt written part of this whole Letter; the Apology for the *French* King is indeed the ſame which the *Poſt-boy* has often made, but worded with greater deference and reſpect to that great Prince. Theſe are many ſtrokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in ſeveral patrs of this notable Epiſtle; I ſhall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expreſſed for the Miniſtry, by their humble applications to Her Majeſty, in theſe words.

Not daunted yet, they reſolve to try a new expedient and the intereſt of Europe *is to be repreſented as inſeparable from that of the Miniſters.*

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod uſquam eſt;
Flectere ſi nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, *and the Court of* Vienna, *are called in as confederates to the Miniſtry.* This, in the mildeſt *Engliſh* it will bear, runs thus. *They are reſolved to look for help where-ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it:*

That

That is, to the members of the Bank, the *Dutch* and the Court of *Vienna*. The *French* King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well meaning *Engliſhman*; but I am very much ſurpriſed to ſee the Bank, the *Dutch* and the Court of *Vienna*, in ſuch company. We may ſtill ſee this Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country: ſpeaking of *the G———l, the quondam T———r, and the J———to*, which every one knows comprehends the *Whigs*, in their utmoſt extent; he adds in oppoſition to them, *For the Queen and the whole body of the* Britiſh *nation*,——

Nos Numerus ſumus.

In Engliſh,

We are Cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the *Britiſh* nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an Author can be ſo diſreſpectful to Her Majeſty, as to ſeparate Her in ſo ſaucy a manner from that part of her people, who according to the *Examiner* himſelf *have engroſſed the riches of the nation*; and all this to join her, with ſo much impudence, under the common denomination of *We*; that is, *W E Queen and Tories* are cyphers. *Nos numerus ſumus* is a ſcrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal *Woolſey*'s *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the ſame particle W E, uſed with great emphaſis and ſignificancy in the eighth page of this Letter; *But nothing deciſive, nothing which had the appearance of earneſt has been ſo much as attempted, except that wiſe expedition to* Toulon, *which W E ſuffered to be defeated before it began*. Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed ſeveral ſtories of diſcoveries made, by letters and meſſengers that were ſent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we now ſhall conſider his performance, under the three heads

heads of Wit, Language, and Argument. The firſt laſh of his Satyr falls upon the *Cenſor* of *Great Britain*, who, ſays he, reſembles the famous *Cenſor* of *Rome*, in nothing but eſpouſing the *cauſe of the vanquiſhed*. Our Letter writer here alludes to that known verſe in *Lucan*,

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

The Gods eſpouſed the cauſe of the conquerors, but Cato *eſpouſed the cauſe of the vanquiſhed.* The misfortune is, that this verſe was not written of *Cato* the *Cenſor*, but of *Cato* of *Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquiſhed, reſembles the younger *Cato*, who was not a *Roman Cenſor*, I do not well conceive, unleſs it be in ſtruggling for the liberty of his country. To ſay therefore, that the *Cenſor* of *Great Britain* reſembles that famous *Cenſor* of *Rome in nothing but eſpouſing the cauſe of the vanquiſhed*; is juſt the ſame as if one ſhould ſay, in regard to the many obſcure truths and ſecret hiſtories that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of theſe new Revelations, reſembles the ancient Author of the Revelations *in nothing but venturing his head*. Beſides that there would be no ground for ſuch a reſemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, ſhould he thus miſtake one St. *John* for another, and apply that to St. *John* the Evangeliſt which relates to St. *John* the Baptiſt, who died many years before him?

Another ſmart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where without any preparation, he breaks out all on a ſudden into a vein of poetry; and inſtead of writing a Letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in theſe ſtrong lines: *Paint, Sir, with that force which you are maſter of, the preſent ſtate of the war abroad; and expoſe to the publick view theſe principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, ſo different from thoſe upon which it was originally entered into. Collect ſome of the indignities which have been this year offered to Her Majeſty, and of thoſe unnatural ſtruggles which have betrayed the weakneſs of a ſhattered conſtitution.* By the way,

way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *English* prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? and this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: *And when this is done,* D——n *shall blush in his grave among the dead,* W——le *among the living, and even* Vol——e *shall feel some remorse.* Was there ever any thing, I will nor say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! This is downright hacking and hewing in Satyr. But we see a masterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a Dutchess of *Great Britain,* a Princess of the Empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her Royal Mistress, he calls a great Lady *an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;* and applies to her a line which *Virgil* writ originally upon ALECTO. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled, *An Essay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.* This Author is so full of Satyr, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of *Marlborough*'s victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the Queen's singing men, who it seems did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an Anthem; as you may see in that passage: *Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzza'd round bonefires, the Senator of the chappel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the Senator of* S——m *has deafned his audience from the pulpit.* Thus you see how like a true son of the High-Church, he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching

ing with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some Men as a Confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest publick Blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a *Stentor*.

I promised in the next place to consider the Language of this excellent Author, who I find takes himself for an Orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they *profusely scatter* through the nation; that is in plain *English*, for *squandering away their poison*. In the second he talks of *carrying probability through the thread of a fable*; and in the third, *of laying an odium at a man's door*. In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that *the G———l, the quondam T——r, and the J————to, are the only objects of the confidence of the Allies, and of the fears of the enemies*. I would advise this Author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign Minister should address Her Majesty in the following manner, (for certainly it is Her Majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are *the object of the confidence of the Allies*; or, Madam, your Majesty is *the only object of the fears of the enemies*. Would a man think that he had learned *English?* I would have the Author try, by the same rule, some of his other phrases, as *Page* 7. where he tells us, *that the ballance of power in* Europe *would be still precarious*. What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his *scales were precarious*; and mean by it, that they were not fixed? In the thirteenth page he speaks of certain *profligate wretches, who have usurped the Royal Seat, resolved to venture the overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it*. A plain spoken-man would have left the *Chariot* out of this sentence, and so have made it good *English*. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the Chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this Gentleman, in the next edition of his Letter, to change

change the Chariot of Government into the Chaiſe of Government, which will ſound as well, and ſerve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very ſmall work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this Letter-writer very much excels. This is called by ſome an *Anti-climax*, an inſtance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her, *that ſhe has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to* Holland, *and a jeſt to the whole world.* I never met with ſo ſudden a downfal in ſo promiſing a ſentence; *a jeſt to the whole world* gives ſuch an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and ſurpriſed to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have obſerved more than two couplets of verſes that have been written in this figure; the firſt are thus quoted by Mr. *Dryden*.

Not only London *ecchoes with thy fame,*
But alſo Iſlington *has heard the* ſame.

The other are in *French*.

Allez vous, luy dit il, ſans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laiſſé votre honneur & vos gans.

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. *Mankind remains convinced, that a Queen poſſeſſed of all the virtues requiſite to bleſs a nation, or make a private family happy, fits one the throne.* Is this Panegyrick or Burleſque? To ſee ſo glorious a Queen celebrated in ſuch a manner, gives every good ſubject a ſecret indignation; and looks like *Scarron*'s character of the great Queen *Semiramis*, who, ſays that Author, "was the "Founder of *Babylon*, Conqueror of the *Eaſt*, and an "excellent Houſewife.

The third ſubject being the argumentative part of this Letter, I ſhall leave till another occaſion.

Thurſday,

No. 3. *Thursday, September* 28, 1710.

———*Non defensoribus istis*
Tempus eget——— VIRG.

I Was once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately reassumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, *but, Sir, as I was telling you.* The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote*, who inserts several novels in his works, and after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. *Hudibras* has broke off the *Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle.* The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the course of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the *Examiner* who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of *the Letter to the Examiner* to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a Letter, which I received last post. Upon opening it I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity: which without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

" *Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up " in the school of *Socrates*; and one of the best Orators " of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a time when " learning was at its highest pitch: he was likewise ve- " ry famous for his military exploits, having gained " great conquests over the *Lacedæmonians*, who had " formerly been the confederates of his country-men " against the great King of *Persia*, but were at that time " in alliance with the *Persians*. He had been once so " far

" far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his " enemies, that the Priests cursed him. But after the " great services which he had done for his country, they " publickly repealed their curses, and changed them into " applauses and benedictions.

" *Plutarch* tells us, in *the life of* Alcibiades, that one " *Taureas*, an obscure man, contended with him for a " certain prize, which was to be conferred by vote; at " which time each of the competitors recommended him- " self to the *Athenians* by an oration. The Speech which " *Alcibiades* made on that occasion, has been lately dis- " covered among the Manuscripts of *King's-college* in " *Cambridge*; and communicated to me by my learned " friend Dr. *B———ley*; who tells me, that by a mar- " ginal note it appears, that this *Taureas*, or, as the " Doctor rather chuses to call him, *Toryas*, was an *Athe-* " *nian* Brewer. This speech I have translated literally, " changing very little in it, except where it was abso- " lutely necessary to make it understood by an *English* " Reader. It is as follows.

"IS it then possible, O ye *Athenians*, that I who hi- " therto have had none but Generals to oppose " me, must now have an artisan for my antagonist? " That I who have overthrown the Princes of *Lacedæ-* " *mon*, must now see my self in danger of being defeat- " ed by a Brewer? What will the world say of the " Goddess that presides over you, should they suppose " you follow her dictates? would they think she acted " like herself, like the great *Minerva?* would they now " say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or would " they not rather say, she has a second time chosen " owls for her favourites? But O ye men of *Athens*, " what has this man done to deserve your voices? You " say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore he shall " brew for me. You say he is assiduous in his calling: " and is he not grown rich by it? let him have your " custom, but not your votes: you are now to cast your " eyes on those who can detect the artifices of the com- " mon enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in

" Council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not " avail my Competitor, that he has been tapping his li- " quors, while I have been ſpilling my blood; that he " has been gathering hops for you, while I have been " reaping lawrels. Have I not born the duſt and heat " of the day, while he has been ſweating at the furnace? " behold theſe ſcars, behold this wound which ſtill " bleeds in your ſervice; what can *Taureas* ſhew you of " this nature? What are his marks of honour? Has he " any other wound about him, except the accidental " ſcaldings of his wort, or bruiſes from the tub or bar- " rel? Let it not, O *Athenians*, let it not be ſaid, that " your Generals have conquered themſelves into your " diſpleaſure, and loſt your favour by gaining you vic- " tories. Shall thoſe atchievements that have redeemed " the preſent age from ſlavery, be undervalued by thoſe " who feel the benefits of them? Shall thoſe names that " have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be " mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will " not your poſterity bluſh at their foreſathers, when " they ſhall read in the annals of their country, that *Al-* " *cibiades* in the 90*th* Olympiad, after having conquer- " the *Lacedæmonians*, and recovered *Byzantium*, con- " tended for a prize againſt *Taureas* the Brewer? The " competition is diſhonourable, the defeat would be " ſhameful. I ſhall not however ſlacken my endea- " vours for the ſecurity of my country. If ſhe is un- " grateful, ſhe is ſtill *Athens*. On the contrary, as ſhe " will ſtand more in need of defence, when ſhe has ſo " degenerate a people, I will purſue my victories, 'till " ſuch time as it ſhall be out of your power to hurt " yourſelves, and that you may be in ſafety even un- " der your preſent leaders. But oh! thou genius of *A-* " *thens* whither art thou fled? Where is now the race " of thoſe glorious ſpirits that periſhed at the battle of " *Thermopylæ*, and fought upon the plains of *Mara-* " *thon?* Are you weary of conquering, or have you for- " gotten the oath which you took at *Agraulos*, *That* " *you would look upon the bounds of* Attica *to be thoſe ſoils* " *only which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley*

vines

" *vines and olives?* Conſider your enemies the *Lacedæ-*
" *monians*; did you ever hear that they preferred a
" Coffee-man to *Ageſilaus?* No, though their Gene-
" rals have been unfortunate, though they have loſt
" ſeveral battels, though they have not been able to
" cope with the troops of *Athens*, which I have con-
" ducted; they are comforted and condoled, nay cele-
" brated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their
" Generals have been received with honour after their
" defeat, yours with ignominy after conqueſt. Are
" there not men of *Taureas*'s temper and character,
" who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great
" King of *Perſia?* who have been *againſt* entering into
" a war with him, or *for* making a peace upon baſe
" conditions? that have grudged thoſe contributions
" which have ſet our country at the head of all the go-
" vernments of *Greece?* that would diſhonour thoſe
" who have raiſed her to ſuch a pitch of glory? that
" would betray thoſe liberties which your fathers in
" all ages have purchaſed or recovered with their
" blood? and would proſecute your fellow-citizens
" with as much rigour and fury, as of late years we
" have attacked the common enemy? I ſhall trouble
" you no more, O ye men of *Athens*; you know my
" actions, let my antagoniſt relate what he has done for
" you. Let him produce his vatts and tubs, in op-
" poſition to the heaps of arms and ſtandards which
" were employed againſt you, and which I have wreſted
" out of the hands of your enemies. And when this is
" done, let him be brought into the field of election upon
" his dray-cart; and if I can finiſh my conqueſt ſooner,
" I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant cha-
" riot. But, O ye Gods! let not the King of *Perſia*
" laugh at the fall of *Alcibiades!* Let him not ſay, *the*
" Athenians *have avenged me upon their own Generals*;
" or let me be rather ſtruck dead by the hand of a *Lace-*
" *dæmonian*, than diſgraced by the voices of my fellow-
" citizens.

No. 4. *Thurſday, October* 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum. SAL.

HUdibras has defined nonſenſe (as *Cowley* does wit) by negatives. Nonſenſe (ſays he) is that which is neither true nor falſe. Theſe two great properties of nonſenſe which are always eſſential to i , give it ſuch a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either anſwered or contradicted. It ſtands upon its own baſis like a rock of adamant, ſecured by its natural ſituation againſt all conqueſts or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal ſtrength. Its queſtions admit of no reply, and its aſſertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh colours in the midſt of darkneſs, as to find out what to approve and diſapprove in nonſenſe: you may as well aſſault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obſcurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well written piece of nonſenſe, than in the moſt abſtruſe and profound tract of ſchool-divinity.

After this ſhort panegyrick upon nonſenſe, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader, as *Eraſmus's Encomium of folly*; I muſt here ſolemnly proteſt, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagoniſt, or to reflect any praiſe in an oblique manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner:* I have no private conſiderations to warp me in this controverſy, ſince my fi ſt entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, becauſe it may be of great uſe to me in this diſpute, to ſtate the whole nature of nonſenſe; and becauſe 'tis a

ſubject

subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz.* high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold phlegmatick temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly among self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper, & est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise, it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonsense* in the play called *the nest of fools*. In a word, your high nonsense has a majestick appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like *Æsop*'s ass cloathed in a lion's skin.

When *Aristotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in the school, two of his scholars being Candidates for it; he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the style and writings of each of the Competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small-beer*.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonsense in every *Grub-street* production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. *S——l* in divinity, and the Author of this letter in politicks; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is ſtill another qualification in nonſenſe which I muſt not paſs over, being that which gives it the laſt finiſhing and perfection, and eminently diſcovers it ſelf in the letter to the Examiner.————This is when an Author without any meaning, ſeems to have it; and ſo impoſes upon us by the ſound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they ſignify ſomething. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the ſame deluſion; but after having read it, let him conſider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately diſcover the deceit. I did not indeed at firſt imagine there was in it ſuch a jargon of Ideas, ſuch an inconſiſtency of notions, ſuch a confuſion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the ſenſe, which in ſome places he ſeems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer peruſal of it: Nevertheleſs, as no body writes a book without meaning ſomething, though he may not have the faculty of writing conſequential'y, and expreſſing his meaning; I think, I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would ſay, had he the gift of utterance. The Syſtem of his politicks, when diſembroiled and cleared of all thoſe incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Miniſtry is conſidered firſt of all in reſpect to foreign affairs, and ſecondly to domeſtick: As to the firſt, he tells us, that *the motives which engaged* Britain *in the preſent war, were both wiſe and generous*; ſo that the Miniſtry is cleared as to that particular. Theſe motives he tells us, *were to reſtore the* Spaniſh *monarchy to the houſe of* Auſtria, *and to regain a barrier for* Holland. *The laſt of theſe two motives,* he ſays, *was effectually anſwered by the reduction of the* Netherlands *in the year* 1706, *or might have been ſo by the conceſſions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.* So that the Miniſtry are here blamed for not contenting themſelves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the conceſſions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, *viz. The reſtoring the* Spaniſh *monarchy*

to

to the house of Austria, he tells us, *remained still in its full force*; *and we were told*, says he, *that though the barrier of* Holland *was secured, the trade of* Britain *and the ballance of power in* Europe *would be still precarious:* Spain *therefore must be conquered.* He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: But what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to shew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the *Spanish* monarchy; *that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where* France *is best able to keep us at bay*; that the *French* King has made it impossible for himself to give up *Spain*, and that the Duke of *Anjou* has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: Nay, *that instead of regaining* Spain, *we shall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the Grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.* He then intimates to us, that the *Dutch* and the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of *Bourbon* in the quiet possession of the *Spanish* Monarchy.

This strange huddle of politicks has been so fully answered by General *Stanhope*, that if the Author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the *French* King or the Duke of *Anjou* have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in *Spain*, notwithstanding *the little care the Emperor takes to support King* Charles, notwithstanding the *Dutch* might have been contented *with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them*, that victorious General at the head of *English* and *Dutch* forces, in conjunction with those of the Emperor, has wrested *Spain* out of the hands of the house of *Bourbon*; and added the conquest of *Navarre*, *Arragon*, and *Castile*, to those of *Catalonia*, *Bavaria*, *Flanders*, *Mantua*, *Milan*, *Naples*, *Sicily*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Sardinia*. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of

them rather like Dreams than realities: They puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling Author of this letter say, that the Ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of *Spain*, when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The Letter-writer says, *that the* Dutch *had gain'd a good barrier after the battle of* Ramillies *in the year* 1706. But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Brussels*, *Ghent* and *Burges*, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great General on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. *But*, says the Letter-writer, *the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place:* But if the laying the stress of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole strength of *France*; if it weakened *Spain*, and left it exposed to an equal force, if *France*, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence, as *England* could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The Author in this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief Allies, the Emperor and the *Dutch*. He tells us, *they hoped* England *would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for* Holland: As if *England* were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for *Holland*; which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. *Waller* expresses it, our *out-guard on the continent*; and which if it had fallen into the hands of the *French*, would have made *France* more strong by sea than all *Europe* besides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders*, by opening our trade into the *Levant*, by securing

curing ports for us in *Gibraltar*, *Minorca*, and *Naples*, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England* than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last Parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to our selves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this Author's aspersions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have sometimes wonder'd that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of state. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest *Scotchman*, who as he was walking along the streets of *London*, heard one calling out after him *Scot*, *Scot*, and casting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language against that antient nation: *Sawny* turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprize, that the person who abused him was a sawcy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, were he a man as he was a green-goose, he would have run him through the womb.

The next head our Politician goes upon, relates to our domestick affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he wou'd be at: All that I can gather from him, is, that *the Queen had grieved her subjects* in making choice of such men for her Ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

No. 5. *Thursday, October* 12.

Parere jam non scelus est. Mart.

WE live in a nation where at present there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politicks. The whole Island is peopled with Statesmen, and not unlike *Trinculo*'s Kingdom of Vice-roys. Every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which as an Englishman, I lay my claim to be a Politician; I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of *Great Britain*, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to *passive-obedience* and *non-resistance*. For I must observe, that the Advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: And we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. *Passive obedience* and *non-resistance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: They have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider

it

it with regard to the Prince as well as to the people: The queſtion will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether reſiſtance may be lawful, or whether we may take up Arms againſt our Prince; but whether the Engliſh form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our conſtitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and deſpotical.

It is impoſſible to ſtate the meaſures of *Obedience*, without ſettling the extent of *Power*; or to deſcribe the *Subject*, without defining the *King*. An arbitrary Prince is in juſtice and equity the maſter of a non-reſiſting people; for where the power is uncircumſcribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Paſſive-obedience* and *non-reſiſtance* are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the Will of a *Grand Signior* or a *Mogul*. The ſame power which thoſe Princes enjoy in their reſpective governments, belongs to the legiſlative body in our conſtitution; and that for the ſame reaſon; becauſe no body of men is ſubject to laws, or can be controuled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they ſhall think fit. Were our legiſlature veſted in the perſon of our Prince, he might doubtleſs wind and turn our conſtitution at his pleaſure; he might ſhape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppreſs, perſecute, or deſtroy, and no man ſay to him, what doſt thou?

If therefore we would rightly conſider our form of government, we ſhould diſcover the proper meaſures of our duty and obedience; which can never riſe too high to our Sovereign, whilſt he maintains us in thoſe rights and liberties we were born to. But to ſay that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and aſſert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the *Engliſh* nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we muſt upon no pretence reſiſt, but remain altogether paſſive; nay, that in ſuch a caſe we muſt all loſe our lives unjuſtly rather than defend them: this, I ſay, is to confound governments, and to

join

join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of Non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late Addresses. I would fain know what Free-holder in *England* would have subscribed the following Address, had it been offered to him; or whether Her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the sense of many Addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

Madam,

" IT is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear " a set of men daily preaching up among us, " that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-preser- " vation; and boldly affirming, as well in their publick " writings, as in their private discourses, that it is law- " ful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of " their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror " and detestation of these diabolical principles, that " may induce your people to rise up in vindication of " their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked " Prince shall make use of his Royal authority to sub- " vert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious " attempts of those men, who under the reign of the " best of Sovereigns, would avow such dangerous te- " nets as may secure them under the worst. We are re- " solved to beat down and discountenance these sediti- " ous notions, as being altogether republican, jesuiti- " cal, and conformable to the practice of our rebelli- " ous fore-fathers; who in all ages, at an infinite ex- " pence of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and " properties, and consulted the good of their posterity

" by

" by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great " trouble and disquiet of their lawful Prince. We do " therefore in the most humble and dutiful manner so- " lemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist " a Sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our *Magna* " *Charta*, or invade those rights and liberties which " those traytors procured for us; but will venture our " lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects " who think they may stand up in defence of them.

It happens very unluckily that there is something so supple and insinuating in this absurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear: for which reason the publishers of it have always been the favourites of weak Kings. Even those who have *no inclination* to do hurt to others, says the famous Satyrist, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleased. Honest men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they shall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the last in the Royal favour. Nor indeed would that be unreasonable, if the professors of Non-resistance and Passive-obedience would stand to their principle: but instead of that, we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late Revolution rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? and very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the *Church-memorial*, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be safe for Her to rely upon their doctrines of Passive-obedience and Non-resistance, for that *nature might*

might rebel againſt principles? Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practiſe Non-reſiſtance to a Prince that pleaſes them, and Paſſive-obedience when they ſuffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the Prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a ſcratching his head, and tells him, Why yes, truly, he had taken ſuch an oath, *but it was an hard thing that an oath ſhould be a man's maſter.* This is in effect the language of the Church in the above-mentioned Memorial. Men of theſe ſoft peaceable diſpoſitions in times of proſperity, put me in mind of *Kirke's Lambs*; for that was the name he uſed to give his dragoons that had ſignalized themſelves above the reſt of the army by many military atchievements among their own country-men.

There are two or three fatal conſequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The firſt of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleaſes with impunity, he will be leſs careful and cautious of doing what he ſhould do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a ſaying of *Thales* the wiſe *Mileſian, that of all wild beaſts a tyrant is the worſt, and of all tame beaſts a flatterer.* They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exiſt together. Perſuade a Prince that he is irreſiſtible, and he will take care not to let ſo glorious an attribute lie dead and uſeleſs by him. An arbitrary power has ſomething ſo great in it, that he muſt be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This conſequence of the doctrine I have been ſpeaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no leſs deſtructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very viſibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the aſſurances of his people, that they would never reſiſt him upon any pretence whatſoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the reſtraint of laws, by diſpenſing with them, and taking on him that power which was veſted in

the

the whole legiſlative body. And what was the dreadful end of ſuch a proceeding? It is too freſh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the profeſſors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The ſame perſons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the puniſhment. They aſſure him they will never reſiſt, but retain their obedience under the utmoſt ſufferings, he tries them in a few inſtances, and is depoſed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James*'s reign the Quakers preſented an Addreſs, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of thoſe times. But notwithſtanding the uncourtlineſs of their phraſes, the ſenſe was very honeſt. The Addreſs was as follows, to the beſt of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may ſerve as a counter-part to the foregoing one.

" THeſe are to teſtify to thee our ſorrow for our " friend *Charles*, whom we hope thou wilt fol- " low in every thing that is good.

" We hear that thou art not of the religion of the " land any more than we, and therefore may reaſona- " bly expect that thou wilt give us the ſame liberty that " thou takeſt thy ſelf.

" We hope that in this and all things elſe thou wilt " promote the good of thy people, which will oblige " us to pray that thy reign over us may be long and " proſperous.

Had all King *James*'s ſubjects addreſſed him with the ſame integrity; he had, in all probability, ſat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

THE

THE LOVER.

No. 10. *Thurſday, March* 18, 1714.

———*Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I Have lately been very much teized with the thought of Mrs. *Anne Page*, and the memory of thoſe many cruelties which I ſuffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* ware, againſt which I had unfortunately declared my averſion. I do not know but this was the firſt occaſion of her coldneſs towards me, which makes me ſick at the very ſight of a *China* diſh ever ſince. This is the beſt introduction I can make for my preſent diſcourſe, which may ſerve to fill up a gap till I am more at leizure to reſume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more ſurpriſe me than their paſſions for chalk and *China*. The firſt of theſe maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is viſited with the ſecond it generally takes poſſeſſion of her for life. *China* veſſels are playthings for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourſcore ſhall be as buſie in cleaning an *Indian* Mandarin, as her great-grand-daughter is in dreſſing her baby.

The

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of cloths for this brittle ware. The potters of *China* have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloths and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend *Tradewell* in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with *China*, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, says he are above twenty suits of cloths, and on that scrutore above a hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays and mantoes, went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is, says he, a suit of cloths is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife. There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for *China*, namely, that it administers to them great matter of wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their servants wages in *China* fragments, which their carelessness has produced. *If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider, says* Epictetus, *that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass.* In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea pot or a *China* cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: First, That all *China* ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and Thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the

the first: the fragility of *China* is such as a reasonable Being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to the second particular.

It may chance that a piece of *China* may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous Souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few *China* vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of Coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a hogshead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape and size.

But, in the last place, *China* ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of *China?* The furniture of a Lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see Jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattel in this fine sort of Porselain, not to mention the several *Chinese* Ladies who,

per-

perhaps, are naturally enough repreſented in theſe frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown juggs, and the like uſeful products of our *Britiſh* potteries, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and diſpoſed of in as beautiful pieces of Architecture; but there is an objection to theſe which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of ſome uſe, and might be taken down on all occaſions to be employed in ſervices of the family, beſides that they are intolerably cheap, and moſt ſhamefully durable and laſting.

No. 39. *Tueſday, May* 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus.
Interpres——— HOR.

SINCE I have given publick notice of my abode, I have had many viſits from unfortunate fellow-ſufferers who have been croſſed in love as well as my ſelf.

Will. Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's ſide, is one of thoſe who often repair to me for my advice. *Will.* is a fellow of good ſenſe, but puts it to little other uſe than to torment himſelf. He is a man of ſo refined an underſtanding, that he can ſet a conſtruction upon every thing to his own diſadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himſelf abuſed by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination againſt him. In ſhort, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the ſpleen: you may be ſure a man of this humour makes a very whimſical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that paſſion, and by a very curious interpretation of his Miſtreſs's behaviour, has in leſs than three months

reduced

reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still sowers upon her hands. *Will.* is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will.* and makes him lie awake all night—— As I was going on with *Will Wormwood*'s amour, I received a present from my Bookseller, which I found to be *The Characters of* Theophrastus, translated from the *Greek* into *English* by Mr. *Budgell.*

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a chapter in it, intitled, *A discontented temper*, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows,

CHAP. XVII. *A Discontented Temper.*

" A discontented temper, is *a frame of mind which* " *sets a man upon complaining without reason.* When one " of his neighbours who makes an entertainment, sends " a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, " *What*, says he, *your Master did not think me good enough* " *to dine with him?* He complains of his Mistriss at the " very time she is caressing him; and when she redou " bles her kisses and endearments, *I wish*, says he, *all* " *this came from your heart.* In a dry season he grum- " bles for want of rain, and when a shower falls, mut- " ters to himself, *Why could not this have come sooner?* " If he happens to find a purse of money, *Had it been a* " *pot of gold*, says he, *it would have been worth stooping* " *for.* He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the " price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for " him, *I am sure*, says he, *Thou art good for nothing, or* " *I should not have had thee so cheap.* When a messenger " comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is " brought

" brought to bed of a ſon, he anſwers, *That is as much* " *as to ſay, Friend, I am poorer by half to day than I was* " *yeſterday.* Tho' he has gained a cauſe with full " coſts and damages, he complains that his Council did " not inſiſt upon the moſt material points. If after any " misfortune has befallen him, his friends raiſe a volun- " tary contribution for him, and deſire him to be mer- " ry, *How is that poſſible,* ſays he, *when I am to pay* " *every one of you his money again, and be obliged to you* " *into the bargain.*

The inſtances of a diſcontented temper which *Theophraſtus* has here made uſe of, like thoſe which he ſingles out to illuſtrate the reſt of his characters, are choſen with the greateſt nicety, and full of humour. His ſtrokes are always fine and exquiſite, and though they are not ſometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarſe Reader, cannot but give the higheſt pleaſure to every man of a refined taſte, who has a thorough inſight into human nature.

As for the tranſlation, I have never ſeen any of a proſe Author which has pleaſed me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the publick with it, has followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for tranſlators, by preſerving every where the life and ſpirit of his Author, without ſervilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by performances of this nature, ſo often inculcate when they adviſe a tranſlator to find out ſuch particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear ſome analogy to thoſe he ſees in the original, and to expreſs himſelf to ſuch phraſes as his Author would probably have made uſe of, had he written in the language into which he is tranſlated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a ſhort circumſtance, the meaning of *Theophraſtus* is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A tranſlator, who does not thus conſider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with ſuch parallel turns of thoughts and expreſſion as correſpond with one

ano-

another in both of them, may value himself upon being a *faithful interpreter*; but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in *Theophrastus* where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary as in the character of the *Sloven*. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The Reader will see with how much *Delicacy* he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

CHAP. XIX. *A SLOVEN.*

" Slovenliness is *such a neglect of a man's person, as makes him offensive to other people.* The sloven comes " into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of " long nails at the end of them, and tells you for an ex- " cuse, that his father and grandfather used to do so be- " fore him. However, that he may out-go his fore-fa- " thers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own " raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let " you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well " suited to one another. He lays about him at table " after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal " at a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without " offending the company. In drinking he generally " makes more haste than good speed. When he goes " into the bath, you may easily find him out by the " scent of his oyl, and distinguish him when he is dress- " sed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon " decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a " priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a " blunder in the most solemn offices of devotion, and " afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a consort of mu- " sick he breaks in upon the performance, hums over " the tune to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the " Musicians *Whether they will never have done?* He al- " ways

" ways ſpits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, " it is ten to one but it is upon the ſervant who ſtands " behind him.

The foregoing tranſlation brings to my remembrance that excellent obſervation of my Lord *Roſcommon*'s.

None yet have been with Admiration *read,*
But who (beſides their Learning) *were* well-bred.
Lord Roſcommon's *Eſſay on tranſlated verſe.*

If after this the Reader can endure the filthy repreſentation of the ſame figure expoſed in its worſt light, he may ſee how it looks in the former *Engliſh* verſion, which was publiſhed ſome years ſince, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere.*

Naſtineſs or Slovenlineſs.

" Slovenlineſs is a lazy and beaſtly negligence of a " man's own perſon, whereby he becomes ſo ſordid, as " to be offenſive to thoſe about him. You will ſee him " come into company when he is covered all over with " a leproſy and ſcurf, and with very long nails, and ſays, " thoſe diſtempers were hereditary, that his father and " grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in " his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes " no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they " are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy " and moſt part of his body like a wild beaſt. His teeth " are black and rotten, which makes his breath ſtink ſo " that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he " will alſo ſnuff up his noſe and ſpit it out as he eats, and " uſes to ſpeak with his mouth crammed full, and lets " his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in " the cup as he is drinking, and uſes naſty ſtinking oyl " in the bath. He will intrude into the beſt company in " ſordid ragged cloths. If he goes with his mother to " the ſouthſayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked " and prophane expreſſions. When he is making his ob-

" lations

" lations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of
" his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some
" brave exploit. At the finest consort of musick he can-
" not forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude
" noise; will pretend to sing along with them, and fall
" a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits
" full upon the servants who waited there.

I cannot close this paper without observing, That if Gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other *Greek* or *Roman* Author, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our Booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet. The world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an Author into *English*, and *Translating* him.

DIALOGUES

DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS

OF

ANTIENT MEDALS.

Especially in relation to the

LATIN *and* GREEK *Poets.*

———quoniam hæc Ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Volgus abhorret ad hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem. Lucretius.

Printed in the Year, 1735.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. ADDISON's *Treatise*

OF

MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years!
How Rome *her own sad sepulchre appears:*
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire;
And Papal piety, and Gothick *fire.*
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a Name;
That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus *old* Vespasian's *due.*

Ambition *sigh'd. She found it vain to trust*
The faithless Column, and the crumbling Bust;
Huge Moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruines perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa *weeps;*
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile *and* Rhine:
A small Euphrates *thro' the piece is roll'd;*
And little Eagles wave their wings in Gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lye.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore:
This, the Blue varnish, that, the Green endears,
The sacred Rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius *one employs his schemes:*
One grasps a Cecrops *in ecstatic dreams:*
Poor Vadius, *long with learned spleen devour'd,*
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;
And Curio, *restless by the fair one's side,*
Sighs for an Otho, *and neglects his Bride.*

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine.
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's *glories shine:*
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;

The

The Verſe and Sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when ſhall Britain, *conſcious of her claim,*
Stand emulous of Greek *and* Roman *fame?*
In living Medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording Gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs.
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's *looks agree:*
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil *there, and here an* Addiſon.
Then ſhall Thy Craggs *(and let me call him Mine)*
On the caſt Ore, another Pollio, *ſhine;*
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the Orb in laſting notes be read.
" *Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! in ſoul ſincere,*
" *In action faithful, and in honour clear;*
" *Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,*
" *Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;*
" *Ennobled by Himſelf, by all approv'd,*
" *And prais'd, unenvy'd by the Muſe he lov'd.*

A. POPE.

DIALOGUES

Upon the Uſefulneſs of ANCIENT MEDALS.

DIALOGUE I.

CYNTHIO, *Eugenius* and *Philander* had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the *Thames*. Their deſign was to paſs away the heats of the Summer among the freſh breezes, that riſe from the river, and the agreeable mixture of ſhades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well verſed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the moſt refined nations of *Europe:* ſo that they were capable of entertaining themſelves on a thouſand different ſubjects without running into the common topics of defaming publick parties, or particular perſons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to diſſent from one another in diſcourſe, or upon occaſion to ſpeak

a *Latin* ſentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields when their diſcourſe accidentally fell upon ſeveral unprofitable parts of learning. It was *Cynthio*'s humour to run down every thing that was rather for oſtentation than uſe. He was ſtill preferring good ſenſe to arts and ſciences, and often took a pleaſure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule thoſe that valued themſelves on their books and ſtudies, though at the ſame time one might very well ſee that he could not have attacked many parts of learning ſo ſucceſsfully, had he not borrowed his aſſiſtances from them. After having rally'd a ſet or two of *Virtuoſo*'s, he fell upon the Medaliſts.

Theſe gentlemen, ſays he, value themſelves upon being critics in Ruſt, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are poſſeſſed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of ſuch money only as was current among the *Greeks* and *Latins*. There are ſeveral of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the *Antonines*, than of the *Stuarts*, and would rather chuſe to count out a ſum in Seſterces, than in pounds ſterling. I have heard of one in *Italy* that uſed to ſwear *by the head of Otho*. Nothing can be pleaſanter than to ſee a circle of theſe *Virtuoſo*'s about a cabinet of Medals, deſcanting upon the value, rarity and authenticalneſs of the ſeveral pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inſcription, tells you very gravely, if it were Braſs, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a *Peſcennius Niger*, and judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the ſound of it to be modern. A third deſires you to obſerve well the *Toga* on ſuch a reverſe, and aſks you whether you can in conſcience believe the ſleeve of it to be of the true *Roman* cut.

I muſt confeſs, ſays *Philander*, the knowledge of Medals has moſt of thoſe diſadvantages that can render

der a ſcience ridiculous, to ſuch as are not well verſed in it. Nothing is more eaſy than to repreſent as impertinencies any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happineſs or convenience of mankind. When a man ſpends his whole life among the Stars and Planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the ſpots in the Sun, however noble his ſpeculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burleſque. But it is ſtill more natural to laugh at ſuch ſtudies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious obſervations have been made on Spiders, Lobſters and Cockle-ſhells? yet the very naming of them is almoſt ſufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder therefore that the ſcience of Medals, which is charged with ſo many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on ſuch mean materials, ſhould appear ridiculous to thoſe that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what *Philander* ſaid on the ſubject of Medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than ſhining in converſation, for which reaſon he was more beloved, though not ſo much admired as *Cynthio*. I muſt confeſs, ſays he, I find my ſelf very much inclined to ſpeak againſt a ſort of ſtudy that I know nothing of. I have however one ſtrong Prejudice in favour of it, that *Philander* has thought it worth his while to employ ſome time upon it. I am glad then, ſays *Cynthio*, that I have thrown him on a ſcience of which I have long wiſhed to hear the Uſefulneſs. There, ſays *Philander*, you muſt excuſe me. At preſent you do not know but it may have its uſefulneſs. But ſhould I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and ſo render my ſcience ſtill more contemptible. On the contrary, ſays *Cynthio*, we are already ſo perſuaded of the unprofitableneſs of your ſcience, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you ſucceed, you increaſe the number of your party. Well, ſays *Philander*, in hopes of making two ſuch conſiderable proſelytes, I am very well content to talk away an e-

vening with you on the ſubject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you diſſent from me or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make uſe of the liberty you give us, ſays *Eugenius*, I muſt tell you what I believe ſurprizes all beginners as well as my ſelf. We are apt to think your Medaliſts a little fantaſtical in the different prices they ſet upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are compoſed. A ſilver Medal, for example, ſhall be more eſteemed than a golden one, and a piece of braſs than either. To anſwer you, ſays *Philander*, in the language of a Medalliſt, you are not to look upon a cabinet of Medals as a treaſure of money, but of knowledge, nor muſt you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inſcriptions that adorn it. The intrinſic value of an old coin does not conſiſt in its metal but its erudition. It is the Device that has raiſed the ſpecies, ſo that at preſent an *As* or an *Obolus* may carry a higher price than a *Denarius* or a *Drachma*; and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, ſays *Cynthio*, that to have a reliſh for ancient coins it is neceſſary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able with all your Medallic eloquence, to perſuade *Eugenius* and my ſelf that it is better to have a pocket full of *Otho*'s and *Gordians* than of *Jacobus*'s or *Louis d'ors*. This however we ſhall be judges of, when you have let us know the ſeveral uſes of old coins.

The firſt and moſt obvious one, ſays *Philander*, is the ſhewing us the Faces of all the great perſons of antiquity. A cabinet of Medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. *Juvenal* calls them very humorouſly, *Conciſum argentum in titulos, facieſque minutas*. Sat. 5. You here ſee the *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Pompeys*, *Trajans*, and the whole catalogue of Heroes; who have many of them ſo diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the reſt of mankind

mankind that we almoſt look upon them as another ſpecies. It is an agreeable amuſement to compare in our own thoughts the face of a great Man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that diſcovers it ſelf in the hiſtory of his actions. We find too on Medals the repreſentations of Ladies that have given occaſion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleaſure to examine their looks and dreſſes, and to ſurvey at leiſure thoſe beauties that have ſometimes been the happineſs or miſery of whole kingdoms: Nor do you only meet the faces of ſuch as are famous in hiſtory, but of ſeveral whoſe Names are not to be found any where except on Medals. Some of the Emperors, for example, have had Wives, and ſome of them Children, that no authors have mentioned. We are therefore obliged to the ſtudy of coins for having made new diſcoveries to the learned, and given them information of ſuch perſons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You muſt give me leave, ſays *Cynthio*, to reject this laſt uſe of Medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble my ſelf with a perſon's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world had there not been ſuch things as Medals. A man's memory finds ſufficient employment on ſuch as have really ſignalized themſelves by their great actions, without charging it ſelf with the names of an inſignificant people whoſe whole hiſtory is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for ſuch perſons as have made a noiſe in the world, ſays *Philander*, you have on Medals a long liſt of heathen Deities, diſtinguiſhed from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You ſee the copies of ſeveral ſtatues that have had the politeſt nations of the world fall down before them. You have here too ſeveral perſons of a more thin and ſhadowy nature, as Hope, Conſtancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Juſtice, Moderation, Happineſs

pineſs, and in ſhort a whole creation of the like imaginary ſubſtances. To theſe you may add the Genius of nations, provinces, cities, high-ways, and the like Allegorical Beings. In devices of this nature one ſees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverſe of a Medal as in a Canto of *Spenſer*. Not to interrupt you, ſays *Eugenius*, I fancy it is this uſe of Medals that has recommended them to ſeveral hiſtory-painters, who perhaps without this aſſiſtance would have found it very difficult to have invented ſuch an airy ſpecies of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dreſs for a paſſion. It is doubtleſs for this reaſon, ſays *Philander*, that Painters have not a little contributed to bring the ſtudy of Medals in vogue. For not to mention ſeveral others, *Caraccio* is ſaid to have aſſiſted *Aretine* by deſigns that he took from the *Spintræ* of *Tiberius*. *Raphel* had thoroughly ſtudied the figures on old Coins. *Patin* tells us that *Le Brun* had done the ſame. And it is well known that *Rubens* had a noble collection of Medals in his own poſſeſſion. But I muſt not quit this head before I tell you, that you ſee on Medals not only the names and perſons of Emperors, Kings, Conſuls, Pro-conſuls, Prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of ſome of the Poets, and of ſeveral who had won the prizes at the olympick games. It was a noble time, ſays *Cynthio*, when Trips and *Corniſh* hugs could make a man immortal. How many Heroes would *Moor fields* have furniſhed out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the *Greeks*, might have had his face ſtampt upon their Coins. But theſe were the wiſe Ancients, who had more eſteem for a *Milo* than a *Homer*, and heapt up greater Honours on *Pindar*'s Jockies, than on the Poet himſelf. But by this time I ſuppoſe you have drawn up all your medallic people, and indeed they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have ſhewn us all conditions,

tions, sexes and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay you have conjured up persons that exist no where else but on old Coins, and have made our Passions and Virtues and Vices visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of Medals had been so well peopled. But in the next place, says *Philander*, as we see on coins the different faces of persons, we see on them too their different Habits and Dresses, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages when the Medals were stampt. This is another use, says *Cynthio*, that in my opinion contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or imagination. I know there are several supercilious Critics that will treat an author with the greatest contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old *Romans* wore a girdle, and are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the *Toga* had any Sleeves to it 'till the declension of the *Roman* Empire Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it should not be as noble a task to write upon a Bib and hanging-sleeves, as on the *Bulla* and *Prætexta*. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other no where but in learned authors. An Antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the *Vitta* and *Peplus*, the *Stola* and *Instita*. How would an old *Roman* laugh, were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound author shall write a learned treatise on the Habits of the present age, distinguished into the following Titles and Chapters.

Of the old British *Trowser.*

Of the Ruff and Collar band.

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the Shoulder-knot.

Such a one mistaken in his account of the Surtout, &c.

I muſt confeſs, ſays *Eugenius* interrupting him, the knowledge of theſe affairs is in itſelf very little improving, but as it is impoſſible without it to underſtand ſeveral parts of your ancient authors, it certainly hath its uſe. It is pity indeed there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have ſometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent deſign to make a kind of an old *Roman* wardrobe, where you ſhould ſee *Toga*'s and *Tunica*'s, the *Chlamys* and *Trabea*, and in ſhort all the different veſts and ornaments that are ſo often mentioned in the *Greek* and *Roman* authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the ſhape of an ancient garment, than he poſſibly can from the help of tedious quotations and deſcriptions. The deſign, ſays *Philander*, might be very uſeful, but after what models would you work? *Sigonius*, for example, will tell you that the *Veſtis Trabeata* was of ſuch a particular faſhion, *Scaliger* is for another, and *Dacier* thinks them both in the wrong. Theſe are, ſays *Cynthio*, I ſuppoſe the names of three *Roman* taylors: for is it poſſible men of learning can have any diſputes of this nature? May not we as well believe that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, ſays *Eugenius*, the Critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of the ſame moment. But as to this point, where the make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the moſt probable faſhions. To enlarge the deſign, I would have another room for the old *Roman* inſtruments of war, where you might ſee the *Pilum* and the ſhield, the eagles, enſigns, helmets, battering-rams and trophies, in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the ſame manner as it might have been in an Arſenal of old *Rome*. A third apartment ſhould be a kind of Sacriſtie for altars, idols, ſacrificing inſtruments, and other religious utenſils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all ſorts of antiquities, that would ſhow a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-

month.

month. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be much more useful to Universities than those collections of Whale-bone and Crocodile-skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says *Cynthio*, to persuade those societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the Classic Authors and at the fountain-head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republick of letters, should he appeal to your University-wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the *Re Vestiaria?* or how do you think a man that has read *Vegetius* will relish your *Roman* Arsenal? In the mean time, says *Philander*, you find on Medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristies, it is from Medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here too that you see the figures of several instruments of musick, mathematics and mechanics. One might make an entire galley out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old Coins. Nor are they only charged with Things but with many ancient customs as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on Coins. I might add under this head of antiquities that we find on Medals the manner of spelling in the old *Roman* inscriptions. That is, says *Cynthio*, we find that *Felix* is never written with an *æ* dipthongue, and that in *Augustus*'s days *Civis* stood for *Cives*, with other secrets in Orthography of the same importance.

To come then to a more weighty use, says *Philander*, it is certain that Medals give a very great light to history, in confirming such passages as are true in old Authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of Medals is a body of history.

It

It was indeed the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an Emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of *Printing*, before the *Art* was invented. It is by this means that Monsieur *Vaillant* has disembroiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of Medals has given us a chronicle of the Kings of *Syria*. For this too is an advantage Medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, and sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are indeed the best epitomes in the world, and let you see with one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of Medals is, that they not only shew you the actions of an Emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an Emperor's Coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an Emperor's story in the several years of his reign: or where they do it they often differ in their several periods. Here therefore it is much safer to quote a Medal than an Author, for in this case you do not appeal to a *Suetonius* or a *Lampridius*, but to the Emperor himself, or to the whole body of a *Roman* Senate. Besides that a Coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and transcribers. This I must confess, says *Cynthio*, may in some cases be of great moment, but considering the subjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I see but little use that rises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an Elephant appeared in the Amphi-theatre in the second or the third year of *Domitian?* Or what am I the wiser for knowing that *Trajan* was in the fifth year of his Tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a Horse-race or Bull-beating? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the republic of letters, and

and recommends him to the world for a perſon of various reading and profound erudition.

You muſt always give your men of great reading leave to ſhow their talents on the meaneſt ſubjects, ſays *Eugenius*; it is a kind of ſhooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to ſhew his ſtrength. But there is one advantage, ſays he, turning to *Philander*, that ſeems to me very conſiderable, although you Medalliſts ſeldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in Medals: for my own part I am very much embarraſſed in the names and ranks of the ſeveral *Roman* Emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occaſion the different parts of their hiſtory: but your Medalliſts upon the firſt naming of an Emperor will immediately tell you his age, family and life. To remember where he enters in the ſucceſſion, they only conſider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts ſuch a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, ſays *Philander*, for helping me to an uſe that perhaps I ſhould not have thought on. But there is another of which I am ſure you could not but be ſenſible when you were at *Rome*. I muſt own to you it ſurprized me to ſee my *Ciceroni* ſo well acquainted with the buſts and ſtatues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an Emperor or Empreſs but he knew by ſight, and as he was ſeldom without Medals in his pocket, he would often ſhew us the ſame face on an old Coin that we ſaw in the Statue. He would diſcover a *Commodus* through the diſguiſe of the club and lion's ſkin, and find out ſuch a one to be *Livia* that was dreſſed up like a *Ceres*. Let a buſt be never ſo diſfigured, they have a thouſand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a *Zenobia* by the ſitting of her Diadem, and will diſtinguiſh the *Fauſtina*'s by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! Sir, ſays *Cynthio*, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a Statue

tue that has lost his nose and ears; or if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you at first sight who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an Emperor or Empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this however is easily learnt from Medals, says *Philander*, where you may see likewise the plans of many the most considerable buildings of Old *Rome*. There is an ingenious Gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study, who has a design of publishing the whole history of Architecture, with its several improvements and decays as it is to be met with on ancient Coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose the buildings on the best preserved Medals. You here see the copies of such Ports and triumphal Arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient Temples, though the Temples themselves, and the Gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruines of former edifices, you may learn from Coins what was their Architecture when they stood whole and entire. These are buildings which the *Goths* and *Vandals* could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will perhaps last as long as the earth it self. They are in short so many real monuments of Brass.

Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.
Which eating show'rs, nor northwind's feeble blast,
Nor whirle of time, nor flight of years can waste.
Mr. *Creech*.

This is a noble Panegyric on an old copper Coin, says *Cynthio*. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brazen edifices as effectually as a *Goth* or *Vandal*. You would laugh at me, says

ſays *Philander*, ſhould I make you a learned diſſertation on the nature of Ruſts. I ſhall only tell you there are two or three ſorts of them which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an Antiquary, and preſerve a Coin better than the beſt artificial varniſh. As for other kinds, a ſkilful Medalliſt knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a Temple or a triumphal Arch out of its rubbiſh, if I may ſo call it, and with a few reparations of the graving tool reſtore it to its firſt ſplendour and magnificence. I have known an Emperor quite hid under a cruſt of droſs, who after two or three days cleanſing has appeared with all his Titles about him as freſh and beautiful as at his firſt coming out of the Mint. I am ſorry, ſays *Eugenius*, I did not know this laſt uſe of Medals when I was at *Rome*. It might perhaps have given me a greater taſte of its Antiquities, and have fixed in my memory ſeveral of the ruines that I have now forgotten. For my part, ſays *Cynthio*, I think there are at *Rome* enow modern works of Architecture to employ any reaſonable man. I never could have a taſte for old bricks and rubbiſh, nor would trouble my ſelf about the ruines of *Auguſtus*'s Palace ſo long as I could ſee the *Vatican*, the *Borgheſe*, and the *Farneſe* as they now ſtand; I muſt own to you at the ſame time this is talking like an ignorant man. Were I in other company I would perhaps change my ſtyle, and tell them that I would rather ſee the fragments of *Apollo*'s Temple than St. *Peter*'s. I remember when our Antiquary at *Rome* had led us a whole day together from one ruine to another, he at laſt brought us to the *Rotunda*; And this, ſays he, is the moſt valuable Antiquity in *Italy*, notwithſtanding it is ſo entire.

The ſame kind of fancy, ſays *Philander*, has formerly gained upon ſeveral of your Medalliſts, who were for hoarding up ſuch pieces of money only as had been half conſumed by time or ruſt. There were no Coins pleaſed them more than thoſe which had paſſed through the hands of an old *Roman* Clipper.

I have

I have read an Anthor of this taſte that compares a ragged Coin to a tattered Colours. But to come again to our ſubject. As we find on Medals the plans of ſeveral buildings that are now demoliſhed, we ſee on them too the Models of many ancient Statues that are now loſt. There are ſeveral Reverſes which are owned to be the repreſentations of antique figures, and I queſtion not but there are many others that were formed on the like Models, though at preſent they lie under no ſuſpicion of it. The *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvideria*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horſe-back, which are perhaps the four moſt beautiful Statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient Medals. though the figures that repreſent them were never thought to be the copies of ſtatues till the ſtatues themſelves were diſcovered. There is no queſtion, I think, but the ſame reflexion may extend itſelf to antique Pictures: for I doubt not but in the deſigns of ſeveral *Greek* Medals in particular, one might often ſee the hand of an *Apelles* or *Protogenes*, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with *Titian*'s or *Vandike*'s. I might here make a much greater ſhow of the uſefulneſs of Medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and ſciences receive a conſiderable illuſtration from this ſtudy. I muſt however tell you, that Medals and the Civil Law, as we are aſſured by thoſe who are well read in both, give a conſiderable light to each other, and that ſeveral old Coins are like ſo many maps for explaining of the antient Geography. But beſides the more ſolid parts of learning, there are ſeveral little intimations to be met with on Medals that are very pleaſant to ſuch as are converſant in this kind of ſtudy. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of Coins we ſhould never have known which was the firſt of the Emperors that wore a beard, or rode in ſtirrups, I might turn my ſcience into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thouſand little impertinencies of this nature that are very gratifying to curioſi-

ty.

ty, tho' perhaps not very improving to the underſtanding. To ſee the dreſs that ſuch an Empreſs delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were moſt agreeable to ſuch an Emperor, the flatteries that he lay moſt open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predeceſſors, friends, or collegues, with the like particularities only to be met with on Medals, are certainly not a little pleaſing to that inquiſitive temper which is ſo natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, ſays *Cynthio*, you have aſtoniſhed me with the ſeveral parts of knowledge, that you have diſcovered on Medals. I could never fancy before this evening, that a Coin could have any nobler uſe in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, ſays *Philander*, there is ſtill an advantage to be drawn from Medals, which I am ſure will heighten your eſteem for them. It is indeed an uſe that no body has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the Antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without conſidering it in its full latitude, light and extent. Not to keep you in ſuſpence, I think there is a great affinity between Coins and Poetry, and that your Medalliſt and Critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverſe often clears up the paſſage of an old poet, as the poet often ſerves to unriddle a reverſe. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, ſays *Eugenius*, ſince you have gone ſo far with us, we muſt beg you to finiſh your lecture, eſpecially ſince you are on a ſubject, that I dare promiſe you will be very agreeable to *Cynthio*, who is ſo profeſſed an admirer of the ancient poets. I muſt only warn you, that you do not charge your Coins with more uſes than they can bear. It is generally the method of ſuch as are in love with any particular ſcience to diſcover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture ſhould comprehend the knowledge of hiſtory, ethics, muſic, aſtronomy, natural philoſophy, phyſic and the civil law? Yet *Vitruvius* will give you his reaſons, ſuch as they are,

are, why a good architect is maſter of theſe ſeveral arts and ſciences. Sure, ſays *Cynthio*, *Martial* had never read *Vitruvius* when he threw the Cryer and the Architect into the ſame claſs.

Duri ſi puer ingeni videtur
Præconem facias vel architectum.
If of dull parts the ſtripling you ſuſpect,
A herald make him, or an architect.

But to give you an inſtance out of a very celebrated diſcourſe on poetry, becauſe we are on that ſubject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art. *I have obſerved*, ſays he, (ſpeaking of the natural propenſion that all men have to numbers and harmony) *that my barber has often combed my head in Dactyls and Spondees, that is, with two ſhort ſtrokes and a long one, or with two long ones ſucceſſively. Nay*, ſays he, *I have known him ſometimes run even into Pyrrhichius's and Anapæſtus's.* This you will think perhaps a very extravagant fancy, but I muſt own I ſhould as ſoon expect to find the *Proſodia* in a Comb as Poetry in a Medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, ſays *Philander*, I muſt confeſs to you that this ſcience has its viſionaries as well as all others. There are ſeveral, for example, that will find a myſtery in every tooth of *Neptune*'s trident, and are amazed at the wiſdom of the ancients that repreſented a thunder-bolt with three forks, ſince, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning and melting. I have ſeen a long diſcourſe on the figure and nature of horn, to ſhew it was impoſſible to have found out a fitter emblem for plenty than the *Cornu-Copiæ*. Theſe are a ſort of authors who ſcorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to ſhew the beauty and friendſhip of the Three Graces, than to repreſent them naked and knit together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient ſculpture, whether on Medals or in Marble,

Voſſius de viribus Rythmi.

Marble, as I doubt not but *Horace* alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner.

———*Gratia*
Junctis nuda sororibus:
———*Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.*
The Sister-*Graces* hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your Medallists will be here again astonish-ed at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of Gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device, than by *Seneca*'s whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. I. To remark the doing of a courtesie. II. The return of it from the receiver. III. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand in hand to show us that these three duties should be never separated. They are naked, to admonish us that Gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to shew us that no vertue is more active than Gratitude. May not we here say with *Lucretius?*

Quæ bene & eximie quanquam dispostа ferantur,
Sunt longè tamen à verâ ratione repulsa.

It is an easy thing, says *Eugenius*, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same Gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked Sisters dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here therefore, says *Philander*, that the old poets step in to the assistance of the Medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the *Roman* mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in picture, as well as read them in a description. When therefore I confront a Medal with a Verse, I only shew you the same design executed by different hands,

hands, and appeal from one maſter to another of the ſame age and taſte. This is certainly a much ſurer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not conſider how the ancients uſed to think, but will be ſtill inventing myſteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make my ſelf more intelligible, I find a ſhield on the reverſe of an Emperor's Coin, deſigned as a complement to him from the ſenate of *Rome*. I meet with the ſame metaphor in ancient poets to expreſs protection or defence. I conclude therefore that this Medal compliments the Emperor in the ſame ſenſe as the old *Romans* did their Dictator *Fabius*, when they called him the Buckler of *Rome*. Put this reverſe now if you pleaſe into the hands of a myſtical antiquary; He ſhall tell you that the uſe of the ſhield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly ſhadows out to us the reſolution or continence of the Emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleaſure. In the next place, the figure of the ſhield being round, it is an emblem of perfection, for *Ariſtotle* has ſaid the round figure is the moſt perfect. It may likewiſe ſignify the immortal reputation that the Emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not anſwer for the ſhield's convexity that it does not cover a myſtery, nay there ſhall not be the leaſt wrinkle or flouriſh upon it which will not turn to ſome account. In this caſe therefore * Poetry being in ſome reſpects an Art of deſigning as well as Painting or Sculpture, they may ſerve as Comments on each other. I am very well ſatisfied, ſays *Eugenius*, by what you have ſaid on this ſubject, that the Poets may contribute to the explication of ſuch reverſes as are purely emblematical, or when the perſons are of that ſhadowy allegorical nature you have before mentioned, but I ſuppoſe there are many other reverſes that repreſent things and perſons of a more

* *Poema eſt pictura loquax.*

more real existence. In this case too, says *Philander*, a Poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a Prose-Writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: So that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a Poet that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of Antiquities that are to be met with on ancient Coins. I fancy, says *Cynthio*, there is nothing more ridiculous than an Antiquary's reading the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the Erudition of the Author. He will turn you over all *Virgil* to find out the figure of an old *Rostrum*, and has the greatest esteem imaginable for *Homer*, because he has given us the fashion of a *Greek* scepter. It is indeed odd enough to consider how all kinds of Readers find their account in the old Poets. Not only your Men of the more refined or solid parts of Learning, but even your Alchymist and Fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in *Homer* and *Virgil*. This, says *Eugenius*, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but *Plutarch*'s discourse on *Homer*, and you will see that the Iliad contains the whole circle of arts, and that *Thales* and *Pythagoras* stole all their philosophy out of this Poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that *Homer* understood all the figures in Rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says *Philander*, were it possible for *Homer* to read his praises in this Author, but he would be as much surprized as ever Monsieur *Jordain* was when he had found he had talked Prose all his life-time without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe that not only the Virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen Divinities appear generally in the same dress among the Poets that they were in Medals. I must confess, I believe both the one and the other took the Mode from the

ancient *Greek* Statuaries. It will not perhaps be an improper tranſition to paſs from the heathen gods to the ſeveral monſters of antiquity, as *Chimæra's*, *Gorgon's*, *Sphinxes*, and many other that make the ſame figure in verſe as on coins. It often happens too, that the Poet and the Senate of *Rome* have both choſen the ſame Topic to flatter their Emperor upon, and have ſometimes fallen upon the ſame thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: It is no wonder therefore, that they were often engaged on one ſubject, the Medal and the Poem being nothing elſe but occaſional compliments to the Emperor. Nay, I queſtion not but you may ſometimes find certain paſſages among the Poets that relate to the particular device of a Medal.

I wonder, ſays *Eugenius*, that your Medalliſts have not been as diligent in ſearching the Poets as the Hiſtorians, ſince I find they are ſo capable of enlightning their art. I would have ſome body put the Muſes under a kind of contribution to furniſh out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to Coins. Though they taught us but the ſame things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at leaſt teach us more agreeably, and draw ſeveral over to the ſtudy of Medals that would rather be inſtructed in verſe than in proſe. I am glad, ſays *Philander*, to hear you of this opinion, for to tell you truly, when I was at *Rome*, I took occaſion to buy up many Imperial Medals that have any affinity with paſſages of the ancient Poets. So that I have by me a ſort of poetical Caſh, which I fancy I could count over to you in *Latin* and *Greek* verſe. If you will drink a diſh of Tea with me to-morrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, ſays *Cynthio*, how the Poets will ſucceed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great ſtrangers. We are however obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindneſs that you might well imagine we ſhould have aſked you.

Our

Our three friends had been so intent to their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields without taking notice of it. *Philander* first put them in mind, that unless they turned back quickly they would endanger being benighted. Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects, but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to Medals, I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling my self with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

DIALOGUE II.

SOME of the finest treatises of the most polite *Latin* and *Greek* writers are in Dialogue, as many very valued pieces of *French*, *Italian*, and *English* appear in the same dress. I have sometimes however been very much disgusted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays an Author. There is so much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their subject the Dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I shall not trouble my self nor my Reader with the first salutes of our three friends, nor with any part of their discourse over the Tea table. We will suppose the *China* dishes taken off, and a Drawer of Medals supplying their room. *Philander*, who is to be the Hero in my Dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addressing himself to *Cynthio* and *Eugenius*, I will first of all, says he, show you an assembly of the most virtuous Ladies that you have ever perhaps convers'd with. I do not know, says *Cynthio*, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantastical in their dress. You will find, says *Philander*,

there is good ſenſe in it. They have not a ſingle ornament that they cannot give a reaſon for. I was going to aſk you, ſays *Eugenius*, in what country you find theſe Ladies. But I ſee they are ſome of thoſe imaginary perſons you told us of laſt night that inhabit old Coins, and appear no where elſe but on the reverſe of a Medal. Their proper country, ſays *Philander*, is the breaſt of a good man: for I think they are moſt of them the figures of Virtues. It is a great compliment methinks to the ſex, ſays *Cynthio*, that your Virtues are generally ſhown in petticoats. I can give no other reaſon for it, ſays *Philander*, but becauſe they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You find however ſomething bold and maſculine in the air and poſture of the firſt figure, which is that of *Virtue* her ſelf, and agrees very well with the deſcription we find of her in *Silius Italicus*,

First Series. *Fig.* 1.

Virtutis diſpar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Compoſitâ mutata comâ, ſtans vultus, et ore
Inceſſuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
Celſa humeris, niveæ fulgebat ſtamine pallæ. Sil. It. l. 15.

A different form did *Virtue* wear,
Rude from her forehead fell th' unplaited hair,
With dauntleſs mien aloft ſhe rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread,
Her height, her ſprightly bluſh, the Goddeſs ſhow,
And robes unſully'd as the falling ſnow.

Virtue and *Honour* had their Temples bordering on each other, and are ſometimes both on the ſame coin, as in the following one of *Galba*. *Silius Italicus* makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his *Virtue*.

Fig. 2.

Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læto Gloria vultu,
[Virtus loquitur.
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis. *Ibid.*

With me the foremoſt place let *Honour* gain,
[*Virtue ſpeaks.*
Fame, and the *Praiſes* mingling in her train;
Gay *Glory* next, and *Victory* on high,
White like my ſelf, on ſnowy wings ſhall fly, *Tu*

Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem
Blandus Honos, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus.
Stat. Sil. l. 2.

The head of *Honour* is crowned with a Laurel, as *Martial* has adorned his *Glory* after the same manner, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

Mitte coronatas Gloria mœsta comas.

I find, says *Cynthio*, the *Latins* mean Courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word it self. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, as the modern *Italians* give the same name on the same account to the Knowledge of Curiosities. Should a *Roman* Painter at present draw the picture of Virtue, instead of the Spear and Paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a Bust in one hand and a Fiddle in the other.

Fig. 3. The next, says *Philander*, is a Lady of a more peaceful character, and had her Temple at *Rome*.

——*Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

She is often placed on the reverse of an Imperial coin to show the good understanding between the Emperor and the Empress. She has always a *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote that Plenty is the fruit of Concord. After this short account of the Goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the Deity that is described in the following verses of *Seneca*, who would have her propitious to the marriage of *Jason* and *Creusa*. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

——————*Asperi*
Martis sanguineas quæ cohibet manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam. Sen. Med. Act. 1.
Who sooths great *Mars* the warrior God,
And checks his arm distain'd with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of plenty fills her hands.

The description, says *Eugenius*, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, instead of any

further note on this paſſage, I would have the reverſe you have ſhown us ſtamped on the ſide of it. The interpreters of *Seneca*, ſays *Philander*, will underſtand the preceding verſes as a deſcription of *Venus*, though in my opinion there is only the firſt of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the ſame time agrees as well with *Concord*: and that this was a Godd.ſs who uſed to intereſt her ſelf in marriages, we may ſee in the following deſcription,

——————*Jamdudum poſte reclinis,*
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et inſigni geminat Concordia tædâ.
Statii Epithalamion. Silv. li. 1.

Already leaning at the door too long
Sweet *Hymen* waits to raiſe the nuptial ſong,
Her ſacred bards majeſtick *Juno* lends,
And *Concord* with her flaming torch attends.

Fig. 4. *Peace* differs as little in her Dreſs as in her Character from *Concord*. You may obſerve in both theſe figures that the Veſt is gathered up before them, like an Apron, which you muſt ſuppoſe filled with fruits as well as the *Cornu-copiæ*. It is to this part of the Dreſs that *Tibullus* alludes.

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, ſpicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus antè ſinus.
Kind *Peace* appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th'o'erflowing fruits ſhall fall.

Prudentius has given us the ſame circumſtance in his deſcription of Avarice.

——*Avaritia gremio præcincta capaci.* Prud. Pſych.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be ſeen in the ſame Poet.

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primùm
Duxit aratoros ſub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, et ſuccos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato teſta paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.--- Tibul. El. 10. Lib. 1.

She

She first, White *Peace*, the earth with plough-shares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First rear'd the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The Olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old Poets as a token of Peace.

Pace orare manu———— Virg. Æn. 10.
Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis Olivæ. Ov. M. l 7
In his right hand an Olive branch he holds.
————*furorem*
Indomitum duramque viri d. flectere mentem
Pacifico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælatâ fronde Minervæ. Luc lib. 3.
——To move his haughty soul they try
Intreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows *Minerva*'s peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.
Mr. *Rowe*.

Which by the way one would think had been spoken rather of an *Attila*, or a *Maximin*, than *Julius Cæsar*.

Fig. 5. You see *Abundance* or *Plenty* makes the same figure in Medals as in *Horace*.

————*tibi Copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 17.
——Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. Mr. *Creech*.

The Compliment on this reverse to *Gordianus Pius* is expressed in the same manner as that of *Horace* to *Augustus*.

————*Aurea fruges*
Italiam pleno diffudit Copia cornu. Hor. Ep. 12. lib. 1.
——Golden *Plenty* with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land. Mr. *Creech*.

Fig. 6. But to return again to our Virtues. You have here the picture of *Fidelity*, who was worshipped as a Goddess among the *Romans*.

Situ oblitus es at Dii meminerunt, meminit Fides.
Catul. ad Alphen.

I ſhould fancy from the following verſes of *Virgil* and *Silius Italicus*, that ſhe was repreſented under the figure of an old woman.

Cana Fides, et Veſta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 1.

Then baniſh'd *Faith* ſhall once again return,
And veſtal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And *Remus* with *Quirinus* ſhall ſuſtain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force reſtrain.
Mr. *Dryden.*

———————*ad limina ſanctæ*
Tendebat Fidei, ſecretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea læta, polo tum forte remoto
Cœlicolum magnas volvebat conſcia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ ſine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Juſtitiæ conſors——— Sil. It. Lib. 2.

He to the ſhrines of *Faith* his ſteps addreſt;
She pleas'd with ſecrets rowling in her breaſt,
Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
The cares of gods, and counſels of the ſky.
E'er *Jove* was born ſhe grac'd the bright abodes,
Conſort of *Juſtice*, boaſt of men and gods;
Without whoſe heavenly aid no peace below
The ſtedfaſt earth, and rowling ocean know.

Fig. 7. There is a medal of *Heliogabalus* inſcrib'd FIDES EXERCITUS, that receives a great light from the preceding verſes. She is poſted between two military Enſigns, for the good quality that the Poet aſcribes to her of preſerving the public peace, by keeping the Army true to its Allegiance.

I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, as you have diſcovered the Age of this imaginary Lady, from the deſcription that the Poets have made of her, you may find too the colour of the Drapery that ſhe wore in the old *Roman* paintings from that Verſe in *Horace*,

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno——— Hor. Od. 35. Lib. 1.

Sure

Sure *Hope* and *Friendſhip* cloath'd in White,
Attend on thee——— Mr. *Creech.*

One would think, ſays *Philander*, by this verſe, that *Hope* and *Fidelity* have both the ſame kind of Dreſs. It is certain *Hope* might have a fair pretence to White, in alluſion to thoſe that were Candidates for an employ.

———*quem ducit hiantem*
Cretata ambitio——— Perſ. Sat. 5.

And how properly the Epithet of *Rara* agrees with her, you may ſee in the tranſparency of the next figure. She is here dreſſed in ſuch a kind of Veſt as the *Latins* call a *Multicium* from the fineneſs of its Tiſſue. Your *Roman* Beaus had their ſummer *toga* of ſuch a light airy make. *Fig.* 8.

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli.
Hor. Ep. 14. Lib. 1.

I that lov'd——
Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown.
Mr. *Creech.*

I remember, ſays *Cynthio*, *Juvenal* rallys *Creticus*, that was otherwiſe a brave rough fellow, very handſomely, on this kind of garment.

———*ſed quid*
Non facient alii cum tu multitia ſumas,
Cretice? et hanc veſtem populo mirante perores
In Proculas et Pollineas.—— Juv. Sat. 2.
Acer et indomitus Libertatiſque magiſter,
Cretice, pelluces——— Ibid.

——Nor, vain *Metellus*, ſhall
From *Rome*'s Tribunal thy harangues prevail
'Gainſt harlotry, while thou art clad ſo thin,
That through thy Cobweb-robe we ſee thy ſkin,
As thou declaim'ſt——— Mr. *Tate.*
Canſt thou reſtore old manners or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'ſt tranſparent to the Bench?
Idem.

But pray what is the meaning that this tranſparent Lady holds up her train in her left hand? for I find your women on Medals do nothing without a meaning. Beſides, I ſuppoſe there is a moral precept at

least couch'd under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says *Philander* that it may not incumber her in her march. For she is always drawn in a posture of walking, it being as natural for *Hope* to press forward to her proper objects, as for *Fear* to fly from them.

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem:
Alter in-hæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit:
Sic deus et virgo est: hic spe celer, illa timore.
De Apol. et Daph. Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

As when th' impatient Greyhound slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful Hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay:
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives:—
Such was the god, and such the flying fair,
She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.
Mr. *Dryden.*

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem in the world of *Hope* and *Fear* in extremity. A flower or blossom that you see in the right hand is a proper ornament for *Hope*, since they are these that we term in poetical language the Hopes of the year.

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est, et Spe delectat agrestes,
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager———— Ov. Met. Lib. 15.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with Hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowrets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around. Mr. *Dryden.*

The

The same Poet in his *De fastis*, speaking of the Vine in flower, expresses it.

In spe vitis erat—— Ov. de Fast. Lib. 9.

Fig. 9. The next on the List is a Lady of a contrary character, and therefore in a quite different posture. As *Security* is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelesly on a pillar. *Horace* has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture.

Nullum me à labore reclinat otium.

No ease doth lay me down from pain. Mr. *Creech.*

She rests her self on a pillar, for the same reason as the poets do often compare an obstinate resolution or a great firmness of mind, to rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, &c. Hor.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulph——— &c. Mr. *Creech.*

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that *Horace* had his eye in his Ode to *Fortune*. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out *Security*, or something very like it; and 'till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content our selves with this before us.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso nè pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma

Concitet;

Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Ad Fortunam. Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 35.

To thee their vows rough *Germans* pay,
To thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
Thee mighty *Rome* proclaims a friend:
And for their Tyrant sons
The barb'rous Mothers pray
To thee, the greatest guardian of their Thrones.
They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
Lest you should kick their Column down,
And cloud the glory of their Crown;
They fear that you would raise
The lazy crowd to war,
And break their Empire, or confine their praise.
Mr, *Creech.*

I must however be so fair as to let you know that *Peace* and *Felicity* have their pillars in several Medals as well as *Security*, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

Fig. 10. The next Figure is that of *Chastity*, who was worshipped as a Goddess, and had her Temple.

——deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
De pudicitia. Juv. Sat. 6.

At length uneasy *Justice* upwards flew,
And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew. Mr. *Dryden.*

Templa pudicitiæ quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet? Tib. Lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they please unblam'd can be,
Why rear we useless Fanes to *Chastity?*

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in he following verses.

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos,
Ista verecundi signa Pudoris erant. Alciat.

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like these was *Chastity* reveal'd.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios instita longa pedes. Ov. de Ar. Am.
——frontem limbo velata pudicam.
Claud. de Theod. Conf.

Hence!

Hence! ye ſmooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whoſe bands the brows of *Chaſtity* ſurround,
And her coy Robe that lengthens to the ground.

She is repreſented in the habit of a *Roman* Matron.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis.
Hor. Sat 2. Lib. 1.

Beſides, a Matron's face is ſeen alone;
But *Cate*'s that female bully of the town,
For all the reſt is cover'd with a gown.
Mr. *Creech.*

That *ni Catia eſt*, ſays *Cynthio*, is a beauty unknown to moſt of our *Engliſh* Satyriſts. *Horace* knew how to ſtab with addreſs, and to give a thruſt where he was leaſt expected. *Boileau* has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our *Engliſh* Libellers are for hewing a man down-right, and for letting him ſee at a diſtance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, ſays *Eugenius*, I have often admired this piece of art in the two Satyriſts you mention, and have been ſurprized to meet with a man in a Satire that I never in the leaſt expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illuſtrate a precept or paſſage, than out of any ſeeming deſign to abuſe him. Our *Engliſh* Poets on the contrary ſhow a kind of malice prepenſe in their Satires, and inſtead of bringing in the perſon to give light to any part of the Poem, let you ſee they writ the whole Poem on purpoſe to abuſe the perſon. But we muſt not leave the Ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dreſs is that of *Piety?*

Fig. 11. As *Chaſtity*, ſays *Philander*, appears in the habit of a *Roman* matron, in whom that Virtue was ſuppoſed to reign in its perfection, *Piety* wears the dreſs of the Veſtal Virgins, who were the greateſt and moſt ſhining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is you know an expreſſion among the *Latin* Poets. I do not queſtion but you have ſeen in the Duke of *Florence*'s

rence's gallery a beautiful antique figure of a woman ſtanding before an Altar, which ſome of the Antiquaries call a *Piety*, and others a Veſtal Virgin. The woman, altar, and fire burning on it, are ſeen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a ſpeech that *Religion* makes in *Phædrus*'s fables.

Sed ne ignis noſter facinori prælaceat,
Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos. Fab. 10. Li. 4.

It is to this Goddeſs that *Statius* addreſſes himſelf in the following lines.

Summa deum pietas! cujus gratiſſima cœlo
Rara profanatas inſpectant numina terras,
Huc vittata comam, niveoque inſignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præſens, nullâque expulſa nocentum
Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
Mitibus exequiis ades, et lugentis Hetruſci
Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge.
Statius Silv. Li. 3.

Chief of the Skies, celeſtial Piety!
Whoſe god-head, priz'd by thoſe of heavenly birth,
Reviſits rare theſe tainted realms of Earth,
Mild in thy milk-white veſt, to ſooth my friend,
With holy fillets on thy brows deſcend,
Such as of old (e'er chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpoliſht, and a golden age,
Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mix in the ſoft ſolemnities of woe,
See, ſee, thy own *Hetruſcus* waſtes the day,
In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk ſhe holds in her left hand is the *Acerra* that you ſo often find among the Poets, in which the frankincenſe was preſerv'd that Piety is here ſuppoſed to ſtrow on the fire.

Dantque ſacerdoti cuſtodem thuris acerram.
Ov. Met. Li. 13.

Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat lætus acerrâ,
Phœbe——— Mart. Li. 4. Epig. 45.

Fig. 12. The figure of *Equity* differs but little from that our painters make of her at preſent. The ſcales ſhe

ſhe carries in her hand are ſo natural an emblem of juſtice, that *Perſius* has turned them into an allegory to expreſs the deciſions of right or wrong.

——— *Quirites*
Hoc puto non juſtum eſt, illud male, rectius iſtud;
Scis etenim, juſtum geminâ ſuſpendere lance
Ancipitis Libræ—— Socrat. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

———*Romans*, know,
Againſt right reaſon all your counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that:
Nor t'other queſtion proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the buſineſs right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt with an equal hand to hold the ſcale, *&c.*
Mr. *Dryden.*

Fig. 13. The next figure I preſent you with is *Eternity*. She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of *Eternity* is each of theſe you may ſee in the following quotations. I am ſure you will pardon the length of the latter as it is not improper to the occaſion, and ſhows at the ſame time the great fruitfulneſs of the Poet's fancy that could turn the ſame thought to ſo many different ways.

Hæc Æterna manet, diviſque ſimillima forma eſt,
Cui neque principium eſt uſquam, nec finis: in ipſo
Sed ſimilis toto remanet, perque omnia par eſt.
De Rotunditate Corporum. Manil. Li. 1.

This form's eternal, and may juſtly claim
A god-like nature, all its parts the ſame;
Alike, and equal to its ſelf 'tis found,
No end's and no beginning in a round:
Nought can moleſt its Being, nought controul,
And this ennobles, and confines the whole.
Mr. *Creech.*

Par volucer ſuperis: Stellas qui vividas æquat
Durando, membriſque terit redeuntibus ævum.——
Nam pater eſt proleſque ſui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam——
O ſenium poſiture rogo, falſique ſepulchris

Nata-

Natales habiture vices, quæ ſæpe renaſci
Exitio, proprioque ſoles pubeſcere letho———
O felix, hæreſque tui! quo ſolvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi ſuppeditat vires, præbetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte ſenectus.
Vidiſti quodcunque fuit. Te ſecula teſte
Cuncta revolvuntur: noſti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit elatas ſcopulis ſtagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaetonteis erroribus arſerit annus.
Et clades Te nulla rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes
Edomitâ tellure manes, non ſtamina Parcæ
In Te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi.

De Phœnice. Claud.

A God-like bird! whoſe endleſs round of years
Outlaſts the ſtars, and tires the circling ſpheres;———
Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the ſon;
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind deſtruction but prolongs his fate.———
O thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs fires ſhall burn,
Thy age the flame to ſecond youth ſhall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn.———
Thrice happy *Phœnix!* Heav'n's peculiar care
Has made thy ſelf thy ſelf's ſurviving heir.
By Death thy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to ruine all the world beſide.
Thy age, not thee, aſſiſting *Phœbus* burns,
And vital flames light up thy fun'ral Urns.
Whate'er events have been thy eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging ocean burſt his bed,
O'ertop'd the mountains, and the earth o'erſpread;
When the raſh youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the ſkies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs Gods.
When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
Baffle deſtruction, and elude the grave,

The circle of rays that you see round the head of the *Phœnix* distinguish him to be the bird and offspring of the Sun.

Solis avi specimen———
Una est quæ reparet seque ipsa reseminet ales;
Assyrii Phœnica vocant: non fruge neque herbis,
Sed Thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi.
Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
Unguibus et duro sibi nidum construit ore:
Quo simul ac cassias, ac nardi lenis aristas
Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,
Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
Corpore de patrio parvum phœnica renasci.
Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo est,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
Tertque pius cunasque suas, patriumque Sepulchrum,
Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
Ante fores sacras Hyperionis ede reponit.

Ov. Met. Lib. 15.

———Titanius ales.

Claud. de Phœnice.

——From himself the *Phœnix* only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent Flame.
In which he burn'd, another and the same.
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of *Amomum* drains:
And watches the rich gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm, and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of *Cassia*, *Cynamon*, and stems of *Nard*,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is rear'd.
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd,

On

On this incumbent; 'till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An Infant-*Phœnix* from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its load, the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: This (with pious care,
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the Sun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

Mr. *Dryden.*

Sic ubi fœcundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus oſſa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo Phœnix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt Aquilæ, cunctæque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis mirentur avem——Claud. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'rs the young *Phœnix* from the teeming urn:
And from the purple eaſt, with pious toil
Bears the dear reliques to the diſtant *Nile*;
Himſelf a ſpecies! Then, the bird of *Jove*,
And all his plumy nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the proceſſion, and reſound his praiſe.

The radiated head of the *Phœnix* gives us the meaning of a paſſage in *Auſonius*, which I was formerly ſurprized to meet with in the deſcription of a Bird. But at preſent I am very well ſatisfied the Poet muſt have had his eye on the figure of this Bird in ancient ſculpture and painting, as indeed it was impoſſible to take it from the life.

Ter nova Neſtoreos implevit purpura fuſos,
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,

Quam

Quam novies terni glomerantem ſecula tractûs
Vincunt æripides ter terno Neſtore cervi,
Tres quorum ætates ſuperat Phœbeijus oſcen,
Quem novies ſenior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Alces cinnameo radiatus tempora nido.

Auſon. Eidyll. 11.

Arcanum radiant oculi jubar, igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice ſidus
Attollit criſtatus apex, tenebraſque ſerenâ
Luce ſecat———— Claud. de Phœn.

His fiery eyes ſhoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thouſand glories play:
High on his creſt, a Star celeſtial bright
Divides the darkneſs with its piercing light.

———*Procul ignea lucet*
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama buſti.

Cl. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this ſcale of Beings with that of *Heſiod*, I ſhall give it you in a tranſlation of that Poet.

Ter binos decieſque novem ſuper exit in annos
Juſta ſeneſcentem quos implet vita virorum.
Hos novies ſuperat vivendo garrula Cornix:
Et quater aggreditur cornicis ſæcula cervus.
Alipedem cervum ter vincit Corvus: at illum
Multiplicat novies Phœnix, reparabilis ales.
Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
Nymphæ Hamadryades, quarum longiſſima vita eſt:
Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum.

Auſon. Eidyl. 18.

The utmoſt age to man the Gods aſſign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prating Daws exceed:
Three times the Daw's the Deer's more laſting breed:
The Deer's full thrice the raven's race outrun:
Nine times the Raven *Titan*'s feather'd ſon:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd,
The *Hamadryades* ſhine ten ages round:
Their breath the longeſt is the Fates beſtow;
And ſuch the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good Arithmetician, ſays *Cynthio*, to underſtand this Author's works. His deſcription runs on like a Multiplication Table. But methinks the Poets ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a Bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

Fig 14. We generally find a great confuſion in the traditions of the Ancients, ſays *Philander*. It ſeems to me, from the next Medal, it was an opinion among them, that the *Phœnix* renewed her ſelf at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the Golden Age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in *Claudian*.

Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
Colligit, optati referens exordia ſæcli.

Claud. de rapt. Proſ. Li. 2.

The perſon in the midſt of the circle is ſuppoſed to be *Jupiter*, by the Author that has publiſhed this Medal, but I ſhould rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have ſeen at *Rome* an antique Statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as *Seneca* deſcribes him, and not with a ſerpent as he is generally repreſented.

———*properat curſu*
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis volvitur anni. Herc. fur. Act. 1.

Life poſts away,
And day from day drives on with ſwift carreer
The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand repreſents the common year, ſo this that encompaſſes him is a proper repreſentation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehenſion of Time. For when this is finiſhed, the heavenly bodies are ſuppoſed to begin their courſes anew, and to meaſure over again the ſeveral periods and diviſions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is diſtinguiſhed.

———*conſumto, Magnus qui dicitur, anno*
Rurſus in antiquum venient vaga ſidera curſum:
Qualia diſpoſiti ſteterant ab origine mundi. Auſ. Eid. 18.

When

When round the great Platonick year has turn'd,
In their old ranks the wandring ſtars ſhall ſtand,
As when firſt marſhal'd by the Almighty's hand.

To ſum up therefore the thoughts of this Medal. The inſcription teaches us that the whole deſign muſt refer to the Golden Age which it lively repreſents, if we ſuppoſe the circle that encompaſſes *Time*, or (if you pleaſe) *Jupiter*, ſignifies the finiſhing of the great year; and that the *Phœnix* figures out the beginning of a new ſeries of time. So that the compliment on this Medal to the Emperor *Adrian*, is in all reſpects the ſame that *Virgil* makes to *Pollio*'s ſon, at whoſe birth he ſuppoſes the *annus magnus* or Platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the Golden Age.

Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. Virg. Ec. 4.

The time is come the *Sibyls* long foretold,
And the bleſt maid reſtores the Age of Gold;
In the great wheel of *Time* before enroll'd.
Now a great progeny from Heav'n deſcends.
Ld. *Lauderdale.*

———*nunc adeſt mundi dies*
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cæli ruinâ; rurſus ut ſtirpem novam
Generet renaſcens melior: ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli. Sen. Oet. Act. 2.

———The laſt great day is come,
When earth and all her impious ſons ſhall lie
Cruſht in the ruines of the falling ſky,
Whence freſh ſhall riſe, her new-born realms to grace,
A pious offſpring and a purer race,
Such as e'erwhile in golden ages ſprung,
When *Saturn* govern'd, and the world was young.

You may compare the deſign of this reverſe, if you pleaſe, with one of *Conſtantine*, ſo far as the *Phœnix* is concerned in both. As for the other figure, we may have occaſion to ſpeak of it in another place. *Vid.* 15 figure. King of *France*'s Medalions.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 16 The next figure ſhadows out *Eternity* to us, by the Sun in one hand and the Moon in the other, which in the language of ſacred poetry is *as long as the Sun and Moon endureth.* The heathens made choice of theſe Lights as apt ſymbols of *Eternity*, becauſe contrary to all ſublunary Beings, though they ſeem to periſh every night, they renew themſelves every morning.

Soles occidere et redire poſſunt;
Nobis cum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda. Catul.
The Suns ſhall often often fall and riſe:
But when the ſhort-liv'd mortal dies
A night eternal ſeals his eyes.

Horace, whether in imitation of *Catullus* or not, has applied the ſame thought to the Moon: and that too in the plural number.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cæleſtia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancas,
Pulvis et umbra ſumus. Hor. Od. 7. Lib. 4.
Each loſs the haſtning Moon repairs again.
But we, when once our race is done,
With *Tullus* and *Anchiſes'* ſon,
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)
To duſt and ſhades, without a Sun,
Deſcend, and ſink in dark oblivion's flood.
Sir *W. Temple.*

Fig. 17. In the next figure *Eternity* ſits on a globe of the heavens adorned with ſtars. We have already ſeen how proper an emblem of *Eternity* the globe is, and may find the duration of the ſtars made uſe of by the Poets, as an expreſſion of what is never like to end.

———*Stellas qui vividus æquas*
Durando———
———*Polus dum ſidera paſcet,*
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudeſque manebunt.
Virg. Æn. L. 1.
Lucida dum current annoſi ſidera mundi, &c. Sen. Med.
Vid.

Vid Fig. 13. I might here tell you that *Eternity* has a covering on her head, becauſe we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, becauſe we ſee only thoſe parts of her that are actually running on; that ſhe ſits on a globe and bears a ſcepter in her hand, to ſhew ſhe is ſovereign Miſtreſs of all things: but for any of theſe aſſertions I have no warrant from the Poets.

Fig. 18. You muſt excuſe me, if I have been longer than ordinary on ſuch a ſubject as *Eternity*. The next you ſee is *Victory*, to whom the Medalliſts as well as Poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

Adſuit ipſa ſuis Ales Victoria———
Claud de 6. Conſ. Honor.

———*dubiis volitat Victoria pennis.* Ov.

———*niveis Victoria concolor alis.* Sil. It.

The palm branch and lawrel were both the rewards of Conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for *Victory*.

———*lentæ Victoris præmia palmæ.* Ov. Met.

Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. Virg. Æn. 5.

Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas viſent capitolia pompas.
Apollo ad Laurum. Ov. Met.

Thou ſhalt the *Roman* feſtivals adorn;
Thou ſhalt returning *Cæſar*'s triumphs grace,
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs. *Dryden.*

By the way you may obſerve the lower plaits of the Drapery that ſeem to have gathered the wind into them. I have ſeen abundance of antique figures in Sculpture and Painting, with juſt the ſame turn in the lower foldings of the Veſt, when the perſon that wears it is in a poſture of tripping forward.

Obviaque adverſas vibrabant flamina Veſtes.
Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

———As ſhe fled, the wind
Increaſing, ſpread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view. *Dryden.*

———*tenues ſinuantur flamine veſtes.* Id. Lib. 2.

It

It is worth while to compare this figure of *Victory* with her Statues as it is described in a very beautiful passage of *Prudentius*.

Non aris non farre molæ Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aderit vestisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quid miles propriis diffisus viribus optas
Irrita fœmineæ tibimet solatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu vestita papillas.

Prudentius contra Symm. Lib. 2.

Shall *Victory* intreated lend her aid
For cakes of flower on smoaking Altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on th' embattel'd plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze
Her dazling wings the golden dame displays,
And many a talent in due weight was told
To shape her God-head in the curious mould,
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female visions in the air?
What legion sheath'd in iron e'er survey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid!
Do'st thou the power that gives success demand?
'Tis He th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
Not the smooth Nymph, whose locks in knots are twin'd,
Who bending shows her naked foot behind,

Who

Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breaſt,
And from her boſom heaves the ſwelling veſt.

Fig. 19. You have here another *Victory*, that I fancy *Claudian* had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm and trophy in the following deſcription. It appears on a Coin of *Conſtantine* who lived about an age before *Claudian*, and I believe we ſhall find that it is not the only piece of antique ſculpture that this Poet has copied out in his deſcriptions.

———cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
Ipſa duci ſacras Victoria panderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.
Claud. de Lau. Stil. Li. 3.

On all her plumage riſing when ſhe threw
Her ſacred ſhrines wide-open to thy view,
How pleas'd for thee her emblems to diſplay,
With palms diſtinguiſh'd, and with trophies gay.

Fig. 20. The laſt of our imaginary Beings is *Liberty*. In her left hand ſhe carries the wand that the *Latins* call the *Rudis* or *Vindicta*, and in her right the cap of Liberty. The Poets uſe the ſame kinds of metaphors to expreſs Liberty. I ſhall quote *Horace* for the firſt whom *Ovid* has imitated on the ſame occaſion, and for the latter *Martial*.

———donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Hor. Lib. 1. Epiſt. 1.

———tardâ veres minuente ſenectâ
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat.
Ov. de Tr. Lib. 4. El. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I ſtand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo ſaluto
Quem regem, et dominum priùs vocabam,
Nè me dixeris eſſe contumacem
Totis pilea ſarcinis redemi. Mar. Lib. 2. Epig. 68.

By thy plain name though now addreſt,
Though once my King and Lord confeſt,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious Cap of Liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of *Persius*, says *Cynthio*, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a Freeman very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a Cap on his head and giving him a Turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A Slave thus qualified became a Citizen of *Rome*, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his Forefathers, which *Persius* has repeated with a great deal of humour.

——Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! hic Dama est, non tressis agaso,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita est: assigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant.

Pers. Sat. 5.

That false Enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made Citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a Sot beside;
So true a Rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a Turn, a Freeman he became;
Now *Marcus Dama* is his Worship's name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* surety wou'd become!
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he said it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if *Marcus* has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our Caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live?

Mr. *Dryden*.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the Cap, says *Eugenius*, I'll give you that of the Wand, out of *Claudian*.

Te fastos ineunte quater, sollennia ludit
Omina libertas, deductum Vindice morem

Lex

Lex celebrat, famuloſque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat ſecurior ictu.
Triſtis conditio pulſata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit
Verbera promiſſi felix injuria voti.

Claud. de 4. Conſ. Hon.

The *Grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, ſays *Cynthio*, would have told us the name of the Author, though you had ſaid nothing of him. There is none of all the Poets that delights ſo much in theſe pretty kinds of contradictions as *Claudian*. He loves to ſet his Epithet at variance with its ſubſtantive, and to ſurprize his Reader with a ſeeming abſurdity. If this Poet were well examined, one would find that ſome of his greateſt beauties as well as faults ariſe from the frequent uſe of this particular figure.

I queſtion not, ſays *Pilander*, but you are tired by this time with the company of ſo myſterious a ſort of Ladies as thoſe we have had before us. We will now, for our diverſion entertain our ſelves with a ſett of Riddles, and ſee if we can find a key to them among the ancient Poets. The firſt of them, ſays *Cynthio*, is a Ship under ſail, I ſuppoſe it has at leaſt a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, ſays *Philander*, is an emblem of Happineſs, as you may ſee by the inſcription it carries in its ſails. We find the ſame Device to expreſs the ſame thought in ſeveral of the Poets: as in *Horace*, when he ſpeaks of the moderation to be uſed in a flowing fortune, and in *Ovid* when he reflects on his paſt happineſs.

Second Series. Fig. 1.

Rebus anguſtis animoſus atque
Fortis appare: ſapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium ſecundo
Turgida vela. Hor. Od. 10. Lib. 2.

When *Fortune* ſends a ſtormy wind,
Then ſhew a brave and preſent mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She ſwells too much, then furl thy ſails. Mr. *Creech.*

Nominis et famæ quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antennas aura ſecunda meas.

Ov. de Triſ. Lib. 5. El. 12.

En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura ſecunda meis.
Id. Epiſt. ex Ponto 3. Lib. 2.

I liv'd the darling Theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden Idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while *Fortune*'s balmy gales
Wanton'd auſpicious in my ſwelling ſails.

You ſee the Metaphor is the ſame in the Verſes as in the Medal, with this diſtinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The Idea is alike in both, though the manner of repreſenting it is different. If you would ſee the whole Ship made uſe of in the ſame ſenſe by an old Poet, as it is here on the Medal, you may find it in a pretty Allegory of *Seneca*.

Fata ſi liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, nè preſſæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis et modicè fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem. Sen. OEdip. Chor. Act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas Zephyrs ſoft ſhould fill
With gentle breath, leſt ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burſt the ſails.
By winds that temperately blow
The Barque ſhould paſs ſecure and ſlow,
Nor fear me leaning on her ſide:
But ſmoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.

After having conſidered the Ship as a Metaphor, we may now look on it as a Reality, and obſerve in it the Make of the old *Roman* veſſels, as they are deſcribed among the Poets. It is carried on by oars and ſails at the ſame time.

Sive opus eſt velis minimam bene currit ad auram,
Sive opus eſt remo remige carpit iter.
Ov. Tr. Li. 1. El. 10.

The Poop of it has the bend that *Ovid* and *Virgil* mention.

——*pup-*

——————*puppique recurvæ.* Ibid. Li. 1. El. 3.
——————*littora curvæ*
Prætexunt puppes—————— Virg.

You see the description of the Pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta. Virg. Æn. Li. 5.
Ipsius ante oculos ingens à vertice pontus
In puppim ferit: excutitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput.—————— Id. Æn. Li. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the *Lycian* crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the Hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborn;
The trembling Pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd;—————— Mr. *Dryden.*

——————*Segnemque Menœten,*
Oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipse gubernaclo rector subit. Id. Æn. Li. 5.

Mindless of others lives, (so high was grown
His rising rage,) and careless of his own:
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw;
This done, he seiz'd the helm—— Mr. *Dryden.*

I have mentioned these two last passages of *Virgil*, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the Pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient Coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a *Triton*, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below with a trumpet in his mouth. *Virgil* describes him in the same manner on one of *Æneas*'s ships. It was probably a common figure on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in *Silius Italicus.*

Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cærula conchâ
Exterrens freta: cui laterum tenus hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristim desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
Vir. Æn. Li. 10.

The *Triton* bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound
Old Ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.

A hairy man above the waste he shews,
A Porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.
Ld. *Lauderdale.*

Ducitur et Libyæ puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus.——— Sil. It. Lib. 14.

I am apt to think, says *Eugenius*, from certain passages of the Poets, that several ships made choice of some God or other for their guardians, as among the *Roman* Catholics every vessel is recommeded to the patronage of some particular saint to give an instance of two or three.

Est mihi sitque precor flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis——— Ov. de Trist. Lib. 1. El. 10.
Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione. Sil. It. Lib. 14.
Hammon numen erat Libycæ gentile carinæ,
Cornigerâque sedens spectabat cærula fronte. Ibid.

The poop great *Ammon Libya*'s god display'd,
Whose horned front the nether flood survey'd.

The figure of the Deity was very large, as I have seen it on other Medals as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by *Silius Italicus* and *Persius*.

———*Subito cum pondere victus*
Insiliente mari submergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virûm cristæque, et inerti spicula ferro
Tutelæque Deûm fluitant.——— Sil. It. Lib. 14.

Sunk by a weight so dreadful down she goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows close,
Bright shields and crests float round the whirling floods
And useless spears confus'd with tutelary Gods.

———*trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa*
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit: Ionio jacet ipse in littore, et unà
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ.——— Pers. Sat. 6.

My friend is shipwreck'd on the *Brutian* strand,
His riches in th' *Ionian* main are lost;

And

And he himſelf ſtands ſhiv'ring on the coaſt.
Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs pray'r.
Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent, nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the Mews in triumph ride.
Mr. *Dryden.*

You will think perhaps I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are theſe kind of Gods that *Horace* mentions in his Allegorical veſſel which was ſo broken and ſhattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the Gods as well as the *Lintea*.

———*non tibi ſunt integra lintea,*
Non Dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.
Hor. Od. 14. Lib. 1.

Thy ſtern is gone, thy Gods are loſt
And thou haſt none to hear thy cry,
Which thou on dang'rous ſhelves are toſt,
When billows rage, and winds are high.
Mr. *Creech.*

Fig. 2. Since we are engaged ſo far in the *Roman* ſhipping, ſays *Philander*, I'll here ſhow you a Medal that has on its reverſe a *Roſtrum* with three teeth to it: whence *Silius*'s *trifidum roſtrum* and *Virgil*'s *roſtriſque tridentibus*, which in ſome editions is *ſtridentibus*, the Editor chuſing rather to make a falſe quantity than to inſert a word that he did not know the meaning of. *Flaccus* gives us a *Roſtrum* of the ſame make.

———*volat immiſſis cava pinus habenis*
Infinditque ſalum, et ſpumas vomit ære tridenti.
Val. Flac. Argon. Lib. 1.

A Ship-carpenter of old *Rome*, ſays *Cynthio*, could not have talked more judiciouſly. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the veſſel among the *Latin* Poets. Let us now, if you pleaſe, go to the next Medal.

Fig. 3. The next, ſays *Philander*, is a pair of Scales, which we meet with on ſeveral old Coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the Emperor's Juſtice. But why may not we ſuppoſe that they allude ſometimes to the Balance in the Heavens, which was the reigning conſtellation of *Rome* and *Italy?* Whether it be ſo or no, they are capable methinks of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we ſuppoſe the thought of the reverſe to be the ſame as that in *Manilius*.

Heſperiam ſua libra tenet, quâ condita Roma
Et propriis frænat pendentem natibus orbem,
Orbis et imperium retinet, diſcrimina rerum
Lancibus, et poſitas gentes tollitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.
Manil. Lib. 4.

The Scales rule *Italy*, where *Rome* commands,
And ſpreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
By her, and laws are ſent to be obey'd:
And as her pow'rful favour turns the poize,
How low ſome nations ſink and others riſe!
Thus guide the Scales, and then to fix our doom,
They gave us**Cæſar* founder of our *Rome*. Mr. *Creech*.

Fig. 4. The Thunderbolt is a reverſe of *Auguſtus*. We ſee it uſed by the greateſt Poet of the ſame age to expreſs a terrible and irreſiſtible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this Medal, for in another place the ſame Poet applies the ſame metaphor to *Auguſtus*'s perſon.

———*duo Fulmina belli*
Scipiadas——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.
———Who can declare
The *Scipio*'s worth, thoſe Thunderbolts of war? Mr. *Dryd.*
———*dum Cæſar ad altum*
Fulminat Euphratem bello——— Id. Georg. Lib. 4.
While mighty *Cæſar*, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on *Euphrates*' banks the ſpoils of war. Mr. *Dryden*.

I have

* *So* Voſſius *reads it.*

I have sometimes wondered, says *Eugenius*, why the *Latin* Poets so frequently give the Epithets of *trifidum* and *trisulcum* to the Thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks as in the present figure. *Virgil* insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his Thunderbolt as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving-tool.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et Alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame. Mr. *Dryd.*

Fig. 5. Our next reverse is an Oaken Garland, which we find on abundance of imperial Coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to show that the garland of Oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of *Claudian*, where the compliment to *Stilico* is the same that we have here on the Medal. I question not but the old Coins gave the thought to the Poet.

Mos erat in veterum castris, at tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
Casurum potuit morti subducere civem.
At tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Mœnibus? aut quantæ pensabunt facta coronæ?
Claud. de Lau. Stil. Lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A *Roman* sav'd a brother *Roman*'s life,
And foil'd the threatning foe, our Sires decreed
An Oaken Garland to the victor's meed.
Thou, who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free
What groves, what Woods, shall furnish crowns for thee?

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the Emperor had actually covered a *Roman* in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory, or reſtored Juſtice. For in any of theſe or the like caſes he may very well be ſaid to have ſaved the life of a citizen, and by conſequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly we find *Virgil* diſtributing his Oaken garlands to thoſe that had enlarged or ſtrength'ned the dominions of *Rome*; as we may learn from *Statius* that the ſtatue of *Curtius*, who had ſacrificed himſelf for the good of the people, had the head ſurrounded with the ſame kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces. Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.
But they, who crown'd with Oaken wreaths appear,
Shall *Gabian* walls and ſtrong *Fidena* rear:
Nomentum, *Bola*, with *Pometia*, found;
And raiſe *Colatian* tow'rs on rocky ground.
Mr. *Dryden*.

Ipſe loci cuſtos, cujus ſacrata vorago,
Famoſuſque lacus nomen memorabile ſervat,
Innumeros æris ſonitus, et verbere crudo
Ut ſenſit mugire forum, movet horrida ſanctо
Ora ſitu, meritâque caput venerabile quercu.
Statius Sylv. Lib. 1.
The Guardian of that Lake, which boaſts to claim
A ſure memorial from the *Curtian* name;
Rous'd by th' artificers, whoſe mingled ſound
From the loud *Forum* pierc'd the ſhades profound;
The hoary viſion roſe confeſs'd in view,
And ſhook the Civic wreath that bound his brow.

Fig. 6. The two horns that you ſee on the next Medal are emblems of *Plenty*.

———*apparetque beata pleno*
Copia Cornu. Hor. Car. Sæc.

Your Medalliſts tell us that two Horns on a Coin ſignify an extraordinary Plenty. But I ſee no foundation for this conjecture. Why ſhould they not as well have ſtamped two Thunderbolts, two *Caduceus*'s, or two Ships,

Ships, to repreſent an extraordinary force, a laſting peace, of an unbounded happineſs. I rather think that the double *Cornu-copia* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some repreſenting it as the horn of *Achelous* broken off by *Hercules*, and others as the horn of the Goat that gave ſuck to *Jupiter*.

——rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque à fronti revellit.
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrárunt; diveſque meo bona Copia cornu eſt.
Dixerat: at Nymphe ritu ſuccincta Dianæ
Una miniſtrarum, fuſis utrinque capillis,
Inceſſit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et menſas felicia poma ſecundas.

De Acheloi Cornu. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and ſcorn
From my maim'd front he bore the ſtubborn horn:
This, heap'd with flowers and fruits the *Naiads* bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.
He ſpoke; when lo, a beauteous Nymph appears,
Girt like *Diana*'s train, with flowing hairs;
The horn ſhe brings, in which all Autumn's ſtor'd;
And ruddy apples for the ſecond board. Mr. *Gay*.

Lac dabat illa Deo: ſed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.
Suſtulit hoc Nymphe; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cæli tenuit, ſolioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quod dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.

De Cornu Amaltheæ. Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 5.

The God ſhe ſuckled of old *Rhea* born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted Oak ſhe toſt
Her heedleſs head, and half its honours loſt.
Fair *Amalthæa* took it off the ground,
With apples fill'd it and with garlands bound,
Which to the ſmiling infant ſhe convey'd.
He, when the ſceptre of the Gods he ſway'd,

When

When bold he seiz'd his father's vacant throne,
And reign'd the tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurse the starry Heavens adorn,
And grateful in the Zodiac fix'd her Horn.

Betwixt the double *Cornu-copia* you see *Mercury*'s rod.

Cyllenes cælique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virgo dracone viret. Mar. L. 7. Epig. 74.

Descend, *Cyllene*'s tutelary God,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old Coins as an emblem of Peace, by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *Virga somnifera*. It has wings for another quality that *Virgil* mentions in his description of it.

——hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat. Virg.

Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
Mr. *Dryden*.

The two heads over the two *Cornu-copiæ* are of the Emperor's children, who are sometimes called among the Poets the pledges of Peace, as they took away the occasions of war in cutting off all disputes to the succession.

——tu mihi primum
Tot natorum memoranda parens,——
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. Sen. Octav. Act. 5.

Thee first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This medal therefore compliments the Emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings that promise Peace and Plenty to the Empire.

Fig. 7. The two hands that joyn one another are Emblems of *Fidelity*.

Inde Fides dextræque datæ—— Ov. Met. L. 14.
Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
Continge dextram—— Sen. Herc. Fur. Act. 2.
——en dextra fidesque
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates!
Virg. Æn. Lib. 5.

See

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Preserv'd his Gods———— Mr. *Dryden.*

By the inscription we may see that they represent in this place the Fidelity or Loyalty of the public towards their Emperor. The *Caduceus* rising between the hands signifies the Peace that arises from such an union with their Prince, as the spike of Corn on each side shadows out the Plenty that is the fruit of such a peace.

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres.

Ov. de Fast. Lib. 1.

Fig. 8 The giving of a hand, in the reverse of *Claudius*, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew *Caligula*, *Claudius* was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received among the *Prætorian* guards, and afterwards declared their Emperor. His reception is here recorded on a Medal, in which one of the Ensigns presents him his hand, in the same sense as *Anchises* gives it in the following verses.

Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum præsenti munere firmat.

Virg. Æn. Lib. 3.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the *Roman* Eagle, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in *Juvenal*'s fourteenth Satire.

Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat——— Juv. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the Poets the *Signifer* is described with a Lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the Medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. *Virgil* has given us a noble description of a warrior making his appearance under a Lion's skin.

———tegmen torquens immane Leonis
Terribili impexum setâ, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.

Virg. Æn. Lib. 7.

Like *Hercules* himself his Son appears,
In savage pomp: a Lion's hide he wears; About

About his ſhoulders hangs the ſhaggy ſkin,
The teeth, and gaping jaws ſeverely grin.
Thus like the God his father, homely dreſt,
He ſtrides into the hall, a horrid gueſt? Mr. *Dryden.*

Since you have mentioned the dreſs of your Standard-bearer, ſays *Cynthio*, I cannot forbear remarking that of *Claudius*, which was the uſual *Roman* habit. One may ſee in this Medal, as well as in any antique Statues, that the old *Romans* had their necks and arms bare, and as much expoſed to view as our hands and faces are at preſent. Before I had made this remark, I have ſometimes wondred to ſee the *Roman* Poets, in their deſcriptions of a beautiful man, ſo often mentioning the Turn of his Neck and Arms, that in our modern dreſſes lie out of ſight, and are covered under part of the cloathing. Not to trouble you with many quotations, *Horace* ſpeaks of both theſe parts of the body in the beginning of an Ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the fineſt of his book, for the naturalneſs of the thought, and the beauty of the expreſſion.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

When *Telephus* his youthful charms,
His roſy neck, and winding arms,
With endleſs rapture you recite,
And in that pleaſing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberleſs reſentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the *Roman* habit that gave *Virgil* the thought in the following verſe, where *Romulus*, among other reproaches that he makes the *Trojans* for their ſoftneſs and effeminacy, upbraids them with the Make of their *Tunica's* that had ſleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and expoſed to the weather like that of the *Romans.*

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent redimicula mitræ.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the *Italians* preſerved their old language and habits, notwithſtanding the *Trojans* became their Maſters, and that the *Trojans* themſelves quitted the dreſs of their own country for that of *Italy*. This he tells us was the effect of a prayer that *Juno* made to *Jupiter*.

Illud te, nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obteſtor, pro majeſtate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (eſto;)
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent;
Nè vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucroſque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere veſtes.
Sit Latium, ſint Albani per ſecula reges,
Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque ſinas cum nomine Trœja. Æn. Lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no Fates withſtand)
Both for my ſelf, and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nation be the ſame;
But let the *Latins* ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language which they ſpoke before,
Wear the ſame habits, which their Grandſires wore.
Call them not *Trojans:* periſh the renown
And name of *Troy*, with that deteſted town.
Latium be *Latium* ſtill: let *Alba* reign,
And *Rome*'s immortal Majeſty remain. Mr. *Dryden.*

By the way, I have often admired at *Virgil* for repreſenting his *Juno* with ſuch an impotent kind of revenge as what is the ſubject of this ſpeech. You may be ſure, ſays *Eugenius*, that *Virgil* knew very well this was a trifling kind of requeſt for the Queen of the Gods to make, as we may find by *Jupiter*'s way of accepting it.

Olli ſubridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles:
Irarum tantos volvis ſub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum fruſtrà ſubmitte furorem.
Do, quod vis; et me victuſque volenſque remitto.

Ssr-

Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantùm
Subsident Teucri: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos, &c.
Æn. Lib. 12.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies.
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
Can *Saturn*'s issue, and Heav'ns other Heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be Mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' *Ausonian* people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The *Trojans* to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will my self their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
And shall be *Latium*; *Troy* without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
Mr. *Dryden*.

I am apt to think *Virgil* had a further view in this request of *Juno* than what his Commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his *Æneid* was founded on a very doubtful story, and that *Æneas*'s coming into *Italy* was not universally received among the *Romans* themselves. He knew too that a main objection to this story was the great difference of Customs, Language and Habits among the *Romans* and *Trojans*. To obviate therefore so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and præ-determination of the Gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the Lady in the next Medal? Methinks she is very particular in her Quoiffure.

Fig. 9. It is the emblem of fruitfulness, says *Philander*, and was designed as a compliment to *Julia* the wife of *Septimius Severus*, who had the same number of children as you see on this Coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to *Cybele* the mother of the Gods, and for the same reason that *Virgil* compares the city of *Rome* to her.

Felix

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta Deûm partu——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.
High as the mother of the Gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp she makes a *Phrygian* round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd.
Mr. *Dryden.*

The Vine issuing out of the Urn speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist. *Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy house.* The four stars overhead, and the same number on the Globe, represent the four children. There is a Medal of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking the wolf, with a Star over each of their heads, as we find the *Latin* Poets speaking of the children of Princes under the same metaphor.

Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
Per tua perque sui facta parentis eant.
Ov. de Trist. Lib. 2. El. 1.

———*Tu quoque extinctus jaces,*
Defiende nobis semper, infelix puer,
Modo sidus orbis, columen augustæ domûs,
Britannice——— Sen. Octav, Act. 1.
Thou too dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
Thou Star that wont this Orb to grace!
Thou pillar of the *Julian* race!

———*Maneas hominum contentus habenis,*
Undarum terræq; potens, et sidera dones. Stat. Theb. l. 1.
———Stay, great *Cæsar*, and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to *Jove* his Empire of the skies,
And people Heav'n with *Roman* Deities. Mr. *Pope.*

I need not mention *Homer*'s comparing *Astyanax* to the Morning-star, nor *Virgil*'s imitation of him in his description of *Ascanius*.

Fig. 10. The next Medal was stampt on the marriage of *Nero* and *Octavia*; you see the Sun over the head of *Nero*, and the Moon over that of *Octavia*. They face

face one another according to the ſituation of theſe two Planets in the Heavens.

———*Phœbeis obvia flammis*
Demet nocti Luna timores. Sen. Thyeſt. Act. 4.

And to ſhew that *Octavia* derived her whole luſtre from the friendly aſpect of her huſband.

Sicut Luna ſuo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quum Phœbum adverſis currentem non vidit aſtris.
Manil. Lib. 4.

Becauſe the Moon then only feels decay,
When oppoſite unto her brother's ray. Mr. *Creech.*

But if we conſider the hiſtory of this Medal, we ſhall find more Fancy in it than the Medalliſts have yet diſcovered. *Nero* and *Octavia* were not only huſband and wife, but brother and ſiſter, *Claudius* being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the Tragedy of *Octavia*, where it ſpeaks of her marriage with *Nero*.

Fratris thalamos ſortita tenet
Maxima Juno: ſoror Auguſti
Sociata toris, cur à patriâ
Pellitur Aulâ?——— Sen Oct. 8. Act. 1.

To *Jove* his ſiſter conſort wed,
Uncenſur'd ſhares her brother's bed:
Shall *Cæſar*'s wife and ſiſter wait,
An Exile at her huſband's gate?

Implebit aulam ſtirpe cæleſti tuam
Generata divo, Claudiæ gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy ſiſter, bright with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t'inlarge the *Claudian* race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a *Juno* with the *Roman Jove.*

They are therefore very prettily repreſented by the Sun and Moon, who as they are the moſt glorious parts of the univerſe, are in poetical genealogy brother and ſiſter. *Virgil* gives us a ſight of them in the ſame poſition that they regard each other on this Medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia ſurgere Luna. Vir. Geor. 1.

Fig.

Fig. 11. The flattery on the next Medal is in the same thought as that of *Lucretius*.

Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ,
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omneis
Præstrinxit, stellas exortus uti æthereus sol. Lucr. lib. 3.

Nay, *Epicurus*'s race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outshone;
As far as meaner stars the mid day Sun.

Mr. *Creech*.

The Emperor appears as the rising Sun, and holds a Globe in his hand, to figure out the Earth that is enlightned and actuated by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras. Virg.
——ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. Id.

When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays.

Mr. *Dryden*.

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. *Claudian* in the description of his infant *Titan* descants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched fustian.

Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus altè
Cristatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.

Claud. de rapt. Pros. Lib. 2.

An infant *Titan* held she in her arms;
Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

Fig. 12. The Sun rises on a medal of *Commodus*, as *Ovid* describes him in the story of *Phaeton*.

Arduа prima via est et quà vix manè recentes
Enituntur equi—— Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

You have here too the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage,

——Pyroëis, et Eous, et Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon—— Ibid.

Corri-

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
Obstantes scindunt nebulas——— Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as *Ovid* has drawn her sitting in the same figure.

Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;
Oppositque manum fronti, magnoque tremore
Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit. Ibid.

The Earth at length———
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said,
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat.)

The *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to *Jupiter*.

Hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,
Officiique refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
Quod pecori frondes alimentaque mitia fruges
Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro? Ibid.

And does the plow for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harrass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattel daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the Medal; as for the thought of it, the Antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to *Commodus* on his skill in the chariot-race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished *Lucan* with the same thought in his address to *Nero*.

Seu te flammigeros Phœbi conscendere currus,
Telluremque, nihil mutato sole, timentem
Igne vago lustrare juvet—— Luc. Lib. 1. ad Neronem.

Or if thou chuse the empire of the day,
And make the Sun's unwilling steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoyces in thy gentler beam——
Mr. *Rowe.*

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the Sun described in the Poets by metaphors borrowed on the *Circus*.

Quum

Quum suspensus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
Huc illuc agiles, et fervet in æthere metas, Manil. l. 1.
———*Hesperio positas in littore metas.* Ov. Met. l. 2.
Et Sol ex æquo metâ distabat utrâque. Idem.

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of *Commodus* to the Sun, which is a simile of as long standing as poetry, I had almost said, as the Sun it self.

I believe, says *Cynthio*, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater number. *Horace* has turn'd this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago.

———*laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,*
Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat—— Hor. Sat. 7. Lib. 1.

He praiseth *Brutus* much and all his train;
He calls him *Asia*'s Sun——— Mr. *Creech.*

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of Stars, Moons and Suns. I suppose we at last have done with the cœlestial bodies.

Fig. 13. The next figure you see, says *Philander*, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to *Constantine* before the battle with *Mexentius*. We are told by a Christian Poet, that he caus'd it to be wrought on the military Ensign that the *Romans* call their *Labarum*. And it is on this Ensign that we find it in the present Medal.

Christus purpureum gemmanti, textus in auro
Signabat Labarum———

Prudent. contra Symm. Lib. 1.

A Christ was on th'Imperial standard born,
That Gold embroiders, and that Gemms adorn.

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure, which is composed out of the two Initial letters of the name.

Fig. 14. He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following Medal and verses.

Ag-

Agnoſcas Regina, libens mea ſigna neceſſe eſt:
In quibus Effigies Crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis ſolido ex auro præ fertur in haſtis.
Conſtantinus Romam alloquitur. Ibid.

My Enſign let the Queen of nations praiſe,
That rich in gemms the Chriſtian Croſs diſplays:
There rich in gemms; but on my quiv'ring ſpears
In ſolid gold the ſacred mark appears.

Vexillumque Crucis ſummus dominator adorat.
Id. in Apotheoſi.

See there the Croſs he wav'd on hoſtile ſhores,
The Emperor of all the world adores,

Fig. 15. But to return to our *Labarum*; if you have a mind to ſee it in a ſtate of Paganiſm you have it on a Coin of *Tiberius*. It ſtands between two other Enſigns, and is the mark of a *Roman* Colony where the Medal was ſtamped. By the way you muſt obſerve, that where-ever the *Romans* fixed their ſtandards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themſelves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reaſon their ſtandards were always carryed before them when they went to ſettle themſelves in a Colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verſes in *Silius Italicus*, that make a very far-fetcht compliment to *Fabius*.

Ocyus huc Acquilas ſervataque ſigna referte,
Hic patria eſt, murique urbis ſtant pectore in uno.
Sil. It. Li. 7.

Fig. 16. The following Medal was ſtamped on *Trajan*'s victory over the *Daci*, you ſee on it the figure of *Trajan* preſenting a little *Victory* to *Rome*. Between them lies the conquered province of *Dacia*. It may be worth while to obſerve the particularities in each figure. We ſee abundance of perſons on old Coins that hold a little *Victory* in one hand, like this of *Trajan*, which is always the ſign of a conqueſt. I have ſometimes fancied *Virgil* alludes to this cuſtom in a verſe that *Turnus* ſpeaks.

Non adeo has exoſa manus Victoria fugit.
Virg. Æn. Li. 11.

If

If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to Victory unus'd. Mr. *Dryden.*

The Emperor's standing in a Gown, and making a present of his *Dacian* victory to the city of *Rome*, agrees very well with *Claudian*'s character of him.

——*victura feretur*
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigride victo,
Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
Alta quod invectus stratis capitolia Dacis:
Quam patriæ quod mitis erat——
Claud. de 4*to* Cons. Honor.

Thy glory, *Trajan*, shall for-ever live:
Not that thy arms the *Tigris* mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary *Parthia* bow'd to *Rome*,
Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train
With shouts of triumph for the *Daci* slain:
But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of *Rome* carries the Wand in her hand that is the symbol of her Divinity.

Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine et ipsa
More Deæ)—— Prudent. cont. Sym. Lib. 1.

For *Rome*, a Goddess too can boast her shrine,
With victims stain'd, and sought with rites divine.

As the Globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth.

Terrarum Dea, Gentiumque Roma;
Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum.
Mart. Lib. 12. Epig. 8.

O *Rome*, thou Goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms she sits on signifies the Peace that the Emperor had procured her. On old Coins we often see an Emperor, a *Victory*, the city of *Rome*, or a slave, sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the Peace that arose from such an action as gave occasion to the Medal. I think we cannot doubt but *Virgil* copied out this circumstance from the ancient Sculptors, in that inimitable description he has given us

us of *Military Fury* ſhut up in the Temple of *Janus* and loaden with chains.

Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.
Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd *Fury*, bound in brazen chains:
High on a Trophy rais'd of uſeleſs arms
He ſits, and threats the world with dire alarms.
Mr. *Dryden.*

We are told by the old Scholiaſt, ſays *Eugenius*, that there was actually ſuch a ſtatue in the Temple of *Janus* as that *Virgil* has here deſcribed, which I am almoſt apt to believe, ſince you aſſure us that this part of the deſign is ſo often met with on ancient Medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the Province? Her poſture, ſays *Philander*, is what we often meet with in the ſlaves and captives of old Coins: among the Poets too, ſitting on the ground is a mark of Miſery or Captivity.

Multos illa dies incomtis mæſta capillis
Sederat——— Propert. Li. 1,
O utinam ante tuos ſedeam captiva penates. Id. L. 4.
O might I ſit a captive at thy gate!

Fig. 17. You have the ſame poſture in an old Coin that celebrates a victory of *Lucius Verus* over the *Parthians*. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther inſtance of his ſlavery.

Ecce manus juvenem interea poſt terga revinctum,
Paſtores magno ad Regem clamore ferebant.
Virg. Æn. L. 2.

Mean while, with ſhouts, the *Trojan* ſhepherds bring
A captive *Greek* in bands before the King.
Mr. *Dryden.*

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. Ov. de Faſt.
Cum rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. Propert. Li. 4.

We

We may learn from *Ovid* that it was sometimes the custom to place a slave with his arms bound at the foot of the Trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque super vinctos trunca trophæa viros.

Ov. Ep. ex Ponto. Lib. 4.

You see on his head the cap which the *Parthians*, and indeed most of the eastern nations, wear on Medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the Bonnet in their salutations, for in Medals they still have it on their heads, whether they are before Emperors or Generals, kneeling, sitting, or standing, *Martial* has distinguished them by this cap as their chief characteristic.

Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me
Attritis miserabiles labellis,
Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum :
Jam non est locus hâc in urbe vobis.
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum. Mart. Epig. 72. Li. 10.

In vain, mean flatteries, ye try,
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye:
No man a God or Lord I name:
From *Romans* far be such a shame!
Go teach the supple *Parthian* how
To veil the Bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all prostrate fling
Some *Pict*, before his barb'rous King.

I cannot hear, says *Cynthio*, without a kind of Indignation, the satyrical reflections that *Martial* has made on the memory of *Domitian*. It is certain so ill an Emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of *Martial*. I must confess I am less scandalised at the flatteries the Epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an over-strained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing

but a natural baſeneſs and villany of ſoul. It does not always happen, ſays *Philander*, that the Poet and the honeſt man meet together in the ſame perſon. I think we need enlarge no farther on this Medal, unleſs you have a mind to compare the Trophy on it with that of *Mezentius* in *Virgil*.

Ingentem quercum deciſis undique ramis
Conſtituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes ſanguine criſtas.
Telaque trunca viri, et bis ſex thoraca petitum
Perfoſſumque locis; clypeumque ex ære ſiniſtræ
Subligat, atque enſem collo ſuſpendit eburnum.

Virg. Æn. Lib. 11.

He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her boughs,
Then on a riſing ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the ſpoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Stag in triumph born,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy ſacred to the God of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafleſs wood,
Appear'd his plumy creſt, beſmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was ſeen;
Trunchions of ſhiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his Corſlet, bor'd,
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing ſword.

Mr. *Dryden*.

Fig. 18. On the next Medal you ſee the Peace that *Veſpaſian* procured the Empire after having happily finiſhed all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive-branch in her hand is the figure of *Peace*.

————*pignora pacis*
Prætendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ. Sil. It. Lib. 3.

With the other hand ſhe thruſts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an Altar. This alludes to a cuſtom among the ancient *Romans* of gathering up the armour that lay ſcattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their Deities. It is to this cuſtom that *Virgil* refers, and *Silius Italicus* has deſcribed at large.

Qualis

Qualis eram cùm primam aciem Præneſte ſub ipſâ
Stravi, ſcutorumque incendi victor acervos.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 8

Such as I was beneath *Præneſte*'s walls;
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire.
Mr. *Dryden.*

Aſt tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, conſtructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum conſurgit ad aſtra:
Ipſe manu celſam pinum, flammâque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugnæ, et læti libamina belli,
Hannibal Auſonio cremat hæc de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud ſurde meorum,
Arma electa dicat ſpirantum turba virorum.
Tum face conjectâ, populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et ruptâ caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos. Sil. It. Li. 10.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain pile of *Roman* arms they rear:
The Gen'ral graſping in his Victor hand
A pine of ſtately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And cry'd, O *Mars!* to thee devote I yield
Theſe choice firſt-fruits of Honour's purple field.
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praiſe,
Thy *Hannibal* this vow'd oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for *Latian* laurels won:
Accept this homage, and abſolve thy ſon.——
Then, to the pile the flaming torch he toſt;
In ſmould'ring ſmoke the light of Heav'n is loſt:
But when the fire increaſe of fury gains,
The blaze of Glory gilds the diſtant plains.

Fig. 19, 20. As for the heap of Arms, and mountain of Arms, that the Poet mentions, you may ſee them on two Coins of *Marcus Aurelius*. DE SARMATIS and DE GERMANIS allude perhaps to the form of words that might be uſed at the ſetting fire to them——*Auſonio de nomine.* Thoſe who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on theſe two laſt Medals may think it

an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to ſignify any ſuch alluſion. But they may conſider that on ſeveral Imperial Coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on ſome of them a Flambeau ſticking out on each ſide, to let us know it was to be conſumed to aſhes.

You have been ſo intent on the burning of the Arms, ſays *Cynthio*, that you have forgotten the Pillar on your 18th Medal. You may find the hiſtory of it, ſays *Philander*, in *Ovid de Faſtis*. It was from this Pillar that the ſpear was toſſed at the opening of a war, for which reaſon the little figure on the top of it holds a ſpear in its hand, and *Peace* turns her back upon it.

Proſpicit à templo ſummum brevis area Circum:
Eſt ibi non parvæ parva columna notæ:
Hinc ſolet haſta manu, belli prænuncia, mitti;
In regem et gentes cùm placet arma capi.
Ov. de faſt. Lib. 6.

Where the high Fane the ample Cirque commands,
A little, but a noted pillar ſtands,
From hence, when *Rome* the diſtant Kings defies,
In form the war-denouncing Javelin flies.

Fig. 21. The different interpretations that have been made on the next Medal ſeem to be forced and unnatural. I will therefore give you my own opinion of it. The veſſel is here repreſented as ſtranded. The figure before it ſeems to come in to its aſſiſtance, and to liſt it off the ſhallows: for we ſee the water ſcarce reaches up to the knees, though it is the figure of a man ſtanding on firm ground. His attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, reſemble thoſe the Poets often attribute to *Neptune*. *Homer* tells us, that the Whales leaped up at their God's approach, as we ſee in the Medal. The two ſmall figures that ſtand naked among the waves are Sea-Deities of an inferiour rank, who are ſuppoſed to aſſiſt their Sovereign in the ſuccour he gives the diſtreſſed veſſel.

Cymo-

Cymothoë, simul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo ; levat ipse tridenti,
Et vastas aperit syrtes, et temperat æquor.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 1.

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous Nymphs, the daughter's of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands ;
The God himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands.
Mr. *Dryden.*

Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus socer erigit ulnis.
Val. Flac. Lib. 1.

The interpreters of this Medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked and drawn in a posture rather of triumphing o'er the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of Water-Deities on other Medals represented after the same manner.

Ite Deæ virides, liquidoque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tectæ : quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, et visu Satyros torquetis amantes.
Statius de Balneo Etrusci. Lib. 1.

Haste, haste, ye *Naiads!* with attractive art
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart :
With op'ning flourets bind your sea-green hair,
Unveil'd ; and naked let your limbs appear :
So from the springs the *Satyrs* see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the Medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the Commonwealth of *Rome*, that by the tyranny of *Domitian*, and the insolence of the *Prætorian* Guards under *Nerva*, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is *Trajan* that by the adoption of *Nerva* stems the tide to her relief, and like another *Neptune* shoves her off the quick-sands. Your Device, says

Eugenius, hangs very well together; but is not it liable to the ſame exceptions that you made us laſt night to ſuch explications as have nothing but the writers imagination to ſupport them? To ſhew you, ſays *Philander*, that the conſtruction I put on this Medal is conformabl to the fancies of the old *Romans*, you may obſerve, that *Horace* repreſents at length the Commonwealth of *Rome* under the figure of a ſhip, in the Allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth Ode of his firſt book.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.———

And ſhall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main? Mr. *Creech.*

Nor was any thing more uſual than to repreſent a God in the ſhape and dreſs of an Emperor.

———*Apelleæ cuperent te ſcribere ceræ,*
Optaſſetque novo ſimilem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei ſenior Jovis; et tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua ſidereas imitantia flammas
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aſpera Phœbo.
Statius de Equo Domitiani Syl. 1.

Now had *Apelles* liv'd, he'd ſue to grace
His glowing Tablets with thy godlike face:
Phidias, a Sculptor for the Pow'rs above!
Had wiſh'd to place thee with his Iv'ry *Jove.*
Rhodes, and *Tarentum*, that with Pride ſurvey,
The Thund'rer This, and That the God of day;
Each fam'd *Coloſſus* wou'd exchange for Thee,
And own thy form the loveliеſt of the three.

For the thought in general, you have juſt the ſame metaphorical compliment to *Theodoſius* in *Claudian*, as the Medal here makes to *Trajan.*

Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jamjam ruitura ſubiſſet
Pondera, turbatamque ratem, certâque levaſſet
Naufragium commune manu.———
Claudian. de 4*to* Conſ. Honorii.

Had not thy Sire deferr'd th' impending fate,
And with his ſolid virtue prop'd the ſtate;

Sunk

Sunk in Oblivion's ſhade, the name of *Rome*,
An empty name! had ſcarce ſurviv'd her doom:
Half-wreck'd ſhe was, 'till his auſpicious hand
Reſum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I ſhall only add, that this Medal was ſtamped in honour of *Trajan*, when he was only *Cæſar*, as appears by the face of it —— SARI TRAIANO.

Fig. 22. The next is a reverſe of *Marcus Aurelius*. We have on it a *Minerva* mounted on a monſter, that *Auſonius* deſcribes in the following verſes.

Illa etiam Thalamos per trina ænigmata quærens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia ſolus;
Terruit Aoniam Volucris, Leo, Virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.

To form the monſter *Sphinx*, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beaſt, by nature were combin'd:
With feather'd fans ſhe wing'd th' aerial ſpace;
And on her feet the Lion claws diſgrace
The bloomy features of a Virgin-face.
O'er pale *Aönia* pannic horror ran,
While in myſterious ſpeech ſhe thus began:
" What Animal when yet the Morn is new,
" Walks on Four legs infirm; at Noon on Two:
" But day declining to the weſtern ſkies,
" He needs a Third; a Third the Night ſupplies?

The monſter, ſays *Cynthio*, is a Sphinx, but for her meaning on this Medal, I am not *OEdipus* enough to unriddle it. I muſt confeſs, ſays *Philander*, the Poets fail me in this particular. There is however a paſſage in *Pauſanias* that I will repeat to you, though it is in proſe, ſince I know no body elſe that has explained the Medal by it. The *Athenians*, ſays he, drew a Sphinx on the armour of *Pallas*, by reaſon of the ſtrength and ſagacity of this animal. The Sphinx therefore ſignifies the ſame as *Minerva* herſelf, who was the Goddeſs of arms as well as wiſdom, and deſcribes the Emperor as one of the Poets expreſſes it,——

——*Studiis florentem utriuſque Minervæ.*

Whom both *Minerva*'s boaſt t' adopt their own.

The *Romans* joined both devices together, to make

the emblem the more significant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent Emperor, who was the best Philosopher and the greatest General of his Age.

Fig. 23. We will close up this Series of Medals with one that was stamped under *Tiberius* to the memory of *Augustus*. Over his head you see the star that his father *Julius Cæsar* was supposed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum. Virg. Ecl. 9.

See, *Cæsar*'s lamp is lighted in the skies. Mr. *Dryden.*

——micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. Hor.

——*Julius Cæsar*'s light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous *Moon* amidst the meaner stars.
Mr. *Creech.*

Vix ea fatus erat, mediâ cùm sede senatûs
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, suique
Cæsaris eripuit membris, nec in aëra solvi
Passa recentem animam, cœlestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit lumen cupere atque ignescere sensit,
Emisitque sinu: Lunâ evolat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem,
Stella micat.—— Ov. Met. Lib. 15.

This spoke; the Goddess to the Senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her *Cæsar*'s heav'nly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent Soul to waste to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And kindling, as it soar'd, a Comet grew;
Above the lunar Sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light. Mr. *Welsted.*

Virgil draws the same figure of *Augustus* on *Æneas*'s shield as we see on this Medal. The Commentators tell us, that the star was engraven on *Augustus* helmet, but we may be sure *Virgil* means such a figure of

of the Emperor as he uſed to be repreſented by in the *Roman* ſculpture, and ſuch a one as we may ſuppoſe this to be that we have before us.

Hinc Auguſtus agens Italos in prælia Cæſar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celſâ in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice ſidus.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

Young *Cæſar* on the ſtern in armour bright,
Here leads the *Romans*, and the Gods, to fight:
His beamy temples ſhoot their flames aſar:
And o'er his head is hung the *Julian* ſtar.
Mr. *Dryden.*

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his Apotheoſis, that makes him as it were a companion of *Jupiter*. Thus the Poets of his own age that deified him living.

Diviſum Imperium cum Jove Cæſar habet. Virg.
Hic ſocium ſummo cum Jove numen habet. Ov.
———*regit Auguſtus ſocio per ſigna Tonante.*
Manil. Lib. 1.

Sed tibi debetur cœlum, te fulmine pollens,
Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis.
Ov. de Auguſto ad Liviam.

He wears on his head the *Corona Radiata*, which at that time was another type of his Divinity. The ſpikes that ſhoot out from the crown were to repreſent the rays of the Sun. There were twelve of them, in alluſion to the Signs of the *Zodiac*. It is this kind of crown that *Virgil* deſcribes.

———*ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis ſex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi ſpecimen——— Virg. Æn. Lib. 12.

Four ſteeds the chariots of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day.
Mr. *Dryden.*

Fig. 24. If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a repreſentation of the Sun, you may ſee it in the figure of *Apollo* on the next reverſe, where his head

is encompaſſed with ſuch an arch of glory as *Ovid* and *Statius* mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleaſure.

——*at genitor circum caput omne micantes*
Depoſuit radios—— Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.
The tender Sire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.
Impoſuitque comæ radios—— Ibid.
Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.
——*licet ignipedum frænator equorum*
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat——
Statius. Theb. Lib. 1. ad Domitian.
Tho' *Phœbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine. Mr. *Pope.*

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is ſuppoſed to drive the horſes of the Sun: as in a pretty paſſage of *Ovid*, that ſome of his editors muſt needs fancy ſpurious.

Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
Phœbus equos, ſtimuloque dolens et verbere ſævit:
Sævit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.
Ov. Met. Lib. 2.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds that ſtill with horrour ſhook,
And plies 'em with the laſh, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his ſon.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams, that pierce through ſuch an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly *Lucretius* calls them the darts of the day, as *Auſonius* to make a ſort of witticiſm has followed his example.

Non radii ſolis, neque lucida tela Diei. Lucr.
Exultant udæ ſuper arida ſaxa rapinæ,
Luciferique pavent letalia tela Diei.
De piſcibus captis. Auſ. Eid. 10.
Caligo terræ ſcinditur,
Percuſſa ſola ſpiculo. Prud. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a ſample of ſuch emblematical Medals as are unriddled by the *Latin* Poets, and have

have ſhown ſeveral paſſages in the *Latin* Poets that receive an illuſtration from Medals. Some of the Coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the ſame explication put upon them, but as this explication has been ſupported by no authority, it can at beſt be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, ſays *Eugenius*, there cannot be any more authentic illuſtrations of *Roman* Medals, eſpecially of thoſe that are full of fancy, than ſuch as are drawn out of the *Latin* Poets. For as there is a great affinity between Deſigning and Poetry, ſo the *Latin* Poets, and the Deſigners of the *Roman* Medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the ſame cuſtoms, converſant with the ſame objects, and bred up to the ſame reliſh for wit and fancy. But who are the Ladies that we are next to examine? Theſe are, ſays *Philander*, ſo many Cities, Nations and Provinces that preſent themſelves to you under the ſhape of women. What you take for a fine Lady at firſt ſight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In ſhort, you have now *Afric*, *Spain*, *France*, *Italy*, and ſeveral other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleaſanteſt Maps, ſays *Cynthio*, that I ever ſaw. Your Geographers now and then fancy a country like a Leg or a Head, a Bear or a Dragon, but I never before ſaw them repreſented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, ſeas and promontories could have made up an aſſembly of ſuch well-ſhaped perſons. This therefore, ſays *Philander*, is a Geography peculiar to to the Medalliſts. The Poets however have ſometimes given into it, and furniſh us with very good lights for the explication of it. The firſt Lady you ſee on the Liſt is *Africa*. She carries an Elephant's tooth by her ſide. *Third Series.* Fig. 1.

Dentibus

Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes,
Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obſcurior Indus :
Et quos depoſuit Nabathæo bellua ſaltu,
Jam nimios, capitique graves——— Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiff'd with the head of an Elephant, to ſhew that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the ſame reaſon ſhe has a Dragon lying at her feet.

Huic varias peſtes, diverſaque membra ferarum,
Conceſſit bellis natura infeſta futuris ;
Horrendos angues, habitataque membra veneno,
Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ ;
Et vaſtos Elephantes habet, ſævoſque Leones,
In pœnas fœcunda ſuas, parit horrida tellus.
Manil. Lib. 4. de Africâ.

Here Nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monſters, inſtruments of future wars ;
Here Snakes, thoſe Cells of poyſon, take their birth,
Thoſe living crimes and grievance of the earth ;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the deſart ſhore
Hears Elephants, and frightful Lions roar. Mr. *Creech.*

Lucan in his deſcription of the ſeveral noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying Dragon that we ſee on this Medal.

Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
Serpitis aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
Peſtiferos ardens facit Africa : ducitis altum
Aëra cum pennis, armentaque tota ſecuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros ;
Nec tutus ſpatio eſt Elephas ; datis omnia letho :
Nec vobis opus eſt ad noxia fata veneno. Luc. Lib. 9.

And you, ye Dragons ! of the ſcaly race,
Whom glittering gold and ſhining armours grace,
In other nations harmleſs are you found,
Their guardian Genii and Protectors own'd ;
In *Afric* only are you fatal ; there,
On wide-expanded wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air ;
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some maſter of the herd, ſome mighty Bull ;
Around his ſtubborn ſides your tails you twiſt
By force compreſs, and burſt his brawny cheſt.

Not

Not Elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your Might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid. Mr. *Rowe.*

The bull that appears on the other side of the Dragon, shows us that *Africk* abounds in agriculture.

——————*tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,*
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas. Juv. Sat. 5.
——————No more plough up the ground,
O *Libya*, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more.
Mr. *Bowles.*

This part of the world has always on Medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was indeed the great granary of *Italy*. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *Cornu-copiæ*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.

Sed quâ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur fœcunda veneno:
Felix quà pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
NecCererеEnnæâ, Pharioнec victa colono. Sil. It. Li. 1.
Frumenti quantum metit Africa— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 2.
——*segetes mirantur Iberas*
Horrea; nec Libyæ senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transalpinâ contenti messe Quirites.
Claud. in Eutrop. Lib. 1.

Fig. 2. The Lion on the second Medal marks her out for the

——————*Leonum*
Arida nutrix. Hor.

Fig. 3. The Scorpion on the third is another of her productions, as *Lucan* mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

——————*quis fata putaret*
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verbere sævus,
Teste tulit cœlo victi decus Orionis. Luc. Lib. 9.
Who, that the Scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready Death his call obeys?

Threat'-

Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high.
The vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the ſky.
Mr. *Rowe.*

The three figures you have here ſhown us, ſays *Eugenius*, give me an idea of a deſcription or two in *Claudian*, that I muſt confeſs I did not before know what to make of. They repreſent *Africa* in the ſhape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dreſs that ſhe wears on old Coins.

———*mediis apparet in aſtris*
Africa, reſciſſæ veſtes, et ſpicea paſſim
Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pendebat ebur— Claud. de Bel. Gild.

Next *Afric*, mounting to the bleſt Abodes,
Penſive approach'd the Synod of the Gods:
No arts of dreſs the weeping Dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn:
The fillets, grac'd with teeth in Ivory rows,
Broke and diſorder'd dangle on her brows,
Tum ſpicis et dente comas illuſtris eburno,
Et calido rubicunda die, ſic Africa fatur.
Claud. de Conſ. Stil. Lib. 2.

I think, ſays *Philander*, there is no queſtion but the Poet has copied out in his deſcription the figure that *Africa* made in ancient ſculpture and painting. The next before us is *Egypt*. Her baſket of wheat ſhows us the great fruitfulneſs of the country, which is cauſed by the inundations of the *Nile*.

Fig. 4.

Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta eſt Ægyptas: at inde
Gurgite ſepteno rapidus mare ſummovit amnis:
Terra ſuis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in ſolo tanta eſt fiducia Nilo. Luc. Lib. 8.

By nature ſtrengthned with a dang'rous ſtrand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatneſs of her plenteous ſoil,
She plants her only confidence in *Nile*. Mr. *Rowe.*

The inſtrument in her hand is the *Siſtrum* of the *Ægyptians*, made uſe of in the worſhip of the Goddeſs *Iſis*.

——*Nilo.*

———*Nilotica ſiſtris*
Rica ſonat——— Claud. de. 4*to* Conſ. Honor.

On Medals you ſee it in the hand of *Ægypt*, of *Iſis*, or any of her Worſhippers. The Poets too make the ſame uſe of it, as *Virgil* has placed it in *Cleopatria*'s hand, to diſtinguiſh her from an *Egyptian*.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina ſiſtro.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The Queen her ſelf, amidſt the loud alarms,
With Cymbals toſs'd, her fainting ſoldiers warms.
Mr. *Dryden.*

———*reſtabant Actia bella,*
Atque ipſa Iſiaco certârunt fulmina ſiſtro. Manil. Lib. 1.
———*imitataque Lunam*
Cornua fulſerunt, crepuitque ſonabile ſiſtrum.
De Iſide. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

———The lunar horns, that bind
The brows of *Iſis*, caſt a blaze around;
The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring ſound.
Mr. *Dryden*

Quid tua nunc Iſis tibi, Delia? quid mihi profunt
Illa tuâ toties æra repulſa manu? Tib. Lib. 1. El. 3.
Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Iſin,
Semideoſque canes, et ſiſtra jubentia luctus. Luc. Lib. 8.
Have we with honours dead *Oſiris* crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the Timbrel's tinkling ſound?
Receiv'd her *Iſis* to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with *Roman* Gods?
Mr. *Rowe.*

The bird before her is the *Egyptian Ibis*. This figure however does not repreſent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may gueſs by the pedeſtal it ſtands upon, for the *Egyptians* worſhipped it as a God.

Quis neſcit, Voluſi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin:
Effigies ſacri nitet aurea Circopitheci Juv. Sat. 15.
How *Egypt*, mad with ſuperſtition grown,
Makes Gods of monſters, but too well is known:

One

One ſect devotion to *Nile*'s ſerpent pays;
Others to *Ibis*, that on ſerpents preys.
Where *Thebes*, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd *Memnon*'s magic harp is heard,
Where theſe are mould'ring left, the ſots combine
With pious care a Monkey to enſhrine. Mr. *Tate*.

Venerem precaris? comprecare et Simiam.
Placet ſacratus aſpis Æſculapii?
Crocodilus, Ibis et Canes cur diſplicent?
Prudentius. Pas. 1. Romani.

Fig. 5. We have *Mauritania* on the fifth Medal, leading a horſe with ſomething like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old Coins you ſee it much more diſtinctly. In her other hand ſhe holds a ſwitch. We have the deſign of this Medal in the following deſcriptions that celebrate the *Moors* and *Numidians*, Inhabitants of *Mauritania*, for their horſemanſhip.

Hic paſſim exultant Numidæ, gens inſcia fræni:
Queis inter geminas per ludum mobillis aures
Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis:
Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,
Tellus——— Sil. It. Li. 4.

On his hot Steed unus'd to curb or rein,
The black *Numidian* prances o'er the plain:
A wand betwixt his ears directs the courſe,
And as a bridle turns th' obedient horſe.

———*an Mauri fremitum raucoſque repulſus.*
Umbonum et noſtros paſſuri, comminus enſes?
Non contra clypeis tectos, galeiſque micantes
Ibitis; in ſolis longè fiducia telis.
Exarmatus erit, cum miſſile torſerit, hoſtis.
Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia lævâ,
Cætera nudus Eques; ſonipes ignarus habenæ:
Virga regit, non ulla fides non agminis ordo;
Arma oneri——— Claud. de Bel. Gilden.

Can *Moors* ſuſtain the preſs, in cloſe-fought fields,
Of ſhorten'd Faulchions, and repelling ſhields?
Againſt a hoſt of quiv'ring ſpears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe:

The

The naked foe, who vainly truſts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart:
His dart the right hand ſhakes, the left uprears
His robe, beneath his tender ſkin appears.
Their Steeds un-rein'd, obey the horſeman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march, or ſtand:
In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The horſe too may ſtand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur Equi, bella hæc armenta minantur.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 3.

Fig. 6. From *Africa* we will croſs over into *Spain*. There are learned Medalliſts, that tell us, the Rabbet which you ſee before her feet, may ſignifie either the great multitude of theſe Animals that are found in *Spain*, or perhaps the ſeveral mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the *Latin* word *Cuniculus* ſignifying either a Rabbet or a Mine. But theſe Gentlemen do not conſider, that it is not the Word but the Figure that appears on the Medal. *Cuniculus* may ſtand for a Rabbet or a Mine, but the picture of a Rabbet is not the picture of a Mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be tranſlated. When the word is conſtrued into its idea the double meaning vaniſhes. The figure therefore before us means a real Rabbet, which is there found in vaſt multitudes.

Cuniculoſæ Celtiberiæ fili. Catul. in Egnatium.

The Olive-branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in Olives, as it is for this reaſon that *Claudian* in his deſcription of *Spain* binds an Olive-branch about her head.

——*glaucis tum prima Minervæ*
Nexa comam foliis, fulvâque intexta micantem
Veſte Tagum, tales profert Hiſpania voces.
Claud. de Laud. Stil. Li. 2.

Thus *Spain*, whoſe brows the olive wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a *Tagus* ſtreams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greateſt rivers in *Spain*.

Bætus

Bætis olivifera crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat.— Mar. l. 12. Ep. 99.

Fair *Bætis!* Olives wreath thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloath'ſt the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty ſmile,
While *Bacchus* wine beſtows, and *Pallas* oil.

And *Prudentius* of one of its eminent towns.

Tu decem ſanctos revehes et octo,
Cæſar Auguſta ſtudioſa Chriſti,
Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. Prud. Hymn. 4.

Fig. 7. *France*, you ſee, has a ſheep by her, not only as a ſacrifice, but to ſhew that the riches of the country conſiſted chiefly in flocks and paſturage. Thus *Horace* mentioning the commodities of different countries,

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læſtrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Langueſcit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Creſcunt vellera paſcuis. Hor. Od. 16. Li. 3.

Tho' no *Calabrian* Bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich *Campania* ſent,
In my ignoble caſks ferment;
No flocks in *Gallic* plains grow fat;— Mr. *Creech.*

She carries on her ſhoulders the *Sagulum* that *Virgil* ſpeaks of as the habit of the ancient *Gauls.*

Aurea cæſaries ollis, atque aurea veſtis:
Virgatis lucent ſagulis—— Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The gold diſſembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their veſts—— Mr. *Dryden.*

She is drawn in a poſture of ſacrificing for the ſafe arrival of the Emperor, as we may learn from the inſcription. We find in the ſeveral Medals that were ſtruck on *Adrian*'s progreſs through the Empire, that at his arrival they offered a ſacrifice to the Gods for the reception of ſo great a bleſſing. *Horace* mentions this cuſtom.

Tum

18

19

20

21

22

23

COS
S C
III

1

FELIX ADVENTVS AVGVSTI
PEN

2

AFRICA
S C

3

AFRICA
S C

4

AEGIPTOS
S C

5

MAVRETANIA
S C

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars: et O Sol
Pulcher, ó laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.———
Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener solvet vitulus—— Hor. Od. 2. Lib. 4.

And there, if any patient ear
My Muse's feeble song will hear,
My voice shall sound thro' *Rome*:
Thee, Sun, I'll sing thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praise, when *Cæsar*'s come.———
Ten large fair bulls, ten lusty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my small stock of kine
A calf just wean'd——— Mr. *Creech.*

Fig. 8. *Italy* has a *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness.

—*magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus.* Virg. Geor. 3.

a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her. *Lucan* has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing her self to *Julius Cæsar.*

Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago:
Clara per obscuram vultu mœstissima noctem,
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
Cæsarie lacerâ, nudisque adstare lacertis,
Et Gemitu permista loqui—— Lucan. Lib. 1.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight;
Her awful head *Rome*'s rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the Matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted e're she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.
Mr. *Rowe.*

She holds a scepter in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to shew that she is the Sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the Sun and Stars

Stars fall on her dominions. *Claudian* makes the ſame compliment to *Rome*.

Ipſa triumphatis quæ poſſidet æthera regnis.
Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conſ.

Jupiter arce ſuâ totum dum ſpectat in orbem,
Nil niſi Romanum quod tueatur habet.
Ov. de faſt. lib. 1

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe ſurveys,
But what to *Rome* ſubmiſſive homage pays.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat,
Quà mare, quà tellus, quà ſidus currit utrumque. Pet.

Now *Rome*, ſole Empreſs, reigns from pole to pole,
Where ever earth extends, or oceans roll.

Fig. 9. The picture that *Claudian* makes of *Rome* one would think was copied from the next Medal.

——innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ:
Nam neque cæſarium crinali ſtringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto:
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, laxumque coercens
Mordet gemma ſinum——
Clipeus Titana luceſſit
Lumine, quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte;
Hic patrius, Mavortis amor, fœtuſque notantur
Romulei, poſt amnis ineſt, et bellua nutrix.
Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conſ.

No coſtly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Bold on the right her naked arm ſhe ſhows,
And half the boſom's unpolluted ſnows;
Whilſt on the left is buckled o'er her breaſt,
In diamond claſps the military veſt,
The Sun was dazled as her ſhield ſhe rear'd,
Where, varied o'er by *Mulciber*, appear'd
The loves of *Mars* her Sire, fair *Ilia*'s joys,
The wolf, the *Tyber*, and the infant boys.

Fig. 10. The next figure is *Achaia*.

I am ſorry, ſays *Cynthio*, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have ſhown us our own nation, when you were ſo near us as *France*.

I have here, says *Philander*, one of *Augustus's Britania's*. You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her Inhabitants. This is, I think the only commendable quality that the old Poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the *Latin* Poets, that give any account of us, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our Forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, Cruel and Inhospitable are the best terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention therefore those parts only that relate to the present Medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is Mistress of a new world, separate from that which the *Romans* had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient Poets. *Fig.* 11.

Et penitus toto divisos, orbe Britannos. Virg. Ec. 1.
The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. Mr. *Dryden.*

Adspice, confundit populos inpervia tellus:
Conjunctum, est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.
Vt. Poet. apud Scalig. Catul.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes.
Id. de Britannia et opposito Continente.

——*nostro diducto Britannia mundo.* Claud.

Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,
Vincendos alio quæsivit in orbe Britannos. Id.

The feet of *Britannia* are wash'd by the waves, in the same Poet.

——*cujus vestigia verrit*
Cærulus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.
Id. de Laud. Stil. Lib. 2.

She

She bears a *Roman* Enſign in one of her hands, to confeſs herſelf a conquered province.

——————*victricia Cæſar*
Signa Caledonios tranſvexit ad uſque Britannos.
Sidon. Apollin.

Fig. 10 But to return to *Achaia*, whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor *Adrian*. She has a pot before her with a ſprig of Parſly riſing out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull ſtory of *Hercules*'s eating a ſallade of Parſly for his refreſhment, after his encounter with the *Nemean* Lion. It is certain, there were in *Achaia* the *Nemean* Games, and that a garland of Parſly was the Victor's reward. You have an account of theſe Games in *Auſonius*.

Quatuor antiquos celebravit Achäia Ludos,
Cœlicolum duo ſunt, et duo feſta hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phœbique, Palæmonis, Archemorique:
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium.
Auſ. de Luſtral. Agon.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
For Heroes two, and two for Gods ordain'd:
Jove bade the Olive round his Victor wave;
Phœbus to his an Apple-garland gave:
The Pine, *Palæmon*; nor with leſs renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the Parſly-crown.

Archemori Nemeæ colunt funebria Thebæ. Id de locis Ag.
—*Alcides Nemeæ ſacravit honorem.* de Auct. Agon. Id.
Archemori Nemeæ colunt funebria Thebæ. Id.

One reaſon why they choſe Parſly for a Garland, was doubtleſs becauſe it always preſerves its verdure, as *Horace* oppoſes it to the ſhort liv'd Lilly.

Neu vivax apium, nec breve lilium. Lib. 1. Od. 36.
Let fading Lillies and the Roſe
Their beauty, and their ſmell diſcloſe;
Let long-liv'd Parſly grace the feaſt,
And gently cool the heated gueſt. Mr. *Creech.*

Juvenal mentions the Crown that was made of it, and which here ſurrounds the head of *Achaia*.

——*Graiæque opium meruiſſe coronæ.* Juv. Sat. 8.
And winning at a Wake their Parſly crown. M. *Stepney*

She preſents herſelf to the Emperor in the ſame poſture

ſture that the *Germans* and *Engliſh* ſtill ſalute the Imperial and Royal family.

———*jus imperiumque Phraates*
Cæſaris accepit genibus minor.— Hor. Epiſt. 12. Lib. 1.
The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæſar* kneels. M. *Creech.*
Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes. Senec. Thyeſt. Act. 3.
———*Non ut inflexo genu,*
Regnantem adores, petimus. Idem.
Te linguis variæ gentes, miſſique rogatum
Fœdera Perſarum proceres cum patre ſedentem,
Hac quondam vidêre domo peſitaque tiara
Submiſêre genu.——— Claud. ad Honorium.
Thy infant Virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to ſound thy praiſe conſpir'd:
Thee next the Sovereign ſeat, the *Perſians* view'd,
When in this Regal Dome for peace they ſu'd:
Each Turban low, in ſign of worſhip, wav'd;
And every knee confeſt the boon they crav'd.

Fig, 12. *Sicily* appears before *Adrian* in the ſame poſture. She has a bundle of Corn in her hand, and a Garland of it on her head, as ſhe abounds in wheat, and was conſecrated to *Ceres*.

Utraque frugiferis eſt Inſula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Heſperiam longinquis meſſibus ullæ,
Nec Romana magis complerunt horrea terræ.
De Sicilia et Sardinia. Lu. Lib. 2.
Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous tribute yields?
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more plenty to the *Roman* coaſt. Mr. *Rowe.*
Terra tribus ſcopulis vatum procurrit in æquor
Trinacris, à poſitu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cereri, multas ibi poſſidet urbes:
In quibus eſt culto fertilis Henna ſolo. Ov. de Faſt. li. 4.
To *Ceres* dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall Capes, and thence *Trinacria* nam'd:
There *Henna* well rewards the tiller's toil,
The faireſt Champian of the faireſt Iſle.

Fig. 13. We find *Judæa* on ſeveral coins of *Veſpaan* and *Titus*, in a poſture that denotes ſorrow and captivity.

captivity. The first figure of her is drawn to the life, in a picture that *Seneca* has given us of the *Trojan* matrons bewailing their captivity.

——paret exertos
Turba lacertos. Veste remissâ
Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus
Pateant artus——
——cadat ex humeris
Vestis apertis: inumque tegat
Suffulta latas, jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras, nunc nunc vires
Exprome, Dolor, tuas.
Hecuba ad Trojanarum chorum. Sen. Troas. Act. 1.

——Bare
Your arms, your vestures slackly ty'd
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your wastes——
——Let
From your divested shoulders slide
Your garments, down on either side.
Now bared bosoms call for blows,
Now, Sorrow, all thy pow'rs disclose. Sir *Ed. Sherburn.*

——apertæ pectora matres
Significant luctum—— Ov. Met. Li. 13.

Who bar'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
The signs of grief, and mark of publick woe.

The head is veil'd in both figures, as another expression of grief.

——ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput
Velata, juxta præsides astat Deos. Sen. Herc. Act. 2.
Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obduxit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque recernis
Delituit: sævumque arctè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.
Luc. Li. 9. de Cornelia.

So said the Matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade;
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome Hold below:

There

There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with fresh tears the living grief wou'd feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead. Mr. *Rowe.*

I need not mention her sitting on the ground, because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy, says *Eugenius*, the *Romans* might have an eye on the customs of the *Jewish* nation, as well as of those of their country, in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The Psalmist describes the *Jews* lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. *By the waters of* Babylon *we sat down and wept, when we remembred thee, O* Sion. But what is more remarkable, we find *Judæa* represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground, in a passage of the Prophet, that foretells the very captivity recorded on this Medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in Holy Scripture, as the expressions of a raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these Medals? We find, says *Philander*, not only on these, but on several other coins that relate to *Judæa*, the figure of a Palm-tree, to show us that Palms are the growth of the country. Thus *Silius Italicus*, speaking of *Vespasian*'s conquest, that is the subject of this Medal.

Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen. Sil. It. li. 3.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of *Judæa*, and had generally something of the Palm-tree in them. It begins an Epigram on the death of *Scorpus* a chariot-driver, which in those degenerate times of the Empire was look'd upon as a public calamity.

Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
Plange Favour sæva pectora nuda manu.
Mart. Lib. 10. Epig. 50.

The man by the Palm-tree in the first of these Medals, is supposed to be a *Jew* with his hands bound behind him.

Fig. 14. I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other Medal is a *Victory*. She is represented here as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registring a *Victory* touched upon in *Virgil*, and *Silius Italicus*.

Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;
Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma. Vir. Æn. Li. 3.

I fix'd upon the Temple's lofty door
The brazen shield, which vanquish'd *Abas* bore:
The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
" These arms *Æneas* took from conqu'ring *Greeks*.
Mr. *Dryden*.

Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
Hasdrubalis spolium Gradivo Scipio victor.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 15.

High on *Pyrene*'s airy top they plac'd,
The captive Shield, with this inscription grac'd:
" Sacred to *Mars*, these votive spoils proclaim
" The fate of *Asdrubal*, and *Scipio*'s fame.

Fig. 15. *Parthia* has on one side of her the Bow and Quiver which are so much talked of by the Poets. *Lucan*'s account of the *Parthians* is very pretty and poetical.

——*Parthoque sequente*
Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ——
Illita tela dolis, nec Martem comminus unquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
Et, quo ferre, velint, permittere vulnera ventis.
Luc. l. 8.

Each fence, that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure——
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air. Mr. *Rowe*.
——*Sagittiferosque Parthos.* Catul.

The Crown she holds in her hand, refers to the crown of gold that *Parthia*, as well as other provinces, presented to the Emperor *Antonine*. The presenting a Crown, was the giving up the sovereignty into his hands.

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit—— Vir. Æn. Li. 8.

Tarchon

Tarchon the *Tuscan* Chief to me has sent
Their Crown, and ev'ry regal ornament. Mr. *Dryden.*

Fig. 16. *Antioch* has an Anchor by her, in memory of her founder *Seleucus*, whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe Historians. *Ausonius* has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

———————*Illa Seleucum*
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit Anchora signum,
Qualis inusta solet; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.
Aus. Ordo Nobil Urbium.

Thee, great *Seleucus*, bright in *Grecian* fame!
The tow'rs of *Antioch* for their founder claim:
Thee *Phœbus* at thy birth his son confest,
By the fair Anchor on the babe impreſt;
Which all thy genuine off-spring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmissive thro' the race.

Fig. 17. *Smyrna* is always represented by an *Amazon*, that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here entring into a league with *Thyatira*. Each of them holds her tutelar Deity in her hand.

Jus ille, et icti fœderis testes Deos
Invocat———— Sen. Phœnissæ. Act. 1.

On the left arm of *Smyrna*, the *Pelta* or Buckler of the *Amazons*, as the long weapon by her is the *Bipennis* or *Securis*.

Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.
Ov. Li. 3. Epist. 1. ex Pont.

Lunatis agmina peltis. Virg.
In their right hands a pointed Dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar Shield.
Mr. *Dryden.*

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici quibus;
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli. Hor. Od. 4. Li 4.

Such *Druſus* did in arms appear,
When near the *Alps* he urg'd the war;
In vain the *Rhæti* did their axes wield,
Like *Amazons* they fought, like women fled the field:
But why thoſe ſavage troops this weapon chuſe,
Confirm'd by long eſtabliſh'd uſe,
Hiſtorians would in vain diſcloſe.

Fig. 18. The dreſs that *Arabia* appears in, brings to my mind the deſcription *Lucan* has made of thoſe eaſtern nations.

Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.
Illic et laxas veſtes, et fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides.———— Luc. Lib. 8.

While *Aſia*'s ſofter climate, form'd to pleaſe,
Diſſolves her ſons in indolence and eaſe.
Her ſilken robes inveſt unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing Purple ſtreams.
Mr. *Rowe.*

She bears in one hand a ſprig of frankincenſe.

——*ſolis eſt thurea virga Sabeis.* Virg.

And od'rous frankincenſe on the *Sabæan* bough.
Mr. *Dryden.*

Thuriferos Arabum ſaltus. Claud. de 3. Conſ. Honor.
Thurilegos Arabas———— Ov. de Faſ. Lib. 4.

In the other hand you ſee the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head may be ſuppoſed to be woven out of ſome other part of her fragrant productions.

Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias, variæque novos radicis honores;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
Et terræ mare nomen habet——
De ſinu Arabico. Manil. Lib. 4.

More weſt the other ſoft *Arabia* beats,
Where incenſe grows, and pleaſing odour ſweats:
The Bay is call'd th' *Arabian* gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame.
Mr. *Creech.*

Urantur

Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs.
Tibul. Lib. 2. El. 2.

——————*sit dives amomo,*
Cinnamaque, coſtumque ſuam, ſudataque ligno
Thura ferat, floreſque alios Panchaïa tellus,
Dum ferat et Myrrham. Ov. Met. Lib. 10.

Let *Araby* extol her happy coaſt,
Her Cinamon, and ſweet *Amomum* boaſt,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double Years:
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd, that *Myrrha* bears?
Mr. *Dryden.*

——*Odoratæ ſpirant medicamina Sylvæ.* Manil.
The trees drop balſam, and on all the boughs
Health ſits, and makes it ſovereign as it flows.
Mr. *Creech.*

Cinnami ſylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit.—— Sen. OEdip. Act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, ſays *Cynthio?* a man almoſt ſmells it in the deſcriptions that are made of it. The Camel is in *Arabia*, I ſuppoſe, a beaſt of burden, that helps to carry off its ſpices. We find the Camel, ſays *Philander*, mentioned in *Perſius* on the ſame account.

Tolle recens primus piper è ſitiente Camelo. Perſ. Sat. 5.
——————The precious weight
Of pepper, and *Sabæan* incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back.
Mr. *Dryden.*

He loads the Camel with pepper, becauſe the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the ſame country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat ſub ſole recenti
Rugoſum piper Id. Sat. 5.
The greedy Merchants, led by lucre run
To the parch'd *Indies* and the riſing Sun;

From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Barter'ring for ſpices their *Italian* ware. Mr. *Dryden.*

You have given us ſome quotations out of *Perſius* this morning, ſays *Eugenius*, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for paſſing ſo ſevere a cenſure on this Author. He fancies the deſcription of a Wreck that you have already cited, is too good for *Perſius*, and that he might be helpt in it by *Lucan*, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, ſays *Cynthio*, I am ſo far from Mr. *Dryden*'s opinion in this particular, that I fancy *Perſius* a better Poet than *Lucan:* and that had he been engaged on the ſame ſubject, he would at leaſt in his Expreſſions and Deſcriptions have out-writ the *Pharſalia*. He was indeed employ'd on ſubjects that ſeldom led him into any thing like Deſcription, but where he has an occaſion of ſhewing himſelf, we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a greater beauty to their Expreſſions. His obſcurities are indeed ſometimes affected, but they generally ariſe from the remoteneſs of the Cuſtoms, Perſons and Things he alludes to: as Satyr is for this reaſon more difficult to be underſtood by thoſe that are not of the ſame Age with it, than any other kind of Poetry. Love-verſes and Heroics deal in Images that are ever fixed and ſettled in the nature of things, but a thouſand ideas enter into Satyr, that are as changeable and unſteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had paſſed away the whole morning among their Medals and *Latin* Poets. *Philander* told them it was now too late to enter on another Series, but if they would take up with ſuch a Dinner as he could meet with at his Lodgings he would afterwards lay the reſt of his Medals before them. *Cynthio* and *Eugenius* were both of them ſo well pleaſed with the novelty of the ſubject, that they would not refuſe the offer *Philander* made them.

DIALOGUE III.

——causa est discriminis hujus
Concisum Argentum in titulos facieſque minutas. Juv. Sat. 14.

A PARALLEL between the Ancient and Modern MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in the neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the *Thames*. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful alleys, which terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective. The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at Sunrising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the Author's imagination; and if they are not charming in all their parts, the Reader never imputes it to the want of fan or foil, but to the Writer's barrenness of invention. It is *Cicero*'s observation on the Plane-tree, that makes so flourishing a figure in one of *Plato*'s Dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of

the ſtile that deſcribes it. For my own part, as I deſign only to fix the ſcene of the following Dialogue, I ſhall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than thoſe which nature has beſtowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air ſuch a freſhneſs as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joined by *Cynthio* and *Eugenius*. *Cynthio* immediately fell upon *Philander* for breaking his night's reſt. You have ſo filled my head, ſays he, with old Coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inſcriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little ſlumber, it was immediately interrupted with the viſion of a *Caduceus* or a *Cornu-copiæ*. You will make me believe, ſays *Philander*, that you begin to be reconciled to Medals. They ſay it is a ſure ſign a man loves money, when he is uſed to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, ſays *Eugenius*, ſomething like Avarice in the ſtudy of Medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he deſires to know. There is one ſubject in particular that *Cynthio*, as well as my ſelf, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the Ancient and Modern Medals differ from one another, and which of them deſerves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a ſubject, ſays *Philander*, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be neceſſary to take them in pieces, and to ſpeak of the difference that ſhews it ſelf in their Metals, in the Occaſion of ſtamping them, in the Inſcriptions, and in the Figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your ſubject, ſays *Cynthio*, be ſo kind as to enter on it without any further preface.

We ſhould firſt of all, ſays *Philander*, conſider the difference of the Metals that we find in ancient and modern Coins, but as this ſpeculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuſe me if I do

not

not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were Coins of iron or lead among the old *Romans*, and if a man is well acquainted with the Device of a Medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the Medal it self be of copper or *Corinthian* brass. There is however so great a difference between the antique and modern Medals, that I have seen an Antiquary lick an old Coin among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its Taste. I remember when I laught at him for it, he told me with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnep. It is pity, says *Eugenius*, but they found out the Smell too of an ancient Medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the Sight, and the Ringing of a Medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such Coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says *Philander*, we may observe the prudence of the Ancients above that of the Moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the Device they bore, but for the Metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these two or three last Centuries. Inscriptions, Victories, Buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in these barbarous Ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. Your Medallists look on this destruction of Coins, as on the burning of the *Alexandrian* Library, and would be con-

tent to compound for them, with almoſt the loſs of a *Vatican*. To prevent this in ſome meaſure, the ancients placed the greateſt variety of their devices on their braſs and copper Coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clippers hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern Medals are moſt in ſilver or gold, and often in a very ſmall number of each. I have ſeen a golden one at *Vienna*, of *Philip* the ſecond, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably ſingular in its kind, and will not be able to keep it ſelf long out of the furnace when it leaves the Emperor's Treaſury. I remember another in the King of *Pruſſia*'s collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The Princes who ſtruck theſe Medals, ſays *Eugenius*, ſeem to have deſigned them rather as an oſtentation of their Wealth, than of their Virtues. They fancied probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a Medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next ſubject you propoſed to ſpeak of, were the different Occaſions that have given birth to ancient and modern Medals.

Before we enter on this particular, ſays *Philander*, I muſt tell you by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between Money and Medals. An old *Roman* had his purſe full of the ſame pieces that we now preſerve in Cabinets. As ſoon as an Emperor had done any thing remarkable, it was immediately ſtampt on a Coin, and became current through his whole Dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, ſays *Cynthio*, to ſpread abroad the virtues of an Emperor, and make his actions circulate. A freſh Coin was a kind of a *Gazette*, that publiſhed the lateſt news of the Empire. I ſhould fancy your *Roman* Bankers were very good Hiſtorians. It is certain, ſays *Eugenius*, they might find their profit and inſtruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient *Romans* in.

in this particular. I know no other way of securing these kinds of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where Statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interest, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laught at. We shall think, says *Cynthio*, you have a mind to fall out with the Government, because it does not encourage Medals. But were all your ancient Coins that are now in Cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says *Philander*, that they were all of them such excepting those we call Medalions. These in respect of the other Coins were the same as modern Medals, in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by Emperors for presents to their Friends, foreign Princes, or Ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the *Romans* took care generally to stamp the subject of their medalions on their ordinary Coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in *England* we should see on our half-penny and farthing pieces, the several designs that shew themselves in their perfection on our Medals.

If we now consider, continued *Philander*, the different Occasions or Subjects of ancient and modern Medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old Coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications,

cations, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern Medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a Coin. It is indeed, a kind of justice, says *Eugenius*, that a Prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The Coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his Bombs and Cannons. In the next place, says *Philander*, we see both on the ancient and modern Medals the several noble pieces of Architecture that were finished at the time when the Medals were stamped. I must observe however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient Coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two setts of Medals agree as to their Subject. But old Coins go farther in their compliments to their Emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing Virtues; not as they showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see *Nero*'s fidling, and *Commodus*'s skill in fencing, on several of their Medals. At present, you never meet with the King of *France*'s generosity, nor the Emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the *Romans* used to register the great actions of Peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of War. The remission of a Debt, the taking off a Duty, the giving up a Tax, the mending a Port, or the making a Highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a Coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their Emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a Victory, or the

Conquest

Conqueſt of a nation. In *England* perhaps it would have looked a little odd, to have ſtamped a Medal on the aboliſhing of Chimney-money in the laſt Reign, or on the giving a hundred thouſand pound a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, ſays *Eugenius*, had we ſtruck in with the practice of the antient *Romans*, we ſhould have had Medals on the fitting up our ſeveral Docks, on the making of our rivers navigable, on the building our men of War, and the like ſubjects, that have certainly very well deſerved them. The reaſon why it has been neglected, ſays *Philander*, may poſſibly be this. Our Princes have the coining of their own Medals, and perhaps may think it would look like vanity to erect ſo many Trophies and Monuments of praiſe to their own merit; whereas among the ancient *Romans*, the Senate had ſtill a watchful eye on their Emperor, and if they found any thing in his life and actions that might furniſh out a Medal, they did not fail of making him ſo acceptable an offering. 'Tis true, their flatteries betray often ſuch a baſeneſs of ſpirit, as one would little expect to find among ſuch an order of men. And here by the way we may obſerve, that you never find any thing like Satyr or Raillery on old Coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the ſeveral pretenders to the Empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on Coins without the leaſt bitterneſs or reflection. The Emperors often jeſted on their rivals or predeceſſors, but their Mints ſtill maintained their gravity. They might publiſh invectives againſt one another in their diſcourſes or writings, but never on their Coins. Had we no other hiſtories of the *Roman* Emperors, but thoſe we find on their money, we ſhould take them for the moſt virtuous race of Princes that mankind were ever bleſſed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them ſuch monſters of luſt and cruelty, as are almoſt a reproach to human nature. Medals are therefore ſo many compliments to an Emperor, that aſcribe to him all the Virtues and victories

he

he himſelf pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy *Claudius* as great a Conqueror as *Julius Cæſar*, and *Domitian* a wiſer Prince than his brother *Titus*. *Tiberius* on his Coins is all Mercy and Moderation, *Caligula* and *Nero* are Fathers of their Country, *Galba* the patron of public Liberty, and *Vitellius* the reſtorer of the city of *Rome*. In ſhort, if you have a mind to ſee the religious *Commodus*, the pious *Caracalla*, and the devout *Heliogabalus*, you may find them either in the inſcription or device of their Medals. On the contrary, thoſe of a modern make are often charged with Irony and Satyr. Our Kings no ſooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their Medals. One meets ſometimes with very nice touches of Raillery, but as we have no inſtance of it among the ancient Coins, I ſhall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I muſt confeſs, ſays *Cynthio*, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients: becauſe their practice is for the moſt part grounded upon reaſon. But if our fore-fathers have thought fit to be grave and ſerious, I hope their poſterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of Raillery as a refinement on Medals: and do not ſee why there may not be ſome for diverſion, at the ſame time that there are others of a more ſolemn and majeſtic nature, as a Victory may be celebrated in an Epigram as well as in an Heroic Poem. Had the ancients given place to Raillery on any of their Coins, I queſtion not but they would have been the moſt valued parts of a collection. Beſides the entertainment we ſhould have found in them, they would have ſhown us the different ſtate of Wit, as it flouriſhed or decayed in the ſeveral ages of the *Roman* Empire. There is no doubt, ſays *Philander*, but our fore-fathers, if they had pleaſed, could have been as witty as their poſterity. But I am of opinion, they induſtriouſly avoided it on their Coins, that they might not give us occaſion

occaſion to ſuſpect their ſincerity. Had they run into mirth or ſatyr we ſhould not have thought they had deſigned ſo much to inſtruct as to divert us. I have heard, ſays *Eugenius*, that the *Romans* ſtamped ſeveral Coins on the ſame occaſion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving poſterity: ſince the more ſerious ſort of Medals may ſerve as Comments on thoſe of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the Moderns cannot be worſe than the flattery of the Ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned ſuch Coins as were made on the Emperor, I have ſeen ſeveral of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private perſons. There are pieces of money, ſays *Philander*, that during the time of the *Roman* Emperors, were coined in honour of the Senate, Army or People. I do not remember to have ſeen in the upper Empire the face of any private perſon that was not ſome way related to the Imperial family. *Sejanus* has indeed his Conſulſhip mentioned on a Coin of *Tiberius*, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the Legend or Inſcription of our Medals, which as it is one of the more eſſential parts of them, it may deſerve to be examined more at length. You have choſen a very ſhort Text to enlarge upon, ſays *Cynthio*: I ſhould as ſoon expect to ſee a Critique on the Poſie of a Ring, as on the Inſcription of a Medal.

I have ſeen ſeveral modern Coins, ſays *Philander*, that have had part of the Legend running round the edges, like the *Decus et Tutamen* in our milled money; ſo that a few years will probably wear out the action that the Coin was deſigned to perpetuate. The ancients were too wiſe to regiſter their exploits on ſo nice a ſurface. I ſhould fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the moderns may have choſen this part of the Medal for the inſcription, that the figures on each ſide might appear to a greater advantage. I have obſerved in ſeveral old Coins a kind of confuſion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were ſo mingled together,

together, that one would think the Coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to beſtow the ſeveral words of his inſcription. You have found out ſomething like an excuſe, ſays *Philander*, for your milled Medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the ſame time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inſcriptions on the face and the reverſe. Your modern Deſigners cannot contract the occaſion of the Medal into an inſcription that is proper to the Volume they write upon: ſo that having ſcribbled over both ſides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The firſt fault therefore that I ſhall find with a modern legend, is its Diffuſiveneſs. You have ſometimes the whole ſide of a Medal over-run with it. One would fancy the Author had a deſign of being *Ciceronian* in his *Latin*, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverſe of a Coin ſtampt by the preſent Emperor of *Germany*, on the raiſing of the ſiege of *Vienna*. VIENNA AVSTRIÆ $1\frac{4}{4}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $1\frac{2}{2}$ SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I ſhould take this, ſays *Cynthio*, for the paragraph of a *Gazette*, rather than the inſcription of a Medal. I remember you repreſented your ancient Coins as abridgments of hiſtory; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, ſhould themſelves be epitomized. Compare with this, ſays *Philander*, the brevity and comprehenſiveneſs of thoſe legends that appear on ancient Coins.

Salus Generis humani. Tellus ſtabilita. Gloria Orbis Terræ. Pacator Orbis. Reſtitutor Orbis Terrarum. Gaudium Reipublicæ Hilaritas populi Romani. Bono Reipub. nati. Roma renaſcens. Libertas reſtituta. Sæculum Aureum. Pullæ Fauſtinianæ. Rex Parthis datus. Victoria Germanica. Fides Mutua. Aſia Subacta. Judæa capta. Amor mutuus. Genetrix orbis. Sideribus recepta. Genio Senatûs. Fides exercitûs. Providentiæ Senatûs. Reſtitutori Hiſpaniæ. Adventui Aug. Britanniæ.

taniæ. Regna Adſignata. Adlocutio. Diſcipulina Auguſti. Felicitas publica. Rex Armenis datus.

What a majeſty and force does one meet with in theſe ſhort Inſcriptions! Are not you amazed to ſee ſo much hiſtory gathered into ſo ſmall a compaſs? You have often the ſubject of a Volume in a couple of words.

If our modern Medals are ſo very prolix in their proſe, they are every whit as tedious in their verſe. You have ſometimes a dull Epigram of four lines. This, ſays *Cynthio*, may be of great uſe to immortalize Punns and Quibbles, and to let poſterity ſee their forefathers were a parcel of blockheads. A Coin, I find, may be of great uſe to a bad Poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodneſs of his verſe, he may by the durableneſs of the Metal that ſupports it. I ſhall give you an inſtance, ſays *Philander*, from a Medal of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, that will ſtand as an eternal monument of Dullneſs and Bravery.

Miles ego Chriſti, Chriſto duce ſterno tyrannos,
Hæreticos ſimul et calco meis pedibus.
Parcere Chriſticolis me, debellare feroces
Papicolas Chriſtus dux meus en animat.

It is well, ſays *Cynthio*, you tell us this is a Medal of the Great *Guſtavus*: I ſhould have taken it for ſome one of his *Gothic* Predeceſſors. Does it not bring into your mind *Alexander* the Great's being accompanied with a *Chærilus* in his *Perſian* expedition? If you are offended at the homelineſs of this Inſcription, ſays *Philander*, what would you think of ſuch as have neither ſenſe nor grammar in them. I aſſure you I have ſeen the face of many a great Monarch hemmed in with falſe *Latin*. But it is not only the ſtupidity and tediouſneſs of theſe Inſcriptions that I find fault with; ſuppoſing them of a moderate length and a proper ſenſe why muſt they be in verſe? We ſhould be ſurprized to ſee the title of a ſerious book in rhime, yet is it every whit as ridiculous to give the ſubject of a Medal in a piece of an Hexameter. This however is the

practice

practice of our modern Medalliſts. If you look into the ancient Inſcriptions, you ſee an air of ſimplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in the thought; on the contrary, in your modern Medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an Heroic verſe. Where the ſenſe of an Inſcription is low, it is not in the power of *Dactyls* and *Spondees* to raiſe it, where it is noble, it has no need of ſuch affected ornaments. I remember a Medal of *Philip* the ſecond, on *Charles le Quint*'s reſigning to him the Kingdom of *Spain*, with this Inſcription, *Ut Quieſcat Atlas*. The Device is a *Hercules* with the Sphere on his ſhoulders. Notwithſtanding the thought is poetical, I dare ſay you would think the beauty of the Inſcription very much loſt, had it been——*requieſcat ut Atlas*. To inſtance a Medal of our own nation. After the concluſion of the peace with *Holland*, there was one ſtampt with the following Legend———*Redeant Commercia Flandris*. The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of proſe. I think truly, ſays *Eugenius*, it is ridiculous enough to make the Inſcription run like a piece of a verſe, when it is not taken out of an old Author. But I would fain have your opinion on ſuch Inſcriptions as are borrowed from the *Latin* Poets. I have ſeen ſeveral of this ſort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are choſen with art, they ſhould not be thought unworthy of a place in your Medals.

Which ever ſide I take, ſays *Philander*, I am like to have a great party againſt me. Thoſe who have formed their reliſh on old Coins, will by no means allow of ſuch an innovation; on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient Medals. You will oblige us however to let us know what kind of rules you would have obſerved in the choice of your quotations, ſince you ſeem to lay a ſtreſs on their being choſen with Art. You muſt know then, ſays *Eugenius*, I do not think it enough

that

that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unless it has some other accidental ornaments to set it off. Indeed if a great action that seldom happens in the course of human affairs, is exactly described in the passage of an old Poet, it gives the Reader a very agreeable surprize, and may therefore deserve a place on a Medal.

Again, if there is more than a single circumstance of the action specified in the quotation, it pleases a man to see an old exploit copied out as it were by a Modern, and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a turn of Wit or Satyr, it is still the better qualified for a Medal, as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no Inscription fitter for a Medal, in my opinion, than a quotation that besides its aptness has something in it lofty and sublime: for such a one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul, and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal designs of a Medal.

It is certainly very pleasant, says *Eugenius*, to see a verse of an old Poet, revolting as it were from its original sense, and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation, for when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient Poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time exhausted your subject, says *Philander*; and I think the criticisms you have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern Medals, may be very well applied to the Motto's of books, and other Inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the Legends of Medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of *Germany*, when they repre-

sent

sent in the Inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of *Gustavus Adolphus*. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to 1627, the year in which the Medal was coined; for do not you observe some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters or as cyphers. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn you over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious Devices. You would fancy perhaps they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L. an M. or a D. in it. When therefore you see any of these Inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign Universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in *England* for being an excellent Philosopher or Poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great Chronogrammatist. These are probably, says *Cynthio*, some of those mild provinces of Acrostic land, that Mr. *Dryden* has assigned to his Anagrams, Wings and Altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the Legend of a Medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the Figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a Coin, replied *Philander*, in our discourse on the Usefulness of ancient Medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the Ancient and the Modern differ. In the first place, the *Romans* always appear in the proper Dress of their country, insomuch that you see the little variations of the Mode in the drapery of the Medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an Emperor of *Rome* in a *Grecian* Cloak or a *Phrygian* Mitre. On the contrary, our modern Medals are full of *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, *Trabea's* and *Paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like anti-

antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a King of *England* or *France* dressed up like a *Julius Cæsar*. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for *Roman* Emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern Coins. Nothing is more usual than to see Allusions to *Roman* customs and ceremonies on the Medals of our own nation Nay very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If posterity takes its notions of us from our Medals, they must fancy one of our Kings paid a great devotion to *Minerva*, that another was a professed Worshipper of *Apollo*, or at best that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity. Had the old *Romans* been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their Antiquities, that their Coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on Medals as so many monuments consigned over to Eternity, that may possibly last when all other memorials of the same Age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of Present that those who are actually in Being make over to such as lie hid within the depths of Futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a Posterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions, may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any Devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says *Eugenius*, a Medallic history of the present King of *France*. One might expect, methinks, to see the Medals of that nation in the highest perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We

We will examine them, if you pleaſe, ſays *Philander*, in the light that our foregoing obſervations have ſet them, but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the firſt place then, I think it is impoſſible to learn from the *French* Medals either the religion, cuſtom, or habits of the *French* nation. You ſee on ſome of them the Croſs of our Saviour, and on others *Hercules*'s Club. In one you have an Angel, and in another a *Mercury*. I fancy, ſays *Cynthio*, poſterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of *Louis le Grand*, were they to learn it from his Medals, as we are at preſent on that of *Conſtantine* the Great. It is certain, ſays *Philander*, there is the ſame mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan in their Coins; nor is there a leſs confuſion in their cuſtoms. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a Bull, and the planting of a *French* colony in *America?* The *Romans* made uſe of this type in alluſion to one of their own cuſtoms at the ſending out of a colony. But for the *French*, a Ram, a Hog, or an Elephant, would have been every whit as ſignificant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to ſee a King of *France* dreſſed like an Emperor of *Rome*, with his arms ſtripped up to the elbows, a Laurel on his head, and a *Chlamys* over his ſhoulders? I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the ſociety of Medalliſts would give you their reaſons for what they have done. You your ſelf allow the Legend to be *Latin*, and why may not the cuſtoms and ornaments be of the ſame country as the language? eſpecially ſince they are all of them ſo univerſally underſtood by the learned. I own to you, ſays *Philander*, if they only deſign to deliver down to poſterity the ſeveral parts of their Great Monarch's hiſtory, it is no matter for the other circumſtances of a Medal: but I fancy it would be as great a pleaſure and inſtruction for future ages, to ſee the Dreſſes and Cuſtoms of their anceſtors, as their Buildings and Victories. Beſides, I do not think they have always choſen a proper Occaſion

caſion for a Medal. There is one ſtruck, for example, on the *Engliſh* failing in their attempts on *Dunkirk:* when in the laſt reign they endeavoured to blow up a Fort, and bombard the town. What have the *French* here done to boaſt of? A Medal however you have with this inſcription, DUNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriety of the word *Illæſa*, the whole Medal, in my opinion, tends not ſo much to the honour of the *French* as of the *Engliſh*,

quos opimus
Fallere et effugere eſt triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at leaſt what I take for ſuch. But at the ſame time muſt be forced to allow, that this Series of Medals is the moſt perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the Work, the aptneſs of the Device, and the propriety of the Legend. In theſe and other particulars, the *French* Medals come nearer the ancients than thoſe of any other country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the beſt lights that have been given to the whole ſcience in general.

I muſt not here forget to mention the Medallic hiſtory of the Popes, where there are many Coins of an excellent workmanſhip, as I think they have none of thoſe faults that I have ſpoken of in the preceding ſett. They are always *Roman*-Catholic in the Device and in the Legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore not unſuitable to the character of the Prince they repreſent. Thus when *Innocent* XI. lay under terrible apprehenſions of the *French* King, he put out a Coin, that on the reverſe of it had a ſhip toſſed on the waves to repreſent the Church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and St. *Peter* ready to ſink at his feet. The Inſcription, if I remember, was in *Latin*. *Help Lord, or elſe I periſh.* This puts me in mind, ſays *Cynthio*, of a Paſquinade, that at the ſame time was fixed up at *Rome*. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But methinks, under this head

of

of the figures on ancient and modern Coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the Workmanſhip of each. You muſt know then, ſays *Philander*, that till about the end of the third Century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of deſigning, I do not remember to have ſeen the head of a *Roman* Emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to uſe a *French* term of art, which gives us the view of a head, that, in my opinion, has ſomething in it very majeſtic, and at the ſame time ſuits beſt with the dimenſions of a Medal. Beſides that it ſhows the noſe and eyebrows, with the ſeveral prominencies and fallings in of the features, much more diſtinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower Empire you have abundance of broad *Gothic* faces, like ſo many full Moons on the ſide of a Coin. Among the moderns too, we have of both ſorts, though the fineſt are made after the antique. In the next place, you find the figures of many ancient Coins riſing up in a much more beautiful *relief* than thoſe on the modern. This too is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors, ſo that you ſee the face ſinking by degrees in the ſeveral declenſions of the Empire, till about *Conſtantine*'s time it lies almoſt even with the ſurface of the Medal. After this it appears ſo very plain and uniform, that one would think the Coiner look'd on the flatneſs of a figure as one of the greateſt beauties in Sculpture. I fancy, ſays *Eugenius*, the Sculptors of that age had the ſame reliſh as a *Greek* Prieſt that was buying ſome religious pictures at *Venice*. Among others he was ſhown a noble piece of *Titian*. The Prieſt having well ſurvey'd it, was very much ſcandalized at the extravagance of the *relief*, as he termed it. You know, ſays he, our religion forbids all idolatry: We admit of no Images, but ſuch as are drawn on a ſmooth ſurface: The figure you have here ſhown me, ſtands ſo much out to the eye, that I would no ſooner ſuffer it in my Church than a Statue. I could recommend your *Greek* Prieſt, ſays *Philander*, to abundance of

of celebrated Painters on this ſide of the *Alps* that would not fail to pleaſe him. We muſt own however, that the figures on ſeveral of our modern Medals are raiſed and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the moſt finiſhed among the ancients, your men of art declare univerſally for the latter.

Cynthio and *Eugenius*, though they were well pleaſed with *Philander*'s diſcourſe, were glad however to find it at an end: for the Sun began to gather ſtrength upon them, and had pierced the ſhelter of their walks in ſeveral places. *Philander* had no ſooner done talking, but he grew ſenſible of the heat himſelf, and immediately propoſed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker ſhade over their heads. They both of them very readily cloſed with the propoſal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finiſhing my Dialogue.

THREE SETTS OF

MEDALS

Illuſtrated by the

ANTIENT POETS,

In the foregoing DIALOGUES.

———*decipit*
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Interiori condidit quæ cura angulo.
PHÆDR.

Multa poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi——— HOR.

Printed in the Year, 1735.

THE

FIRST SERIES.

1. VIRTVTI AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverſe of *Domitian.*

2. HONOSET VIRTVS. Reverſe of *Galba.*

3. CONCORDIA AVG. S. C. Reverſe of *Sabina.*

4. PAX ORBIS TERRARVM. Reverſe of *Otho.*

5. ABVNDANTIA AVG. S. C. Reverſe of *Gordianus Pius.*

6, 7. FIDES EXERCITVS. Reverſe of *Heliogabalus.*

8. SPES AVGVSTA. Reverſe of *Claudius.*

9. SECVRITAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverſe of *Antoninus Pius.*

10. PVDICITIA. S. C. Reverſe of *Fauſtina Junior.*

11. PIETAS AVG. S. C. Reverſe of *Fauſtina Senior.*

12. AEQVITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverſe of *Vitellius*

13. AETERNITAS. S. C. Reverſe of *Antoninus Pius.*

14. SAECVLVM AVREVM. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

15. FELIX TEMPORUM REPARATIO. Reverſe of *Conſtantine.*

16. AETERNITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

17. AETERNITAS. S. C. Reverſe of *Antonine.*

18. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverſe of *Nero.*

19. SARMATIA DEVICTA. A Victory. Reverſe of *Conſtantine.*

20. LIBERTAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverſe of *Galba.*

THE

SECOND SERIES.

1. FELICITATI AVG. COS. III. P. P. S. C. Reverſe of *Hadrian.*
2. PONTIF. MAX. TR. POT. PP. COS. II.
3. P.N.R.S.C. Reverſe of *Claudius.*
4. S.C. Reverſe of *Auguſtus.*
5. S.P.Q.R.P.P. OB. CIVES. SERVATOS. Reverſe of *Caligula.*
6. Reverſe of *Tiberius.*
7. FIDES PVBLICA. Reverſe of *Titus.*
8. PRAETOR RECEPT. Reverſe of *Claudius.*
9. FECVNDITAS. S. C. Reverſe of *Julia Auguſta.*
10. NERO CLAV. CAESAR. IMP. ET OCTAVIA AVGVST. F. Reverſe of *Claudius.*
11. ORIENS. AVG. Reverſe of *Aurelian.*
12. Reverſe of *Commodus.*
13. GLORIA EXERCITVS. E. S. I. S.
14. PRINCIPI IVVENTVTIS. S. C.

} Reverſe of *Conſtantine.*

15. M. CATO. L. VETTIACVS. II. VIR. LEG. IV. LEG. VI. LEG. X. C. C. A. Reverſe of *Tiberius.*
16. TR. P. VII. IMP. III. COS. V. P. P. S. C. Reverſe of *Trajan.*
17. TR. POT. V. IMP. III. COS. II. S. C. Reverſe of *Lucius Verus.*
18. PAX AVG. S. C. Reverſe of *Veſpaſian.*
19. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. DE GERMANIS.
20. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. DE SARMATIS

} Reverſe of *Marcus Aurelius*

21. Reverſe of *Trajan.*
22. TR. POT. XIIII. P. P. COS. II. Reverſe of *M. Aurelius.*
23. DIVVS AVGVSTVS PATER. coin'd under *Tiberius.*
24. COS. IIII. S. C. Reverſe of *Antoninus Pius.*

THE

THIRD SERIES.

1. FELIX ADVENT. AVG. G. NN. PEN. Reverſe of *Dioclesian.*

2. AFRICA. S. C. Reverſe of *Septimius Severus.*

3. AFRICA. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

4. ÆGYPTOS. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

5. MAVRETANIA. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

6. HISPANIA. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

7. ADVENTVI AVG. GALLIAE. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

8. ITALIA. S. C. Reverſe of *Marcus Antoninus.*

9. ROMA. S. C. Reverſe of *Nero.*

10. RESTITVTORI ACHAIÆ. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

11. BRITANNIA. Reverſe of *Antoninus Pius.*

12. RESTITVTORI SICILIAE. S. C. Reverſe of *Adrian.*

13. IVDEA CAPTA. S. C.
14. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. } Reverſe of *Veſpaſian.*

15. PARTHIA. S. C. COS. II. Reverſe of *Antoninus Pius.*

16. ANTIOCHIA.

17. ΘΥΑΤΕΙΡΗΝΩΝΚ. CMYPN. ΣΤΡ. Τ. ΦΑΒ. ΑΑ. ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ. Reverſe of *Marcus Aurelius.*

18. ARAB. ADQ. S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C. Reverſe of *Trajan.*

OF THE

CHRISTIAN

RELIGION.

OF THE
CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SECTION I.

I. *General diviſion of the following diſcourſe, with regard to* Pagan *and* Jewiſh *Authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.*

II. *Not probable that any ſuch ſhould be mentioned by* Pagan *writers who lived at the ſame time, from the nature of ſuch tranſactions.*

III. *Eſpecially when related by the* Jews.

IV. *And heard at a diſtance by thoſe who pretended to as great miracles as their own.*

V. *Beſides that, no* Pagan *writers of that age lived in* Judæa *or its Confines.*

VI. *And becauſe many books of that age are loſt.*

VII. *An Inſtance of one record proved to be authentick.*

VIII. *A ſecond record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.*

I. THAT

I. THAT I may lay before you a full ſtate of the ſubject under our conſideration, and methodize the ſeveral particulars that I touched upon in diſcourſe with you; I ſhall firſt take notice of ſuch *Pagan* Authors as have given their teſtimony to the hiſtory of our Saviour; reduce theſe Authors under their reſpective claſſes, and ſhew what authority their teſtimonies carry with them. Secondly, I ſhall take notice of *Jewiſh* Authors in the ſame light.

II. There are many reaſons, why you ſhould not expect that matters of ſuch a wonderful nature ſhould be taken notice of by thoſe eminent *Pagan* writers, who were contemporaries with *Jeſus Chriſt*, or by thoſe who lived before his Diſciples had perſonally appeared among them, and aſcertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life ſo full of miracles.

Suppoſing ſuch things had happened at this day in *Switzerland*, or among the *Griſons*, who make a greater figure in *Europe* than *Judæa* did in the *Roman* Empire, would they be immediately believed by thoſe who live at a great diſtance from them? or would any certain account of them be tranſmitted into foreign countries, within ſo ſhort a ſpace of time as that of our Saviour's publick miniſtry? Such kinds of news, though never ſo true, ſeldom gain credit, 'till ſome time after they are tranſacted and expoſed to the examination of the curious, who by laying together circumſtances, atteſtations, and characters of thoſe who are concerned in them, either receive, or reject what at firſt none but eye-witneſſes could abſolutely believe or diſbelieve. In a caſe of this ſort, it was natural for men of ſenſe and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at fartheſt to ſuſpend their belief of it, until all things ſtood together in their full light.

III. Be-

III. Besides, the *Jews* were branded not only for superstitions different from all the religions of the *Pagan* world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; so that whatever reports of such a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the heathen world as false, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may further observe that the ordinary practice of Magic in those times, with the many pretended Prodigies, Divinations, Apparitions, and local Miracles among the Heathens, made them less attentive to such news from *Judæa*, 'till they had time to consider the nature, the occasion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many surprizing events to allow them any consideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. *Matthew*, that the fame of our Saviour, during his life, went throughout all *Syria*, and that there followed him great multitudes of people from *Galilee*, *Judæa*, *Decapolis*, *Idumæa*, from beyond *Jordan*, and from *Tyre* and *Sidon*. Now had there been any historians of those times and places, we might have expected to have seen in them some account of those wonderful transactions in *Judæa*; but there is not any single Author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of those countries.

VI. How many books have perished in which possibly there might have been mention of our Saviour? Look among the *Romans*, how few of their writings are come down to our times? In the space of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was such a multitude of writers in all kinds, how small is the number of Authors that have made their way to the present age?

VII. One authentick Record, and that the most authentick heathen Record, we are pretty sure is lost. I mean the account sent by the Governor of *Judæa*, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the custom in the *Roman* Empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the præfects and vice-roys of distant provinces to transf-

tranſmit to their Sovereign a ſummary relation of every thing remarkable in their adminiſtration. That *Pontius Pilate*, in his account, would have touched on ſo extraordinary an event in *Judæa*, is not to be doubted; and that he actually did, we learn from *Juſtin Martyr*, who lived about a hundred years after our Saviour's death, reſided, made Converts, and ſuffered martyrdom at *Rome*, where he was engaged with Philoſophers, and in a particular manner with *Creſcens* the *Cynick*, who could eaſily have detected, and would not fail to have expoſed him, had he quoted a Record not in being, or made any falſe citation out of it. Would the great Apologiſt have challenged *Creſcens* to diſpute the cauſe of Chriſtianity with him before the *Roman* Senate, had he forged ſuch an evidence; or would *Creſcens* have refuſed the challenge, could he have triumphed over him in the detection of ſuch a forgery? To which we muſt add, that the Apology which appeals to this Record, was preſented to a learned Emperor, and to the whole body of the *Roman* Senate. This father in his apology, ſpeaking of the death and ſuffering of our Saviour, refers the Emperor for the truth of what he ſays to the acts of *Pontius Pilate*, which I have here mentioned. *Tertullian*, who wrote his Apology about fifty years after *Juſtin*, doubtleſs referred to the ſame Record, when he tells the Governor of *Rome*, that the Emperor *Tiberius* having received an account out of *Paleſtine* in *Syria* of the Divine perſon, who had appeared in that country, paid him a particular regard, and threatned to puniſh any who ſhould accuſe the Chriſtians; nay, that the Emperor would have adopted him among the Deities whom they worſhipped, had not the Senate refuſed to come into his propoſal. *Tertullian*, who gives us this hiſtory, was not only one of the moſt learned men of his age, but what adds a greater weight to his authority in this caſe, was eminently ſkilful and well read in the laws of the *Roman* Empire. Nor can it be ſaid, that *Tertullian* grounded his quotation upon the authority of *Juſtin Martyr*, becauſe we find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that Author. *Euſebius* mentions

mentions the same ancient Record, but as it was not extant in his time, I shall not insist upon his authority in this point. If it be objected that this particular is not mentioned in any *Roman* Historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see whether it will carry any force with it. *Ulpian* the great *Roman* Lawyer gathered together all the Imperial Edicts that had been made against the Christians. But did any one ever say that there had been no such Edicts, because they were not mentioned in the histories of those Emperors? Besides, who knows but this circumstance of *Tiberius* was mentioned in other historians that have been lost, though not to be found in any still extant? Has not *Suetonius* many particulars of this Emperor omitted by *Tacitus*, and *Herodian* many that are not so much as hinted at by either? As for the spurious *Acts* of *Pilate*, now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing, and that had there not been a true and authentick Record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of *Agbarus* King of *Edessa*, relating to the letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in *Pagan* history, an Author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other Authors, who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. *Grabe*, in the second volume of his *Spicilegium*.

SECTION

SECTION II.

I. *What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by* Pagan *Authors.*
II. *What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what* Pagan *Authors.*
III. *How* Celsus *represented our Saviour's miracles.*
IV. *The same representation made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable.*
V. *What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from* Pagan *writers.*

I. WE now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among *Pagan* writers; and here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from *Pagans.* I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from *Judæa,* as well as to those who were the followers and eye witnesses of *Christ.*

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen Authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples. *That* Augustus Cæsar *had ordered the whole empire to be censed or taxed,* which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to *Bethlehem.* This is mentioned by several *Roman* historians, as *Tacitus, Suetonius,* and *Dion. That a great light, or a new star appeared in the east, which directed the wise men to our Saviour:* This is recorded by *Chalcidius. That* Herod *the King of* Palestine, *so often mentioned in the* Roman *history, made a great slaughter of innocent children,* being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account: This character of him is given by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by *Macrobius,* a heathen Author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it.

That

That our Saviour had been in Egypt: This *Celsus*, though he raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. *That* Pontius Pilate *was Governor of* Judæa; *that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified:* This is recorded by *Tacitus*. *That many miraculous cures and works out of the ordinary course of nature were wrought by him*: This is confessed by *Julian* the Apostate, *Porphyry*, and *Hierocles*, all of them not only *Pagans*, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity. *That our Saviour foretold several things which came to pass according to his predictions:* This was attested by *Phlegon* in his annals, as we are assured by the learned *Origen* against *Celsus*. *That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness and a great earthquake:* This is recorded by the same *Phlegon* the *Trallian*, who was likewise a *Pagan* and Freeman to *Adrian* the Emperor. We may here observe, that a native of *Trallium*, which was not situate at so great a distance from *Palestine*, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the *Jews* in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the Shake of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this Author. *That* Christ *was worshipped as a God among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him: that they received a sacrament, and by it entred into a vow of abstaining from sin and wickedness*, conformable to the advice given by St. *Paul*; *that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in Hymns:* This is the account which *Pliny* the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of *Christ*, and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity after the crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour. *That St.* Peter, *whose*

whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works, is owned by *Julian* the apostate, who therefore represents him as a great Magician, and one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour. *That the devils or evil spirits were subject to them*, we may learn from *Porphyry*, who objects to Christianity, that since *Jesus* had begun to be worshipped, *Æsculapius* and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, *Celsus* himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in Christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain dæmons. *Origen* remarks on this passage, that the Author doubtless hints at those Christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen, and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against *Celsus*. But at the same time he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of *Jesus*, to which were added several passages in his history, but nothing like any invocation to *Dæmons*.

III. *Celsus* was so hard set with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true, yet knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this; namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those *Egyptian* impostors, who would present their spectators with visionary entertainments that had in them neither substance nor reality: which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthned and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such

ſuch multitudes, who had doubtleſs ſufficiently ſpread the fame of them, and was therefore in this place forced to reſort to the other ſolution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to ſay that a miracle which appeared to ſo many thouſand eye-witneſſes was a forgery of *Chriſt*'s diſciples, and therefore ſuppoſing them to be eye-witneſſes, he endeavours to ſhew how they might be deceived.

IV. The unconverted heathens, who were preſſed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving *Jews*, who had actually ſeen them, were driven to account for them after the ſame manner: For to work by magic in the heathen way of ſpeaking, was in the language of the *Jews* to caſt out devils by *Beelzebub* the Prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverſe interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of thoſe men, who contrary to the dictates of their own hearts ſtarted ſuch an unreaſonable objection, as a blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt, and declared not only the guilt, but the puniſhment of ſo black a crime. At the ſame time he condeſcended to ſhew the vanity and emptineſs of this objection againſt his miracles, by repreſenting that they evidently tended to the deſtruction of thoſe powers, to whoſe aſſiſtance the enemies of his doctrine then aſcribed them. An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection ſo very frivolous and groundleſs, that we may venture to call it even blaſphemy againſt common ſenſe. Would Magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worſhip which was paid to ſtocks and ſtones, to give them an abhorrence of thoſe evil ſpirits who rejoiced in the moſt cruel ſacrifices, and in offerings of the greateſt impurity; and in ſhort to call upon mankind to exert their whole ſtrength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their exiſtence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happineſs and continuance of it? Was it the buſineſs of Magic to humanize our natures with compaſſion, forgive-

neſs,

neſs, and all the inſtances of the moſt extenſive charity? Would evil ſpirits contribute to make men ſober, chaſte, and temperate, and in a word to produce that reformation, which was wrought in the moral world by thoſe doctrines of our Saviour, that received their ſanction from his miracles? Nor is it poſſible to imagine, that evil ſpirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correſpondence and intercourſe with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themſelves to thoſe rites and ceremonies, which had done them ſo much honour. We ſee the early effect which Chriſtianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books, which were filled with the ſecrets of magic, and made a ſacrifice to Chriſtianity by the converts mentioned in the *Acts* of the Apoſtles. We have likewiſe an eminent inſtance of the inconſiſtency of our Religion with magic, in the hiſtory of the famous *Aquila*. This perſon, who was a kinſman of the Emperor *Trajan*, and likewiſe a man of great learning, notwithſtanding he had embraced Chriſtianity, could not be brought off from the ſtudies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow-chriſtians: ſo that at length they expelled him their ſociety, as rather chuſing to loſe the reputation of ſo conſiderable a Proſelyte, than communicate with one who dealt in ſuch dark and infernal practices. Beſides, we may obſerve, that all the favourers of magic were the moſt profeſt and bitter enemies to the chriſtian religion. Not to mention *Simon Magus* and many others, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe two great proſecutors of Chriſtianity, the Emperors *Adrian* and *Julian* the Apoſtate, both of them initiated in the myſteries of divination, and ſkilled in all the depths of magic. I ſhall only add, that evil ſpirits cannot be ſuppoſed to have concurred in the eſtabliſhment of a religion which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they poſſeſt, and diveſted them of their influence on mankind; nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimouſly reported by all the ancient chriſtian Authors: did it not appear from the authorities above cited,

ted, that it was a fact confeſt by the Heathens themſelves.

V. We now ſee what a multitude of *Pagan* teſtimonies may be produced for all thoſe remarkable paſſages, which might have been expected from them: and indeed of ſeveral, that, I believe, do more than anſwer your expectation, as they were not ſubjects in their own nature ſo expoſed to publick notoriety. It cannot be expected they ſhould mention particulars, which were tranſacted amongſt the Diſciples only, or among ſome few even of the Diſciples themſelves; ſuch as the tranſfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of *Chriſt* after his reſurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impoſſible for a heathen Author to relate theſe things; becauſe if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his teſtimony would not have been thought of ſo much validity. Beſides, his very report of facts ſo favourable to Chriſtianity would have prompted men to ſay that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel caſe in *Hecatæus*, a famous *Greek* Hiſtorian, who had ſeveral paſſages in his book conformable to the hiſtory of the *Jewiſh* writers, which when quoted by *Joſephus*, as a confirmation of the *Jewiſh* hiſtory, when his heathen adverſaries could give no other anſwer to it, they would need ſuppoſe that *Hecatæus* was a *Jew* in his heart, though they hd no other reaſon for it, but becauſe his hiſtory gave greater authority to the *Jewiſh* than the *Egyptian* Records.

SECTION III.

I. *Introduction to a ſecond liſt of* Pagan *Authors, who give teſtimony of our Saviour.*

II. *A paſſage concerning our Saviour, from a learned* Athenian.

III. *His converſion from* Paganiſm *to Chriſtianity makes his evidence ſtronger than if he had continued a* Pagan.

IV. *Of*

IV. *Of another* Athenian *Philoſopher converted to Chriſtianity.*

V. *Why their converſion, inſtead of weakning, ſtrengthens their evidence in defence of Chriſtianity.*

VI. *Their belief in our Saviour's hiſtory founded at firſt upon the principles of hiſtorical faith.*

VII. *Their teſtimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's hiſtory.*

VIII. *As related by the four Evangeliſts.*

I. TO this liſt of heathen writers who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I ſhall add thoſe Authors who were at firſt heathens, and afterwards converted to Chriſtianity; upon which account, as I ſhall here ſhew, their teſtimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentick. And in this liſt of evidences, I ſhall confine my ſelf to ſuch learned *Pagans* as came over to Chriſtianity in the three firſt centuries, becauſe thoſe were the times in which men had the beſt means of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, and becauſe among the great number of Philoſophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of chriſtian Emperors, there might be ſeveral who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now ſuppoſe, that a learned heathen writer who lived within 60 years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having ſhewn that falſe miracles were generally wrought in obſcurity, and before few or no witneſſes, ſpeaking of thoſe which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following paſſage. " But his works " were always ſeen, becauſe they were true, they were " ſeen by thoſe who were healed, and by thoſe who " were raiſed from the dead. Nay, theſe perſons who " were thus healed, and raiſed, were ſeen not only at " the time of their being healed, and raiſed, but long " afterwards. Nay they were ſeen not only all the while " our Saviour was upon earth, but ſurvived after his " departure out of this world, nay ſome of them were " living in our days.

III.

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of Christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous *Athenian* Philosopher. These forementioned words however are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous Philosopher in *Athens:* but it will be said, he was a convert to Christianity. Now consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a *Pagan* Philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe it; for, if so, would not they have told us he would have embraced Christianity? This was indeed the case of this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a Proselyte, and died a Martyr.

IV. *Aristides* was an *Athenian* Philosopher, at the same time, famed for his learning and wisdom, but converted to christianity. As it cannot be questioned that he perused and approved the apology of *Quadratus*, in which is the passage just now cited, he joined with him in an apology of his own, to the same Emperor, on the same subject. This apology, tho' now lost, was extant in the time of *Ado Viennensis*, *A. D* 870. and highly esteemed by the most learned *Athenians*, as that Author witnesses. It must have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts, which make for the advancement of his own party. But we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons, to whom we appeal, were of an opposite party, till they were perfuaded of the truth of

thoſe very facts, which they report. They bear evidence to a hiſtory in defence of Chriſtianity, the truth of which hiſtory was their motive to embrace Chriſtianity. They atteſt facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens, and had they not found reaſon to believe them, they would ſtill have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under chriſtian Parents, and trained up in the profeſſion of that religion from a child, he generally guides himſelf by the rules of *Chriſtian Faith* in believing what is delivered by the Evangeliſts; but the learned *Pagans* of antiquity, before they became Chriſtians, were only guided by the common rules of *Hiſtorical Faith:* That is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of thoſe perſons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of thoſe perſons; and being convinced upon all accounts that they had the ſame reaſon to believe the hiſtory of our Saviour, as that of any other perſon to which they themſelves were not actually eye-witneſſes, they were bound by all the rules of hiſtorical faith, and of right reaſon, to give credit to this hiſtory. This they did accordingly, and in conſequence of it publiſhed the ſame truths themſelves, ſuffered many afflictions, and very often death it ſelf, in the aſſertion of them. When I ſay, that an hiſtorical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced theſe learned *Pagans* to embrace this doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives which conduced to it, as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his Diſciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous ſufferings of their followers, with other conſiderations of the ſame nature: but whatever other collateral arguments wrought more or leſs with Philoſophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the hiſtory of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very baſis and foundation of Chriſtianity.

VII.

VII. To this I must further add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, attested by particular *Pagan* Authors: the testimony of those I am now going to produce, extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions, which are related of him and his Disciples in the books of the *New Testament*.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangelists, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our blessed Saviour. Nay a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of the most ancient Fathers in another view, refers to several passages in *Irenæus*, *Tertullian*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, *Origen*, and *Cyprian*, by which he plainly shows that each of these early writers ascribe to the four Evangelists by name their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall only add, that three of the five Fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were *Pagans* converted to Christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in the knowledge of heathen learning and philosophy.

SECTION IV.

I. *Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated:*
II. *And of many who embraced it.*
III. *Three eminent and early instances.*
IV. *Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.*
V. *Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their conversion.*
VI. *The names of several* Pagan *Philosophers, who were Christian converts.*

I. IT happened very providentially to the honour of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise

in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of Philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. Several of these therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid farewel to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to publick hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death it self.

III. Of this sort we may reckon those three early converts to Christianity, who each of them was a member of a Senate famous for its wisdom and learning. *Joseph* the *Arimathean* was of the *Jewish Sanhedrim*, *Dionysius* of the *Athenian Areopagus*, and *Flavius Clemens*, of the *Roman* Senate; nay at the time of his death Consul of *Rome*. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve *Aristides*, his fellow-citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by *Roman* and Christian Authors.

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known nations of the world came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, besides those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from

from the allurements of this world, but ſubject them to every thing terrible or diſagreeable in it *Tertullian* tells the *Roman* Governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, ſenate, and courts of judicature were filled with Chriſtians; as *Arnobius* aſſerts, that men of the fineſt parts and learning, Orators, Grammarians, Rhetoricians, Lawyers, Phyſicians, Philoſophers, deſpiſing the ſentiments they had been once fond of, took up their reſt in the Chriſtian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themſelves of the hiſtory of that perſon, whoſe doctrines they embraced? for however conſonant to reaſon his precepts appeared, how good ſoever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly perſuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many atteſtations of his divine miſſion, which were to be met with in the hiſtory of his life. This was the ground work of the Chriſtian religion, and, if this failed, the whole ſuperſtructure ſunk with it. This point therefore, of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, as recorded by the Evangeliſts, is every where taken for granted in the writings of thoſe, who from *Pagan* Philoſophers became Chriſtian Authors, and who, by reaſon of their converſion, are to be looked upon as of the ſtrongeſt collateral teſtimony for the truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Beſides innumerable Authors that are loſt, we have the undoubted names, works or fragments of ſeveral *Pagan* Philoſophers, which ſhew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen Authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greateſt nurſeries of learning in thoſe ages of the world, we find in *Athens*, *Dionyſius*, *Quadratus*, *Ariſtides*, *Athenagoras*; and in *Alexandria*, *Dionyſius*, *Clemens*, *Ammonius*, *Arnobius*, and *Anatolius*, to whom we may add *Origen*; for though his father was a Chriſtian martyr, he became, without all controverſy,

the moſt learned and able Philoſopher of his age, by his education at *Alexandria*, in that famous ſeminary of arts and ſciences.

SECTION V.

I. *The learned* Pagans *had means and opportunities of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory;*

II. *From the proceedings,*

III. *The characters, ſufferings,*

IV. *And miracles of the perſons who publiſhed it.*

V. *How theſe firſt Apoſtles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining perſons to ſucceed them.*

VI. *How their ſucceſſors in the three firſt centuries preſerved their tradition.*

VII. *That five generations might derive this tradition from* Chriſt, *to the end of the third century.*

VIII. *Four eminent Chriſtians that delivered it down ſucceſſively to the year of our Lord* 254.

IX. *The faith of the four above-mentioned perſons, the ſame with that of the Churches of the Eaſt, of the Weſt, and of* Egypt.

X. *Another perſon added to them, who brings us to the year* 343, *and that many other liſts might be added in as direct and ſhort a ſucceſſion.*

XI. *Why the tradition of the three firſt centuries, more authentick than that of any other age, proved from the converſation of the primitive Chriſtians.*

XII. *From the manner of initiating men into their religion.*

XIII. *From the correſpondence between the Churches.*

XIV. *From the long lives of ſeveral of* Chriſt's *Diſciples, of which two inſtances.*

I. IT now therefore only remains to conſider, whether theſe learned men had means and opportunities of

of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory; for unleſs this point can be made out, their teſtimonies will appear invalid, and their enquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we muſt conſider, that many thouſands had ſeen the tranſactions of our Saviour in *Judæa*, and that many hundred thouſands had received an account of them from the mouths of thoſe who were actually eye-witneſſes. I ſhall only mention among theſe eye witneſſes the twelve Apoſtles, to whom we muſt add St. *Paul*, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other diſciples and followers of *Chriſt* had alſo their ſhare in the publiſhing this wonderful hiſtory. We learn from the ancient records of Chriſtianity, that many of the Apoſtles and Diſciples made it the expreſs buſineſs of their lives, travelled into the remoteſt parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the hiſtory and doctrines of their crucified Maſter. And indeed, were all Chriſtian records of theſe proceedings entirely loſt, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how elſe during the Apoſtles lives, could Chriſtianity have ſpread it ſelf with ſuch an amazing progreſs through the ſeveral nations of the *Roman* empire? how could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other?

III. Heathens therefore of every age, ſex, and quality, born in the moſt different climates, and bred up under the moſt different inſtitutions, when they ſaw men of plain ſenſe, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, inſtead of wealth, pomp, or power, expreſſing in their lives thoſe excellent doctrines of Morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour, averring that they had ſeen his miracles during his life, and converſed with him after his death; when, I ſay, they ſaw no ſuſpicion of falſhood, treachery, or worldly intereſt, in their behaviour and converſation, and that they ſubmitted to the moſt ignominious and cruel deaths,

deaths, rather than retract their teſtimony, or even be ſilent in matters which they were to publiſh by their Saviour's eſpecial command, there was no reaſon to doubt of the veracity of thoſe facts which they related, or of the Divine Miſſion in which they were employed.

IV. But even theſe motives to Faith in our Saviour would not have been ſufficient to have brought about in ſo few years ſuch an incredible number of converſions, had not the Apoſtles been able to exhibit ſtill greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few perſons of an odious and deſpiſed country could not have filled the world with Believers, had they not ſhown undoubted credentials from the divine perſon who ſent them on ſuch a meſſage. Accordingly we are aſſured, that they were inveſted with the power of working miracles, which was the moſt ſhort and the moſt convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reaſon of all mankind, to the capacities of the wiſe and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the ſick, and raiſed the dead, when it was publiſhed by theſe who themſelves often did the ſame miracles, in their preſence, and in his name! Could any reaſonable perſon imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with ſuch powers to authorize a lye, and eſtabliſh a religion in the world which was diſpleaſing to him, or that evil ſpirits would lend them ſuch an effectual aſſiſtance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the Apoſtles had formed many aſſemblies in ſeveral parts of the *Pagan* world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the Goſpel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not periſh, they appointed out of theſe new converts, men of the beſt ſenſe, and of the moſt unblemiſhed lives, to preſide over theſe ſeveral aſſemblies, and to inculcate without ceaſing what they had heard from the mouths of theſe eye-witneſſes.

VI. Upon

VI. Upon the death of any of those substitutes to the Apostles and Disciples of *Christ*, his place was filled up with some other person of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the same Church, who after his decease was followed by another in the same manner, by which means the succession was continued in an uninterrupted line. *Irenæus* informs us, that every church preserved a catalogue of its Bishops in the order that they succeeded one another, and (for an example) produces the catalogue of those who govern'd the church of *Rome* in that character, which contains eight or nine persons, though but at a very small remove from the times of the Apostles.

Indeed the lists of Bishops, which are come down to us in other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the succession was quick in the three first centuries, because the Bishop very often ended in the Martyr: for when a persecution arose in any place, the first fury of it fell upon this Order of holy men, who abundantly testified by their deaths and sufferings that they did not undertake these offices out of any temporal views, that they were sincere and satisfied in the belief of what they taught, and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the Apostles, as laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon the same principles. None can be supposed so utterly regardless of their own happiness as to expire in torment, and hazard their Eternity, to support any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single Martyr among those many Hereticks, who disagreed with the Apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present and future happi-

neſs on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only ſhun perſecution, but affirmed that it was unneceſſary for their followers to bear their religion through ſuch fiery tryals.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this firſt age of Apoſtles and Diſciples, with that ſecond generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended it ſelf to the middle of the ſecond Century, and that ſeveral of the third generation from theſe laſt mentioned, which was but the fifth from *Chriſt*, continued to the end of the third Century. Did we know the ages and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the Apoſtles, I doubt not but in moſt of them there might be found five perſons who in a continued ſeries would reach through theſe three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of thoſe very few out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Chriſtianity, I ſhall ſingle out four perſons eminent for their lives, their writings and their ſufferings, that were ſucceſſively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. St. *John*, who was the beloved Diſciple, and converſed the moſt intimately with our Saviour, lived till *Anno Dom.* 100. *Polycarp*, who was the Diſciple of St. *John*, and had converſed with others of the Apoſtles and Diſciples of our Lord, lived till *Anno Dom.* 167, though his life was ſhortened by martyrdom. *Irenæus*, who was the Diſciple of *Polycarp*, and had converſed with many of the immediate Diſciples of the Apoſtles, lived, at the loweſt computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewiſe cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great *Origen* was appointed Regent of the Catechetick ſchool in *Alexandria*, and as he was the miracle of that age, for induſtry, learning, and philoſophy, he was looked upon as the champion of Chriſtianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not ſuffer martyrdom, as ſome think he did, he was certainly actuated by the ſpirit of it, as appears in the whole courſe of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to

the

the torture, and had undergone tryals worſe than death. As he converſed with the moſt eminent Chriſtians of his time in *Egypt*, and in the Eaſt, brought over multitudes both from hereſy and heatheniſm, and left behind him ſeveral Diſciples of great fame and learning, there is no queſtion but there were conſiderable numbers of thoſe who knew him, and had been his hearers, ſcholars, or proſelytes, that lived till the end of the third century, and to the reign of *Conſtantine* the Great.

IX. It is evident to thoſe, who read the lives and writings of *Polycarp*, *Irenæus*, and *Origen*, that theſe three Fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four Evangeliſts, and had undoubted arguments that not only St. *John*, but many others of our Saviour's diſciples, publiſhed the ſame accounts of him. To which we muſt ſubjoin this further remark, that what was believed by theſe Fathers on this ſubject, was likewiſe the belief of the main body of Chriſtians in thoſe ſucceſſive ages when they flouriſhed; ſince *Polycarp* cannot but be looked upon, if we conſider the reſpect that was paid him, as the repreſentative of the Eaſtern Churches in this particular, *Irenæus* of the Weſtern upon the ſame account, and *Origen*, of thoſe eſtabliſhed in *Egypt*.

X. To theſe I might add *Paul* the famous hermite, who retired from the *Decian* perſecution five or ſix years before *Origen*'s death, and lived till the year 343. I have only diſcovered one of thoſe channels by which the hiſtory of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated, through thoſe ſeveral ages that produced thoſe *Pagan* Philoſophers, whoſe teſtimonies I make uſe of for the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory. Some or other of theſe Philoſophers came into the Chriſtian faith during its infancy, in the ſeveral periods of theſe three firſt centuries, when they had ſuch means of informing themſelves in all the particulars of our Saviour's hiſtory. I muſt further add, that though I have here only choſen this ſingle link of martyrs, I might find out others among thoſe

thoſe names which are ſtill extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a ſucceſſive tradition, till the whole *Roman* empire became Chriſtian; as there is no queſtion but numberleſs ſeries of witneſſes might follow one another in the ſame order, and in as ſhort a chain, and that perhaps in every ſingle Church, had the names and ages of the moſt eminent primitive Chriſtians been tranſmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. But to give this conſideration more force, we muſt take notice, that the tradition of the firſt ages of Chriſtianity had ſeveral circumſtances peculiar to it, which made it more authentick than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The Chriſtians, who carried their religion through ſo many general and particular perſecutions, were inceſſantly comforting and ſupporting one another, with the example and hiſtory of our Saviour and his Apoſtles. It was the ſubject not only of their ſolemn aſſemblies, but of their private viſits and converſations. *Our virgins,* ſays *Tatian,* who liv'd in the ſecond century, *diſcourſe over their diſtaffs on divine ſubjects.* Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and flouriſhed under the protection of the Emperors, men's thoughts and diſcourſes were, as they are now, full of ſecular affairs; but in the three firſt centuries of Chriſtianity, men, who embraced this religion, had given up all their intereſts in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how ſoon they might be called to it: ſo that they had little elſe to talk of but the life and doctrines of that divine perſon, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a ſingle perſon arrived at any degree of age or conſideration, who had not heard and repeated above a thouſand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion.

XII. Eſpecially if we conſider, that they could not then be received as Chriſtians, till they had undergone ſeveral

ſeveral examinations. Perſons of riper years, who flocked daily into the Church during the three firſt centuries, were obliged to paſs through many repeated inſtructions, and give a ſtrict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to Baptiſm. And as for thoſe who were born of Chriſtian parents, and had been baptiſed in their infancy, they were with the like care prepared and diſciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found upon examination to have made a ſufficient progreſs in the knowledge of Chriſtianity.

XIII. We muſt further obſerve, that there was not only in thoſe times this religious converſation among private Chriſtians, but a conſtant correſpondence between the Churches that were eſtabliſhed by the Apoſtles or their ſucceſſors, in the ſeveral parts of the world. If any new doctrine was ſtarted, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a ſtrict enquiry was made among the Churches, eſpecially thoſe planted by the Apoſtles themſelves, whether they had received any ſuch doctrine or account of our Saviour, from the mouths of the Apoſtles, or the tradition of thoſe Chriſtians, who had preceded the preſent members of the Churches which were thus conſulted. By this means, when any novelty was publiſhed, it was immediately detected and cenſured.

XIV. St. *John*, who lived ſo many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in theſe emergencies as the living Oracle of the Church; and as his oral teſtimony laſted the firſt century, many have obſerved that by a particular providence of God, ſeveral of our Saviour's Diſciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might perſonally convey the truth of the Goſpel to thoſe times, which were very remote from the firſt publication of it. Of theſe, beſides St. *John*, we have a remarkable inſtance in *Simeon*, who was one of the ſeventy ſent forth by our Saviour to publiſh the Goſpel before his crucifixion, and a near kinſman of the Lord. This venerable perſon, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*,

ruſalem, preſided over the Church eſtabliſhed in that city, during the time of its memorable ſiege, and drew his congregation out of thoſe dreadful and unparallel'd calamities which befel his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they ſhould ſee *Jeruſalem* encompaſſed with armies, and the *Roman* ſtandards, or abomination of deſolation, ſet up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the Emperor *Trajan*.

SECTION VI.

I. *The tradition of the Apoſtles ſecured by other excellent inſtitutions*;
II. *But chiefly by the writings of the Evangeliſts.*
III. *The diligence of the Diſciples and firſt Chriſtian converts, to ſend abroad theſe writings.*
IV. *That the written account of our Saviour was the ſame with that delivered by tradition:*
V. *Proved from the reception of the Goſpel by thoſe Churches which were eſtabliſhed before it was writttn*;
VI. *From the uniformity of what was believed in the ſeveral Churches*;
VII. *From a remarkable paſſage in* Irenæus.
VIII. *Records which are now loſt, of uſe to the three firſt centuries, for confirming the hiſtory of our Saviour.*
IX. *Inſtances of ſuch records.*

I. THUS far we ſee how the learned *Pagans* might apprize themſelves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's hiſtory. They could hear, in every Church planted in every diſtant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preſerved among them, of the hiſtory of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of thoſe firſt miſſionaries that brought to them theſe accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty atteſted their reports. But the Apoſtles and Diſciples of *Chriſt*, to preſerve the hiſtory of his life, and to ſecure their accounts of him from error

error and oblivion, did not only set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shown, but appropriated certain days to the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him. The first day of the week was in all its returns a perpetual memorial of his resurrection, as the devotional exercises adapted to *Friday* and *Saturday*, were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual festivals instituted by the Apostles themselves, or at furthest by their immediate Successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add the Sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the Church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those, who were eye-witnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some measure, convey'd to posterity, the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his Disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten, and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the three first Centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive *Pagans* in the truth of our Saviour's history, that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. But lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four Evangelists within about fifty, or, as *Theodoret* affirms, thirty years, after our Saviour's death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the mouth of the Apostles and Disciples. The further consideration of these holy penmen will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. It

III. It will be sufficient to observe here, that in the age which succeeded the Apostles, many of their immediate Disciples sent or carried in person the books of the four Evangelists, which had been written by Apostles, or at least approved by them, to most of the Churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when *Pantænus*, a man of great learning and piety, had travelled into *India* for the propagation of Christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the Gospel of St. *Matthew*, which upon his return from that country he brought with him to *Alexandria*. This gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. *Bartholomew* the Apostle of the *Indies*, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other Evangelists were publish'd.

IV. That the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the Evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the Apostles and Disciples, will further appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. Had these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of Christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those Churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was the relation of the Apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their tradition and oral attestations made fixt and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by such records, as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after-ages; and rectifie it, if at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contradict any thing that was false or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly we find the same *Jesus Christ*, who was born of a Virgin, who had wrought many miracles

miracles in *Paleſtine*, who was crucified, roſe again, and aſcended into Heaven; I ſay, the ſame *Jeſus Chriſt* had been preached, and was worſhipped, in *Germany*, *France*, *Spain*, and *Great-Britain*, in *Parthia*, *Media*, *Meſopotamia*, *Armenia*, *Phrygia*, *Aſia* and *Pamphylia*. in *Italy*, *Egypt*, *Afric*, and beyond *Cyrene*, *India* and *Perſia*, and, in ſhort, in all the Iſlands and Provinces that are viſited by the riſing or ſetting ſun. The ſame account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thouſands of Preachers, and believed in thouſands of places, who all, as faſt as it could be conveyed to them, received the ſame account in writing from the four Evangeliſts.

VII. *Irenæus* to this purpoſe very aptly remarks, that thoſe barbarous nations, who in his time were not poſſeſt of the written goſpels, and had only learned the hiſtory of our Saviour from thoſe who had converted them to Chriſtianity before the Goſpels were written, had among them the ſame accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four Evangeliſts. An unconteſtable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy ſcripture and the tradition of the Churches in thoſe early times of Chriſtianity.

VIII. Thus we ſee what opportunities the learned and inquiſitive heathens had of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, during the three firſt Centuries, eſpecially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain-head: beſide which there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of Chriſtianity, and particular hiſtories, that then threw light into theſe matters, but are now entirely loſt, by which, at that time, any appearance of contradiction, or ſeeming difficulties, in the hiſtory of the Evangeliſts, were fully cleared up and explained: though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the hiſtory of our Saviour, as related by the four Evangeliſts, than in the accounts of ony other perſon, publiſhed by ſuch a number of different hiſtorians who lived at ſo great a diſtance from the preſent age.

IX. Among

IX. Among those records which are lost, and were of great use to the primitive Christians, is the letter to *Tiberius*, which I have already mentioned; that of *Marcus Aurelius*, which I shall take notice of hereafter; the writings of *Hegesippus*, who had drawn down the history of Christianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the second Century; the genuine *Sibylline* oracles, which in the first ages of the Church were easily distinguished from the spurious; the records preserved in particular Churches, with many other of the same nature.

SECTION VII.

I. *The sight of miracles in those ages a further confirmation of* Pagan *Philosophers in the Christian faith.*
II. *The credibility of such miracles.*
III. *A particular instance.*
IV. *Martyrdom, why considered as a standing Miracle.*
V. *Primitive Christians thought many of the Martyrs were supported by a miraculous power:*
VI. *Proved from the nature of their sufferings.*
VII. *How Martyrs further induced the* Pagans *to embrace Christianity.*

I. THERE were orher means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the three first Centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our blessed Saviour's history, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The first was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining those miracles, which were on several occasions performed by Christians, and appeared in the Church more or less, during these first ages of Christianity. These had great weight with the men I am now speaking of, who, from learned *Pagans*, became fathers of the Church; for they frequently boast of them in their writings, as attestations given by God himself to the truth of their religion.

II. At

II. At the same time, that these learned men declare how disingenuous, base and wicked it would be, how much beneath the dignity of Philosophy, and contrary to the precepts of Christianity, to utter falshoods or forgeries in the support of a cause, though never so just in it self, they confidently assert this miraculous power, which then subsisted in the Church, nay tell us that they themselves had been eye-witnesses of it at several times, and in several instances; nay appeal to the heathens themselves for the truth of several facts they relate, nay challenge them to be present at their assemblies, and satisfie themselves, if they doubt of it; nay we find that *Pagan* Authors have in some instances confessed this miraculous power.

III. The letter of *Marcus Aurelius*, whose army was preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same time that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of lightning, and which the heathen historians themselves allow to have been supernatural and the effect of magic: I say, this letter, which ascribed this unexpected assistance to the prayers of the Christians, who then served in the army, would have been thought an unquestionable testimony of the miraculous power I am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It is sufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of those miracles which had its influence on the learned Converts, because it is related by *Tertullian*, and the very letter appealed to. When these learned men saw sickness and frenzy cured, the dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the *Dæmons* and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no Gods, by persons who only made use of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of their Saviour's power on the like occasions, as represented to them by the traditions of the Church, and the writings of the Evangelists?

IV. Under this head, I cannot omit that which appears to me a standing miracle in the three first Centuries, I mean that amazing and supernatural courage or patience, which was shewn by innumerable multitudes

tudes of Martyrs, in thoſe ſlow and painful torments that were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at *Lyons*, amid the inſults and mockeries of a crowded Amphitheatre, and ſtill keeping his ſeat; or ſtretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his ſoul among the exquiſite ſufferings of ſuch a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaſpheme his Saviour. Such tryals ſeem to me above the ſtrength of human nature, and able to over-bear duty, reaſon, faith, conviction, nay, and the moſt abſolute certainty of a future ſtate. Humanity, unaſſiſted in an extraordinary manner, muſt have ſhaken off the preſent preſſure, and have delivered it ſelf out of ſuch a dreadful diſtreſs, by any means that could have been ſuggeſted to it. We can eaſily imagine, that many perſons, in ſo good a cauſe, might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the ſtake, or the block: but to expire leiſurely among the moſt exquiſite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reſervation, or an hypocriſy which was not without a poſſibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveneſs, has ſomething in it, ſo far beyond the force and natural ſtrength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was ſome miraculous power to ſupport the ſufferer.

V. We find the Church of *Smyrna*, in that admirable Letter which gives an account of the death of *Polycarp* their beloved Biſhop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early Martyrs for Chriſtianity, are of opinion, that our Saviour ſtood by them in a viſion, and perſonally converſed with them, to give them ſtrength and comfort during the bitterneſs of their long continued agonies; and we have the ſtory of a young man, who, having ſuffered many tortures, eſcaped with life, and told his fellow-chriſtians, that the pain of them had been rendred tolerable, by the preſence of an Angel who ſtood by him, and wiped off the tears and ſweat, which ran down his face whilſt he lay under his ſufferings. We are aſſured at leaſt

leaſt that the firſt Martyr for Chriſtianity was encouraged in his laſt moments, by a viſion of that divine perſon, for whom he ſuffered, and into whoſe preſence he was then haſtening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading theſe terrible conflicts in which the ancient Martyrs and Confeſſors were engaged, when they paſſed through ſuch new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and ask himſelf, however zealous and ſincere he is in his religion, whether under ſuch acute and lingring tortures he could ſtill have held faſt his integrity, and have profeſſed his faith to the laſt, without a ſupernatural aſſiſtance of ſome kind or other. For my part, when I conſider that it was not an unaccountacle obſtinacy in a ſingle man, or in any particular ſett of men, in ſome extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each ſex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near 300 years together made this glorious confeſſion of their faith, in the midſt of tortures, and in the hour of death: I muſt conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at preſent, or that they had ſuch miraculous ſupports as were peculiar to thoſe times of Chriſtianity, when without them perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguiſhed.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and ſufferings of the primitive Chriſtians had a great ſhare in the converſion of thoſe learned *Pagans*, who lived in the ages of perſecution, which with ſome intervals and abatements laſted near 300 years after our Saviour. *Juſtin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Arnobius,* and others, tell us, that this firſt of all alarmed their curioſity, rouſed their attention, and made them ſeriouſly inquiſitive into the nature of that religion, which could endue the mind with ſo much ſtrength, and overcome the fear of death, nay raiſe an earneſt deſire of it, though it appeared in all its terrors. This they found had not been effected by all the doctrines of thoſe Philoſophers, whom they had thoroughly ſtudied, and

and who had been labouring at this great point. The ſight of thoſe dying and tormented Martyrs engaged them to ſearch into the hiſtory and doctrines of him for whom they ſuffered. The more they ſearched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew ſo ſtrong, that they themſelves embraced the ſame truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readineſs to do it, rather than depart from them.

SECTION VIII.

I. *The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed* Pagans *in their belief of the Goſpel.*
II. Origen's *obſervation on that of his Diſciples being brought before Kings and Governours;*
III. *On their being perſecuted for their religion;*
IV. *On their preaching the Goſpel to all nations;*
V. *On the deſtruction of* Jeruſalem, *and ruine of the* Jewiſh *œconomy.*
VI. *Theſe arguments ſtrengthened by what has happened ſince* Origen's *time.*

I. THE ſecond of thoſe extraordinary means, of great uſe to the learned and inquiſitive *Pagans* of the three firſt Centuries, for evincing the truth of the hiſtory of our Saviour, was the completion of ſuch prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evangeliſts. They could not indeed form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his life, becauſe both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were publiſhed by the Evangeliſts; though, as *Origen* obſerves, what end could there be in forging ſome of theſe predictions, as that of St. *Peter*'s denying his maſter, and all his Diſciples forſaking him in the greateſt extremity, which reflects

reflects so much shame on the great Apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the Evangelists to relate a circumstance so disadvantageous to their own reputation; as that Father has well observed.

II. But to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the Evangelists, which were not completed till after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so, when they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they should be brought before Governours and Kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the *Gentiles*, *Mat.* x 28. with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his Disciples were to be persecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, says this Father, whose followers are punished? Can the enemies of *Christ* say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that therefore he might well conjecture and foretell what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? what likelihood that men should be brought before Kings and Governors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the *Epicureans*, who absolutely denied a Providence; nor to the *Peripateticks* themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the Divinity? Are there any but the Christians who, according to this Prediction of our Saviour, being brought before Kings and Governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath, by their respective judges, to renounce Christianity, and to procure their liberty and rest, by offering the same sacrifices. and taking the same oaths that others did?

III. Consider the time when our Saviour pronounced those words, Matt. x. 32. *Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven: but whosoever shall deny me before men,*

men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. Had you heard him speak after this manner, when as yet his Disciples were under no such tryals, you would certainly have said within your self, If these speeches of *Jesus* are true, and if, according to his prediction, Governors and Kings undertake to ruine and destroy those who shall profess themselves his Disciples, we will believe (not only that he is a Prophet, but) that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition, that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling that his Gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, or as St. *Origen* (who rather quotes the sense than the words) to serve for a conviction to Kings and people, when at the same time he finds that his Gospel has accordingly been preached to *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting to the doctrine of *Christ?* As for us, says this great Author, in another part of his book against *Celsus*, "When "we see every day those events exactly accomplished "which our Saviour foretold at so great a distence: "that his Gospel is preached in all the world, *Mat-* "*thew* xxiv. 14. That his Disciples go and teach all na- "tions, *Matthew* xxviii. 19. And that those, who have "received his doctrine, are brought for his sake be- "fore Governors, and before Kings, *Matthew* x. 18. "we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him "is confirmed more and more. What clearer and "stronger proofs can *Celsus* ask for the truth of what "he spoke?

V. *Origen* insists likewise with great strength on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of *Jerusalem*, pronounced at a time, as he ob-

obſerves, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by ſo many others, that I ſhall refer you to what this Father has ſaid on the ſubject in the firſt book againſt *Celſus*. And as to the accompliſhment of this remarkable prophecy, ſhall only obſerve, that whoever reads the account given us by *Joſephus*, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, wou'd think the hiſtorian had been a Chriſtian, and that he had nothing elſe in view but to adjuſt the event to the prediction.

VI I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that *Origen* would ſtill have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he liv'd an age longer, to have ſeen the *Roman* Emperors, and all their Governors and provinces, ſubmitting themſelves to the Chriſtian religion, and glorying in its profeſſion, as ſo many Kings and Sovereigns ſtill place their relation to *Chriſt* at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he ſeen our Saviour's prophecy ſtand good in the deſtruction of the temple, and the diſſolution of the *Jewiſh* œconomy, when *Jews* and *Pagans* united all their endeavours under *Julian* the Apoſtate, to baffle and falſifie the prediction? The great preparations that were made for re-building the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire, that deſtroyed the work, and terrified thoſe employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many hiſtorians of the ſame age, and the ſubſtance of the ſtory teſtified both by *Pagan* and *Jewiſh* writers, as *Ammianus Marcellinus* and *Zemath-David*. The learned *Chryſoſtom*, in a ſermon againſt the *Jews*, tells them this fact was then freſh in the memories even of their young men, that it happened but twenty years ago, and that it was atteſted by all the inhabitants of *Jeruſalem*, where they might ſtill ſee the marks of it in the rubbiſh of that work, from which the *Jews* deiſted in ſo great a fright, and which even *Julian* had not the courage to carry on.

This fact, which is in it self so miraculous, and so indisputable, brought over many of the *Jews* to Christianity; and shows us, that after our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the care of *Titus*, who would fain have prevented its destruction, and that in stead of being re-edified by *Julian*, all his endeavours towards it did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that not one stone should be left upon another.

The ancient Christians were so intirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the *Jews* had drawn upon themselves, and upon their children, for the treatment which the *Messiah* had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, an hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day. In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of Christians, and which preserved the Church of *Christ* among all the conflicts, difficulties and persecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the *Jewish* government and œconomy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. *Origen*, in his fourth book against *Celsus*, mentioning their being cast out of *Jerusalem*, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the *Babylonish* captivity, and the

the oppreſſions of *Antiochus Epiphanes*. Nay, he knew that within leſs than a hundred years before his own time, the *Jews* had made ſuch a powerful effort for their re-eſtabliſhment under *Barchocab*, in the reign of *Adrian*, as ſhook the whole *Roman* empire. But he founded his opinion on a ſure word of prophecy, and on the puniſhment they had ſo juſtly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not miſtaken, nay, that his opinion gathers ſtrength daily, ſince the *Jews* are now at a greater diſtance from any probability of ſuch a re-eſtabliſhment, than they were when *Origen* wrote.

SECTION IX.

I. *The lives of primitive Chriſtians, another means of bringing learned* Pagans *into their religion.*
II. *The change and reformation of their manners.*
III. *This looked upon as ſupernatural by the learned* Pagans,
IV. *And ſtrengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and hiſtory.*
V. *The* Jewiſh *prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens belief:*
VI. *Purſued:*
VII. *Purſued.*

I. THere was one other means enjoyed by the learned *Pagans* of the three firſt centuries, for ſatisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is ſo ſhining a particular, and does ſo much honour to our religion, I ſhall make a diſtinct article of it, and only conſider it with regard to the ſubject I am upon: I mean the lives and manners of thoſe holy men, who believ'd in *Chriſt* during the firſt ages of Chriſtianity. I ſhould be thought to ad-

vance a paradox, ſhould I affirm that there were more Chriſtians in the world during thoſe times of perſecution, than there are at preſent in theſe which we call the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. But this will be found an indiſputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in thoſe days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary ſin, actually cuts himſelf off from the benefits and profeſſion of Chriſtianity, and whatever he may call himſelf, is in reality no Chriſtian, nor ought to be eſteemed as ſuch.

II. In the times we are now ſurveying, the Chriſtian religion ſhowed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonſtrated what great and generous ſouls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its proſelytes to a very high degree of perfection, and ſet them far above the pleaſures, and even the pains of this life. It ſtrengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceneſs of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worſhip of him that made them, and inſpired the vicious with a rational devotion, a ſtrict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow-creatures. In proportion as it ſpread through the world, it ſeemed to change mankind into another ſpecies of Beings. No ſooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an eaſy figure he became a New Man, and both acted and looked upon himſelf as one regenerated and born a ſecond time into another ſtate of exiſtence.

III. It is not my buſineſs to be more particular in the accounts of primitive Chriſtianity, which have been exhibited ſo well by others, but rather to obſerve, that the *Pagan* converts, of whom I am now ſpeaking, mention this great reformation of thoſe who had been the greateſt ſinners, with that ſudden and ſurprizing change which it made in the lives of the moſt profligate, as having ſomething in it ſupernatural, miraculous, and more than human. *Origen* repreſents this power in the Chriſtian religion, as no

no leſs wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleanſing the leper. Many others repreſent it in the ſame light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which ſhewed itſelf in ſuch ſtrange and glorious effects.

IV. This therefore was a great means not only of recommending Chriſtianity to honeſt and learned heathens, but of conforming them in the belief of our Saviour's hiſtory, when they ſaw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themſelves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that Spirit which he had promiſed to ſend among his Diſciples.

V. But I find no argument made a ſtronger impreſſion on the minds of theſe eminent *Pagan* converts, for ſtrengthening their faith in the hiſtory of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in thoſe old prophetick writings, which were depoſited among the hands of the greateſt enemies to Chriſtianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were aſtoniſhed to ſee the whole hiſtory of their Saviour's life publiſhed before he was born, and to find that the Evangeliſts and Prophets, in their accounts of the *Meſſiah*, differ'd only in point of time, the one foretelling what ſhould happen to him, and the other deſcribing thoſe very particulars as what had actually happened This our Saviour himſelf was pleaſed to make uſe of as the ſtrongeſt argument of his being the promiſed *Meſſiah*, and without it would hardly have reconciled his Diſciples to the ignominy of his death, as in that remarkable paſſage which mentions his converſation with the two Diſciples, on the day of his reſurrection. St. *Luke*, chap. 24. verſe 13, to the end.

VI. The heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and ſciences, were particularly qualified to examine theſe prophecies with great

care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. If the *Jews* on the one ſide put an unnatural interpretation on theſe prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controverſies with the Chriſtians; or if the Chriſtians on the other ſide overſtrained ſeveral paſſages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the beſt underſtanding, when their minds are heated with any conſideration that bears a more than an ordinary weight with it: the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all theſe prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Beſides, theſe learned men among the primitive Chriſtians, knew how the *Jews*, who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted theſe predictions, and the ſeveral marks by which they acknowledged the *Meſſiah* would be diſcovered, and how thoſe of the *Jewiſh* Doctors who ſucceeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their foreſathers, on purpoſe to ſtifle their own conviction.

VII. This ſett of arguments had therefore an invincible force with thoſe *Pagan* Philoſophers who became Chriſtians, as we find in moſt of their writings. They could not disbelieve our Saviour's hiſtory, which ſo exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of thoſe circumſtances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any perſon that lived in the world beſides himſelf. This wrought the greateſt confuſion in the unbelieving *Jews*, and the greateſt conviction in the *Gentiles*, who every where ſpeak with aſtoniſhment of theſe truths they met with in this new magazine of learning, which was opened to them, and carry the point ſo far as to think whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among *Pagan* writers, had been ſtole from their converſation with the *Jews*, or from the peruſal of theſe writings which they had in their cuſtody.

THE

THE PRESENT
STATE *of the* WAR,
AND THE
Neceſſity of an AUGMENTATION, *conſidered.*

PREFACE.

THE *Author of the following Eſſay has endeavoured to draw into one continued ſcheme the whole ſtate of the preſent war, and the methods that appear to him the moſt proper for bringing it to a happy concluſion.*

After having conſidered that the French *are the conſtant and moſt dangerous enemies to the* Britiſh *nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will ſtill increaſe till their preſent union with* Spain *be broken, he ſets forth the ſeveral advantages which this Union has already given* France, *and taken from* Great-Britain, *in relation to the* Weſt-Indies, *the woollen manufacture, the trade of the* Levant, *and the naval power of the two nations.*

He ſhews how theſe advantages will ſtill riſe higher after a peace, notwithſtanding our preſent conqueſts, with new additions, ſhould be confirmed to us; as well becauſe the monarchy of Spain *would not be weakened by ſuch conceſſions, as becauſe no Guarrantee could be found ſufficient to ſecure them to us. For which reaſons he lays it down as a fixt Rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire diſunion of the* French *and* Spaniſh *Monarchies.*

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove from the progress we have already made towards it, and the successes we have purchased in the present war, which are very considerable, if well pursued, but of no effect if we acquiesce in them.

In order to complete this disunion in which we have gone so far, he would not have us rely upon exhausting the French *Treasury, attempts on the* Spanish Indies, *descents on* France, *but chiefly upon out-numbring them in troops,* France *being already drained of her best supplies, and the confederates masters of much greater forces for multitude and strength, both in men and horse, and provided with Generals of greater fame and abilities.*

He then considers the wrong measures we have hitherto taken in making too small levies after a successful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies forces, and hiring them of our confederates; shewing at the same time the inconveniencies we suffer from such hired troops, and several advantages we might receive from employing those of our own nation.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a standing body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impression on the enemy in the present posture of the war, and to secure our selves against a Prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himself.

In the last place, he answers by several considerations those two popular objections, That we furnish more towards the war than the rest of the Allies, and That we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

These are the most material heads of the following Essay, in which there are many other subordinate reflections that naturally grow out of so copious a subject.

November, 1707.

THE

THE PRESENT

STATE *of the* WAR,

AND THE

Neceſſity of an Augmentation, *conſidered.*

THE *French* are certainly the moſt implacable, and the moſt dangerous enemies of the *Britiſh* nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealouſy of the *Britiſh* power, as well as their proſecutions of commerce, and purſuits of univerſal Monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animoſities and averſion towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of ſubverting our conſtitution, deſtroying our religion, ruining our trade, and ſinking the figure which we make among the nations of *Europe:* Not to mention the particularities of honour, that lie on their preſent King to impoſe on us a Prince, who muſt prove fatal to our country, if he ever reigns over us.

As we are thus in a natural ſtate of war, if I may ſo call it, with the *French* nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the moſt inveterate, but moſt formidable of our enemies; and have the greateſt power, as well as the ſtrongeſt inclination, to ruin us. No other ſtate equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearneſs and conveniency of their ſituation, and in the number of friends and well-wiſhers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For

For these reasons our wars with *France* have always affected us in our most tender interests, and concerned us more than those we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to say, this Kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of so great consequence, as that which now lies upon our hands. Our all is at stake, and irretrievably lost, if we fail of success. At other times, if a war ended in a dishonourable peace, or with equal loss, we could comfort our selves with the hopes of a more favourable juncture, that might set the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had still the prospect of forming the same alliance, or perhaps strengthning it with new confederacies, and by that means of trying our fortune a second time, in case the injustice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At present, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every *British* heart must tremble at the thought of. There are no second tryals, no wars in reserve, no new schemes of alliance to which we can have recourse. Should the *French* King be able to bear down such an united force as now makes head against him, at a time when *Spain* affords him no greater assistance; what will he do, when the trade of the *Levant* lies at his mercy; when the whole Kingdom of *Spain* is supplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the *Indies* flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worse, when this additional strength must arise in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the States that now make war upon him? It is no wonder therefore that our late King of glorious memory, who, by the confession of his greatest enemies, was a prince that perfectly understood the interests of *Europe*, should in his last speech recommend to his parliament the declaring war against *France* in those memorable words: *You have yet an opportunity, by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to your selves, but will exert the ancient vigour of the* English *nation: but I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another.*

We

We have already a dreadful proof of the increaſe of power that accrues to *France* from its conjunction with *Spain*. So expenſive a war as that which the *French* Monarchy hath been carrying on in ſo many and ſo remote parts at once, muſt long ſince have drained and exhauſted all its ſubſtance, had there not been ſeveral ſecret ſprings, that ſwelled their treaſury from time to time, in proportion as the war has ſunk it. The King's coffers have been often reduced to their loweſt ebb, but have ſtill been ſeaſonably refreſhed by frequent and unexpected ſupplies from the *Spaniſh America*. We hear indeed of the arrival but of very few ſhips from thoſe parts; but as in every veſſel there is ſtowage for immenſe treaſures, when the cargo is pure Bullion, or merchandiſe of as great a value; ſo we find by experience they have had ſuch prodigious ſums of money conveyed to them by thoſe ſecret channels, that they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies, than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is diſtreſſed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. During the laſt four years, by a modeſt computation, there have been brought into *Breſt* above ſix millions of pounds ſterling in bullion. What then ſhall we ſuppoſe wou'd be the effect of this correſpondence with *America*, might the wealth of thoſe parts come to them on ſquadrons of men of war, and fleets of galeons? If theſe little by-currents, that creep into the country by ſtealth, have ſo great a force, how ſhall we ſtem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence; and this certainly will be our caſe, unleſs we find a means to diſſolve the union between *France* and *Spain*. I have dwelt the longer on this conſideration, becauſe the preſent war hath already furniſhed us with the experiment, and ſenſibly convinced us of the increaſe of power, which *France* has received from its intercourſe with the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*.

As there are many who look upon every thing which they do not actually ſee and feel as bare probability and

and speculation, I shall only touch on those other reasons of which we have already had some experience, for our preventing this coalition of interests and designs in the two monarchies.

The Woollen manufacture is the *British* strength, the staple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and estates must sink together, and all the cash of the nation be consumed on foreign merchandize. The *French* at present gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and since the accession of the *Spanish* monarchy, supply with cloth, of their own making, the very best mart we had in *Europe*. And what a melancholy prospect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of *Spanish* wool, to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themselves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in those places, where was the greatest consumption of our woollen works, and the most considerable gain for the *British* merchant. Notwithstanding our many seasonable recruits from *Portugal*, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion, and must at last be reduced to the greatest exigencies; if this great source be dryed up, and our traffick with *Spain* continue under its present discouragement.

The trade of the *Levant* must likewise flourish or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the *Spanish* monarchy. The late conquest of *Naples* will very little alter the case, though *Sicily* should follow the fate of her sister kingdom. The *Streight*'s mouth is the key of the *Levant*, and will be always in the possession of those who are Kings of *Spain*. We may only add, that the same causes which straiten the *British* commerce, will naturally enlarge the *French*; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languish in the same degree as their commerce gathers or loses strength. And if so powerful and populous a nation as that of *France* become superior to us by sea, our whole is lost, and we are no more a people. The consideration of so narrow a channel betwixt

betwixt us, of ſuch numbers of regular troops on the enemy's ſide, of ſo ſmall a ſtanding force on our own, and that too in a country deſtitute of all ſuch forts and ſtrong places as might ſtop the progreſs of a victorious army, hath ſomething in it ſo terrifying, that one does not care for ſetting it in its proper light. Let it not therefore enter into the heart of any one that hath the leaſt zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honour or ſafety of his country, or a well-wiſh for his friends or poſterity, to think of a peace with *France* till the *Spaniſh* monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the houſe of *Bourbon* diſabled from ever giving the law to *Europe*.

Let us ſuppoſe that the *French* King would grant us the moſt advantageous terms we can deſire; without the ſeparation of the two monarchies they muſt infallibly end in our deſtruction. Should he ſecure to us all our preſent acquiſitions; ſhould he add two or three frontier-towns to what we have already in *Flanders*; ſhould he join the kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Sardinia* to *Milan* and *Naples*; ſhould he leave King *Charles* in the peaceable poſſeſſion of *Catalonia*; ſhould he make over to *Great Britain* the town and harbour of *Cadiz*, as well as that of *Gibraltar*, and at the ſame time reſign his conqueſts in *Portugal*; it would all be of no effect towards the common ſafety of *Europe*, while the bulk of the *Spaniſh* continent and the riches of *America* remain in the poſſeſſion of the *Bourbon* family.

Boccalini when he weighs the States of *Europe* in his political balance, after having laid *France* in one ſcale, throws *Spain* into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counter-poiſe. The *Spaniards* upon this, ſays he, begun to promiſe themſelves the honour of the balance: reckoning that if *Spain* of it ſelf weighed ſo well, they could not fail of ſucceſs when the ſeveral parts of the monarchy were lumped in the ſame ſcale. Their ſurpriſe was very great when upon the throwing in of *Naples* they ſaw the ſcale riſe,

rise, and was greater still when they found that *Milan* and *Flanders* had the same effect. The truth of it is, these parts of the *Spanish* monarchy are rather for ornament than strength. They furnish out Vice-royalties for the Grandees, and posts of honour for the noble families; but in a time of war are incumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and exposed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we therefore continue in the possession of what we have already made our selves masters with such additions as have been mentioned, we should have little more than the excrescencies of the *Spanish* monarchy. The strength of it will still join it self to *France*, and grow the closer to it by its disunion from the rest. And in this case the advantages which must arise to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the *Spanish* dominions, would in a very few years not only repair all the damages they have sustained in the present war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its most flourishing periods.

The *French* King hath often entred on several expensive projects, on purpose to dissipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immense sums on architecture, gardening water-works, painting, statuary, and the like, to distribute his treasures among his people, as well as to humour his pleasures and his ambition: but if he once engrosses the commerce of the *Spanish Indies*, whatever quantities of gold and silver stagnate in his private coffers, there will be still enough to carry on the circulation among his subjects. By this means in a short space of time he may heap up greater wealth than all the Princes of *Europe* joined together, and in the present constitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the same thing. Let us therefore suppose that after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring State; to revive the pretensions of *Spain* upon *Portugal*, or attempt the

the taking thoſe places which were granted us for our ſecurity; what reſiſtance, what oppoſition can we make to ſo formidable an enemy? Should the ſame alliance riſe againſt him that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the States engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy who is now able to keep them at a ſtand, will have received ſo many new acceſſions of ſtrength?

But I think it is not to be imagined that in ſuch a conjuncture as we here ſuppoſe, the ſame confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down ſo exorbitant a power. Some might be bought into his intereſts by money, others drawn over by fear, and thoſe that are liable to neither of theſe impreſſions, might not think their own intereſt ſo much concerned as in the preſent war; or if any appeared in a diſpoſition to enter into ſuch a confederacy, they might be cruſhed ſeparately before they could concert meaſures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the preſent alliance can be aſcribed to nothing elſe but the clear and evident conviction, which every member of it is under, that if it ſhould once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of re-uniting, or of prevailing by all the joint efforts of ſuch an union. Let us therefore agree on this as a fixt rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms againſt *France*, till we have utterly disjoyned her from the *Spaniſh* monarchy. Let this be the firſt ſtep of a publick treaty, the baſis of a general peace.

Had the preſent war indeed run againſt us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of frenzy, or a mixture of obſtinacy and deſpair, to be determined on ſo impracticable an undertaking. But on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and are come within view of the end that we have been ſo long driving at. We remain victorious in all the ſeats of war. In *Flanders*

we

we have gotten into our hands several open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, dispossessed him of his strong holds, and ruined his allies in *Germany*. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but possessed ourselves of the kingdom of *Naples*, the dutchy of *Milan*, and the avenue of *France* in *Italy*. The *Spanish* war hath given us a haven for our ships, and the most populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In short, we have taken all the outlying parts of the *Spanish* monarchy, and made impressions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the *French* from all their advanced posts in *Europe*, and driven them into their last entrenchments. One vigorous push on all sides, one general assault will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and surrender themselves at discretion. Another *Blenheim* or *Ramillies* will make the confederates masters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithstanding the advantages already gained are very considerable if we pursue them, they will be of no effect unless we improve them towards the carrying of our main point The enemy staggers; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet; but if you allow him respite, he will recover his strength, and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him several repeated wounds that have enfeebled him, and brought him low; but they are such as time will heal, unless you take advantage from his present weakness to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in *Cæsar*'s character, and what comes home to our present purpose, that he thought nothing at all was done, while any thing remained undone. In short, we have been tugging a great while against the stream, and have almost weathered our point; a stretch or two more will do the work; but if instead of that we slacken our arms, and drop our oars, we shall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence we first set out.

After

After having ſeen the neceſſity of an entire ſeparation of the kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*, our ſubject naturally leads us into the conſideration of the moſt proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered ourſelves with the proſpect of reducing *France* to our own terms by the want of money among the people, and the exigencies of the publick treaſury; but have been ſtill diſappointed by the great ſums imported from *America*, and the many new expedients which the Court hath found out for its relief. A long conſumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance, than diſable *France* from maintaining ſufficient armies to oppoſe it. An arbitrary government will never want money, ſo long as the people have it; and ſo active a people will always have it, whilſt they can ſend what merchandiſes they pleaſe to *Mexico* and *Peru*. The *French* ſince their alliance with *Spain* keep thirty ſhips in conſtant motion between the weſtern ports of *France* and the ſouth ſeas of *America*. The King himſelf is an adventurer in this traffick, and beſides the ſhare that he receives out of the gains of his ſubjects, has immenſe ſums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may further conſider, that the *French* ſince their abandoning *Bavaria* and *Italy* have very much retrenched the expence of the war, and lay out among themſelves all the money that is conſumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the moſt probable way of bringing *France* to reaſon would be by the making an attempt upon the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*, and by that means to cut off all communication with this great ſource of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This I muſt confeſs carries ſo promiſing an appearance, that I would by no means diſcourage the attempt: but at the ſame time I think it ſhould be a collateral project, rather than our principal deſign. Such an undertaking (if well concerted, and put into good hands) would be of infinite advantage to the common cauſe: but certainly an enterpriſe that carries in it the fate of *Europe*, ſhould not turn upon

upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befal a naval expedition.

Others there are that have long deceived themſelves with the hopes of an inſurrection in *France*, and are therefore for laying out all our ſtrength on a deſcent. Theſe, I think, do not enough conſider the natural love which the groſs of mankind have for the conſtitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflection, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been uſed from his infancy, as of cold climates or barren countries, in which he hath been born and bred. Beſides there is a kind of ſluggiſh reſignation, as well as poorneſs and degeneracy of ſpirit, in a ſtate of ſlavery that we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themſelves out of it; as we find in hiſtory inſtances of perſons who after their priſons have been flung open, and their fetters ſtruck off, have choſen rather to languiſh in their dungeons, than ſtake their miſerable lives and fortunes upon the ſucceſs of a revolution. I need not inſtance the general fate of deſcents, the difficulty of ſupplying men and proviſions by ſea againſt an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which it is impoſſible to ſecure thoſe conqueſts that are often made in the firſt onſets of an invaſion. For theſe and other reaſons I can never approve the nurſing up commotions and inſurrections in the enemy's country, which for want of the neceſſary ſupport are likely to end in the maſſacre of our friends and the ruine of their families.

The only means therefore for bringing *France* to our conditions, and what appears to m , in all human probability, a ſure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert itſelf as much to annoy the enemy, as they themſelves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and in one ſummer overſet the whole power of *France*.

The

The *French* monarchy is already exhauſted of its beſt and braveſt ſubjects. The flower of the nation is conſumed in its wars: the ſtrength of their armies conſiſts at preſent of ſuch as have ſaved themſelves by flight from ſome or other of the victorious confederates; and the only proper perſons to recruit them are but the refuſe of thoſe who have been already picked out for the ſervice. Mareſchal *de Vauban*, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of *France*, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions leſs at the peace of *Ryſwick*, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath as yet laſted but ſix, yet conſidering that their armies are more ſtrong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the preſent war; and that their loſſes ſuſtained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a moderate computation, ſuppoſe that the preſent war hath not been leſs prejudicial than the foregoing one in the ravage which it has made among the people. There is in *France* ſo great a diſproportion between the number of males and females; and among the former, between thoſe who are capable of bearing arms, and ſuch as are too young, ſickly, or decrepit for the ſervice; and at the ſame time ſuch vaſt numbers of Eccleſiaſticks, ſecular and religious, who live upon the labours of others, that when the ſeveral trades and profeſſions are ſupplied, you will find moſt of thoſe that are proper for war abſolutely neceſſary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their ſuperfluous hands, and every new levy they make muſt be at the expence of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand Alliance have innumerable ſources of recruits, not only in *Britain* and *Ireland*, the *United Provinces*, and *Flanders*; but in all the populous parts of *Germany* that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inha-

inhabitants. We may add that the *French* have only *Switzerland*, besides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a single regiment: whereas the Allies have not only the same resource, but may be supplied for money from *Denmark* and other neutral States. In short, the Confederates may bring to the field what forces they please, if they will be at the charge of them: but *France*, let her wealth be what it will, must content herself with the product of her own country.

The *French* are still in greater straights for supplies of horse than men. The breed of their country is neither so good nor numerous as what are to be found in most of the countries of the Allies. They had last summer about threescore thousand in their several armies, and could not perhaps bring into the field thirty thousand more, if they were disposed to make such an augmentation.

The *French* horse are not only few, but weak in comparison of ours. Their cavalry in the battle of *Blenheim* could not sustain the shock of the *British* horse. For this reason our late way of attacking their troops sword in hand is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robust, and our horses of a stronger make than the *French*; and in such attacks it is the weight of the forces, supposing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The *English* strength turned very much to account in our wars against the *French* of old, when we used to gall them with our long bows, at a greater distance than they could shoot their arrows: this advantage we lost upon the invention of fire arms, but by the present method our strength as well as bravery may again be of use to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to send what numbers we are able into the field, because our Generals at present are such as are likely to make the best use of them, without throwing them away on any fresh attempts or ill concerted projects. The Confederate armies have the happiness of being commanded by

by perſons who are eſteemed the greateſt leaders of the preſent age, and are perhaps equal to any that have preceded them. There is a ſort of reſemblance in their characters; a particular ſedateneſs in their converſation and behaviour, that qualifies them for council, with a great intrepidity and reſolution that fits them, for action. They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noiſe and heat in the ordinary circumſtances of life; but ſhews it ſelf ſufficiently in all great enterpriſes that require it. It is true, the General upon the *Rhine* hath not had the ſame occaſions as the others to ſignalize himſelf; but if we conſider the great vigilance, activity and courage, with the conſummate prudence, and the nice ſenſe of honour which appears in that Prince's character, we have great reaſon to hope, that as he purchaſed the firſt ſucceſs in the preſent war, by forcing into the ſervice of the Confederates an army that was raiſed againſt them in the very heart of the Empire, he will give one of the finiſhing ſtrokes to it, and help to conclude the great work which he ſo happily begun. The ſudden check that he gave to the *French* army the laſt campaign, and the good order he eſtabliſhed in that of the *Germans*, look like happy preſages of what we may expect from his conduct. I ſhall not pretend to give any character of the Generals on the enemies ſide; but I think we may ſay this, that in the eyes of their own nation they are inferior to ſeveral that have formerly commanded the *French* armies. If then we have greater numbers than the *French*, and at the ſame time better Generals, it muſt be our own fault if we will not reap the fruit of ſuch advantages.

It would be loſs of time to explain any further our ſuperiority to the enemy in numbers of men and horſe. We ſee plainly that we have the means in our hands, and that nothing but the application of them is wanting. Let us only conſider what uſe the enemy would make of the advantage we have mentioned, if it fell on their ſide; and is it not very ſtrange that we ſhould not be as active and induſtrious for our ſecurity, as they

they would certainly be for our destruction? But before we consider more distinctly the method we ought to take in the prosecution of the war, under this particular view, let us reflect a little upon those we have already taken in the course of it for these six years past.

The Allies after a successful summer, are too apt, upon the strength of it, to neglect their preparations for the ensuing campaign, while the *French* leave no art nor stratagem untried to fill up the empty spaces of their armies, and swell them to an equal bulk with those of the Confederates. By this means our advantage is lost, and the fate of *Europe* brought to a second decision. It is now become an observation, that we are to expect a very indifferent year after a very successful one. *Blenheim* was followed by a summer that makes no noise in the war. *Ramillies*, *Turin*, and *Barcelona*, were the parents of our last campaign. So many dreadful blows alarmed the enemy, and raised their whole country up in arms. Had we on our side made proportionable preparations, the war by this time had been brought to a happy issue. If after having gained the great victories of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, we had made the same efforts as we should have done had we lost them, the power of *France* could not have withstood us.

In the beginning of the winter we usually get what intelligence we can of the force which the enemy intends to employ in the campaigns of the succeeding year, and immediately cast about for a sufficient number of troops to face them in the field of battle. This, I must confess, would be a good method if we were engaged in a defensive war. We might maintain our ground with an equal number of forces; but our business is not only to secure what we are already in possession of; we are to wrest the whole *Spanish* Monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country by dint of arms. We should therefore put forth all our strength, and without having an eye to his preparations, make the greatest push that we are able on our own side. We are told that the enemy

at

at preſent thinks of raiſing threeſcore thouſand men for the next ſummer; if we regulate our navies in that view we do nothing; let us perform our utmoſt, as they do, and we ſhall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power at leaſt to be four times as ſtrong as the *French*, but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their ſuperiority?

It ſeems therefore to be the buſineſs of the Confederates to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horſe; and by that means to out-number the enemy in all recounters and engagements. For the ſame reaſon it muſt be for the intereſt of the Allies to ſeek all opportunities of battle, becauſe all loſſes on the oppoſite ſide are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; beſides that the *French* do their buſineſs by lying ſtill, and have no other concern in the war than to hold faſt what they have already got into their hands.

The miſcarriage of the nobleſt project that ever was formed in *Europe*, can be aſcribed to nothing elſe but our want of numbers in the ſeveral quarters of the war. If our armies on all ſides had begun to buſie and inſult the enemy, at the ſame time that the forces marched out of *Piemont*, *Toulon* had been at preſent in the hands of the Duke of *Savoy*. But could that Prince ever have imagined that the *French* would have been at liberty to detach whole armies againſt him? or will it appear credible to poſterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force of ſo many populous and powerful nations, *France* could ſend ſo great a part of its troops to one ſeat of the war, without ſuffering in any of the reſt? Whereas it is well known, that if the Duke of *Savoy* had continued before *Toulon* eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of ſixty thouſand men, which was more than double the number of his own; and yet the enemy was ſtrong enough every where elſe to prevent the Confederates from mak-

ing any impression upon them. However, let us fall into the right measures, and we may hope that the stroke is only deferred. The Duke of *Savoy* hath secured a passage into *Dauphiny*, and if the Allies make such efforts in all parts, as we may reasonably expect from them, that Prince may still make himself Master of the *French* dominions on the other side of the *Rhone*.

There is another part of our conduct which may perhaps deserve to be considered. As soon as we have agreed with the States General upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negotiate with some or other of the *German* Princes, who are in the same confederacy, to furnish out our quota in Mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance; First, as it may have an ill influence on the resolutions of these Princes in the Diet of the Empire, who may be willing to settle as small a quota as they can for themselves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have settled. This actually happened in the last campaign, when we are told the *Germans* excused themselves for their want of troops upon the *Rhine*, as having already put most of their forces into the *British* and *Dutch* service. Such an excuse, indeed, is very unjust, but it would be better to give them no occasion of making it; and on such occasions to consider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reason.

It might therefore be for our advantage that all the foreign troops in the *British* pay should be raised in neutral countries. *Switzerland* in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great use to us; not only in respect of the reinforcements which we might draw from thence, but because such a draught of forces would lessen the number of those that might otherwise be employed in the *French* service. The bulk of our levies should nevertheless be raised in our own country, it being impossible for neutral States to furnish both the *British* and *Dutch* with a sufficient number

ber of effective men; beſides that the *Britiſh* ſoldiers will be more at the diſpoſal of their General, and act with greater vigour under the conduct of one for whom they have ſo juſt a value, and whom they do not conſider only as their leader, but as their country-man. We may likewiſe ſuppoſe that the ſoldiers of a neutral ſtate, who are not animated by any national intereſt, cannot fight for pay with the ſame ardour and alacrity, as men that fight for their Prince and Country, their wives and children.

It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider whether the military Genius of the *Engliſh* nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferiour to that of our neighbouring ſtates, if it hath no occaſion to exert it ſelf. Minds that are altogether ſet on trade and profit, often contract a certain narrowneſs of temper, and at length become uncapable of great and generous reſolutions. Should the *French* ever make an unexpected deſcent upon us, we might want ſoldiers of our own growth to riſe up in our defence; and might not have time to draw a ſufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of *Germany*. It is generally ſaid, that if King *Charles* II. had made war upon *France* in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it by the many veterans which were ſcattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to ſervice in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we ſhall never have ſuch another nurſery of ſoldiers; but if the preſent war gives a more military turn to all other nations of *Europe*, than to our own, it is to be feared we may loſe in ſtrength, what we gain in number. We may apply the ſame conſideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in *Scotland* or *Ireland*, may not thoſe two parts of the *Britiſh* monarchy, after the disbanding of the preſent army, be too powerful for the reſt, in caſe of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at preſent. However, as theſe conſiderations do not concern the more eſſential part of our deſign, it is ſufficient to have mentioned them.

The sparing of ourselves in so important a conjuncture, when we have but this single opportunity left or the preserving every thing that is precious amongst us, is the worst sort of management that we can possibly fall into. The good husbandry of one age may intail an endless expence upon all posterity. We must venture the sacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at present, if we will effectually secure both for the future. The *British* Kingdom is so well stock'd with people, and so much abounds in horse, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmost use of it, to humble *France*, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more disagreeable thought to the people of *Great-Britain*, than that of a standing army. But if a Peace be made before the disunion of *France* and *Spain*, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a settled body of numerous forces indispensable for the safety of our country. We have it therefore in our choice to raise such a strong reinforcement of troops as at present may be sufficient, in conjunction with those of the allies, for breaking the strength of the enemy; or when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot such an army as will be necessary for preventing his attempts upon us.

It is to be hoped that those who would be the most zealous against keeping up a constant body of regular troops after a general peace, will the most distinguish themselves for the promoting an augmentation of those which are now on foot; and by that means take care that we shall not stand in need of such an expedient.

We are indeed obliged by the present situation of our affairs to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the *French* are retired within their lines, and have collected all their strength into a narrow compass, we must have greater numbers to charge them in their intrenchments, and force them to a battle. We saw the last campaign that an army of fourscore thousand of the best troops in *Europe*, with the Duke of *Marlborough* at the head of them, could

could do nothing againſt an enemy that were too numerous to be aſſaulted in their camps, or attacked in their ſtrong holds.

There is another conſideration which deſerves our utmoſt attention. We know very well, that there is a prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war, in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to ſide with either party. I cannot preſume to gueſs how far our Miniſters may be informed of his deſigns: but unleſs they have very ſtrong aſſurances of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not oppoſing it; they cannot be too circumſpect and ſpeedy in taking their precautions againſt any contrary reſolution. We ſhall be unpardonable, if after ſuch an expence or blood and treaſure, we leave it in the power of any ſingle Prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the poſture of our affairs in the laſt campaign, this Prince could have turn'd the ballance on either ſide; but it is to be hoped the liberties of *Europe* will not depend any more on the determination of one man's will. I do not ſpeak this becauſe I think there is any appearance of that Prince's uniting himſelf to *France*. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great ſentiments of honour, I think it is not improbable we ſhould draw him over to the Confederacy, if we preſs him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his ſenſe of glory, will both have their effect on a Prince who hath already diſtinguiſhed himſelf by being a patron of proteſtants, and guarantee of the *Weſtphalian* treaty. And if his intereſt hath any part in his actions, the Allies may make him greater offers than the *French* King can do in the preſent conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the Empire; doubtful ſucceſſions, to which the King of *Sweden* ſeems to have very juſt pretentions; and at the ſame time a great title not yet diſpoſed of, and a ſeat of war on the *Moſelle*, where none of our Generals have ſignalized themſelves. It would

be preſumption to be particular in any propoſals on ſuch an occaſion; it is enough to have ſhewn in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wiſdom of the confederates may make uſe.

Common ſenſe will direct us, when we ſee ſo warlike a Prince at the head of ſo great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendſhip, or ſecure our ſelves againſt the force of his arms. We are ſure whatever numbers of troops we raiſe, we ſhall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain, that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may ſpare us the expence of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parſimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is ſtill a great popular objection, which will be made to every thing that can be urged on this ſubject. And indeed it is ſuch a one as falls ſo much in with the prejudices and little paſſions of the multitude, that when it is turned and ſet off to advantage by ill-deſigning men, it throws a damp on the publick ſpirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous reſolutions for its honour and ſafety. In ſhort, we are to be told, that *England* contributes much more than any other of the Allies, and that therefore it is not reaſonable ſhe ſhould make any addition to her preſent efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not ſee any tolerable colour for ſuch a concluſion Suppoſing among a multitude embarqued in the ſame veſſel, there are ſeveral that in the fury of a tempeſt will rather periſh than work for their preſervation; would it not be madneſs in the reſt to ſtand idle, and rather chuſe to ſink together than do more than comes to their ſhare? Since we are engaged in a work ſo abſolutely neceſſary for our welfare, the remiſſneſs of our Allies ſhould be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than ſlacken them. If we muſt govern our ſelves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity

tivity of the common enemy, than the ſupineneſs and negligence of our friends.

We have indeed a much greater ſhare in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The *French* King makes at us directly, keeps a King by him to ſet over us, and hath very lately augmented the ſalary of his court, to let us ſee how much he hath that deſign at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, ſhould they ever fall into his hands, would loſe their religion or form of government, or interfere at preſent with him in matters of commerce. The *Dutch*, who are likely to be the greateſt loſers after the *Britains*, have but little trade to the *Levant* in compariſon with ours, have no conſiderable plantations or commerce in the *Weſt-Indies*, or any woollen manufactures for *Spain*; not to mention the ſtrong barrier they have already purchaſed between *France* and their own country.

But after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the ſame complaint, and fancies it ſelf the greateſt ſufferer by the war. Indeed in ſo common a preſſure, let the weight be never ſo equally diſtributed, every one will be moſt ſenſible of that part which lies on his own ſhoulders. We furniſh, without diſpute, more than any other branch of the alliance: but the queſtion is, whether others do not exert themſelves in proportion according to their reſpective ſtrength. The Emperor, the King of *Pruſſia*, the Elector of *Hannover*, as well as the States of *Holland* and the Duke of *Savoy*, ſeem at leaſt to come up to us. The greateſt powers in *Germany* are borrowing money where they can get it, in order to maintain their ſtated Quota's, and go thorough their part of the expence: and if any of the Circles have been negligent, they have paid for it much more in their late contributions, than what would have furniſhed out their ſhares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furniſhing greater ſupplies to the war than it doth at preſent.

To

To this we might answer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it should be an argument for enforcing rather than diminishing our present efforts against *France*. The sinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occasion far greater impositions, than those which are now laid upon us. Whereas the seasonable expence of part of our riches, will not only preserve the rest; but by the right use of them procure vast additions to our present stock. It may be necessary for a person languishing under an ill habit of body to lose several ounces of blood, notwithstanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining mass, and draw into it fresh supplies.

But we can by no means make this concession, to those who so industriously publish the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the same extent in *Europe*. *France*, notwithstanding the goodness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbours, both for the *Ocean* and *Mediterranean*, and its present correspondence with the *West-Indies*, is not to compare with *Great-Britain* in this particular. I shall transcribe word for word the passage of a late celebrated *French* Author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the Reader to make the counter-part of the parallel between the two nations.

" According to all the enquiries that I have been " able to make during several years, in which I have " applied myself to this sort of remarks, I have ob- " served, that about a tenth part of the people of this " kingdom are reduced to beggary, and are actual " beggars. That among the nine other parts, five " are not in a condition to give alms or relief to those " aforementioned, being very near reduced themselves " to the same miserable condition. Of the four other " remaining parts, three are very uneasy in their cir- " cumstances, and embarassed with debts and lawsuits.

" In-

" In the tenth part, I reckon the Soldiers, Lawyers, " Eccleſiaſticks, Merchants and ſubſtantial Citizens, " which cannot make up more than an hundred thou- " ſand families. And I believe I ſhould not be miſtaken, " if I ſhould ſay, that there are not above ten thouſand " of theſe families, who are very much at their eaſe; " and if out of theſe ten thouſand we ſhould take the " the men that are employed in publick buſineſs, with " their dependents and adherents, as alſo thoſe whom " the King ſupports by his bounty, with a few Mer- " chants, the number of thoſe who remain will be ſur- " priſingly little. *Dixme Royale.*

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people; for ſo many the Author reckons in that kingdom. How can we ſee ſuch a multitude of ſouls caſt under ſo many ſubdiviſions of miſery, without reflecting on the abſurdity of a form of government that ſacrifices the eaſe and happineſs of ſo many reaſonable Beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at preſent.

If we run over the other nations of *Europe* that have any part in the preſent war, we ſhall only paſs through ſo many different ſcenes of poverty. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Savoy* are reduced to great extremities. *Germany* is exhauſted to the laſt degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all ſhe had left. *Holland* indeed flouriſhes above the reſt in wealth and plenty: but if we conſider the infinite induſtry and penuriouſneſs of that people, the coarſeneſs of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleaſure and exceſs, it is no wonder that notwithſtanding they furniſh as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not ſo many overgrown eſtates as in monarchies, the wealth of the country is ſo equally diſtributed, that moſt of the community are at their eaſe, though few are placed in extraordinary points of ſplendor and magnificence. But notwithſtanding theſe circumſtances may very much contribute to the ſeeming proſperity of the *United Provinces*, we know they are indebted many

many millions more than their whole republick is worth, and if we consider the variety of taxes and impositions they groan under at a time when their private dissentions run high, and some of the wealthiest parts of the government refuse to bear their share in the publick expence, we shall not think the condition of that people so much to be envied as some amongst us would willingly represent it.

Nor is *Great Britain* only rich as she stands in comparison with other States, but is really so in her own intrinsick wealth. She had never more ships at sea, greater quantities of merchandise in her warehouses, larger receipts of customs, or more numerous commodities rising out of her manufactures than she has at present. In short, she sits in the midst of a mighty affluence of all the necessaries and conveniences of life. If our silver and gold diminishes, our publick credit continues unimpaired, and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to supply our selves. The old *Roman* General, when he heard his army complain of of thirst, shewed them the springs and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own case: the rout of a *Spanish* army would make us masters of the *Indies*.

If Prince *Eugene* takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in *Catalonia*, and meets with that support from the alliance which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair prospect of reducing *Spain* to the entire obedience of the house of *Austria*. The *Silesian* fund (to the immortal reputation of those generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that Prince to make a conquest of *Italy*, at a time when our affairs were more desperate there, than they are at present in the kingdom of *Spain*.

When our Parliament has done their utmost, another publick-spirited project of the same nature, which the common enemy could not foresee nor prepare against, might in all probability set King *Charles* upon the throne for which he hath so long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the *Spanish* continent.

Let

Let us therefore exert the united ſtrength of our whole Iſland, and by that means put a new life and ſpirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or increaſe their preparations according to the example that is ſet them. We ſee the neceſſity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reaſon, or reſcue our country from the miſeries that may befal it; and we find ourſelves in a condition of making ſuch an augmentation as, by the bleſſing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorouſly, we ſhall gain for our ſelves and our poſterity a long, a glorious, and a laſting peace; but if we neglect ſo fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treaſures, when it will be too late; and ſhall be tormented with one of the moſt melancholy reflections of an afflicted heart, That it was once in our power to have made our ſelves and our children happy.

The End of the Second Volume.

Pap. 96 Excellent
154
155
195. Lovely
258. very good!

POTIOR · SIGNIS · MUNERE · DONAT · LAUREA · APOLLINARI · CENTUM